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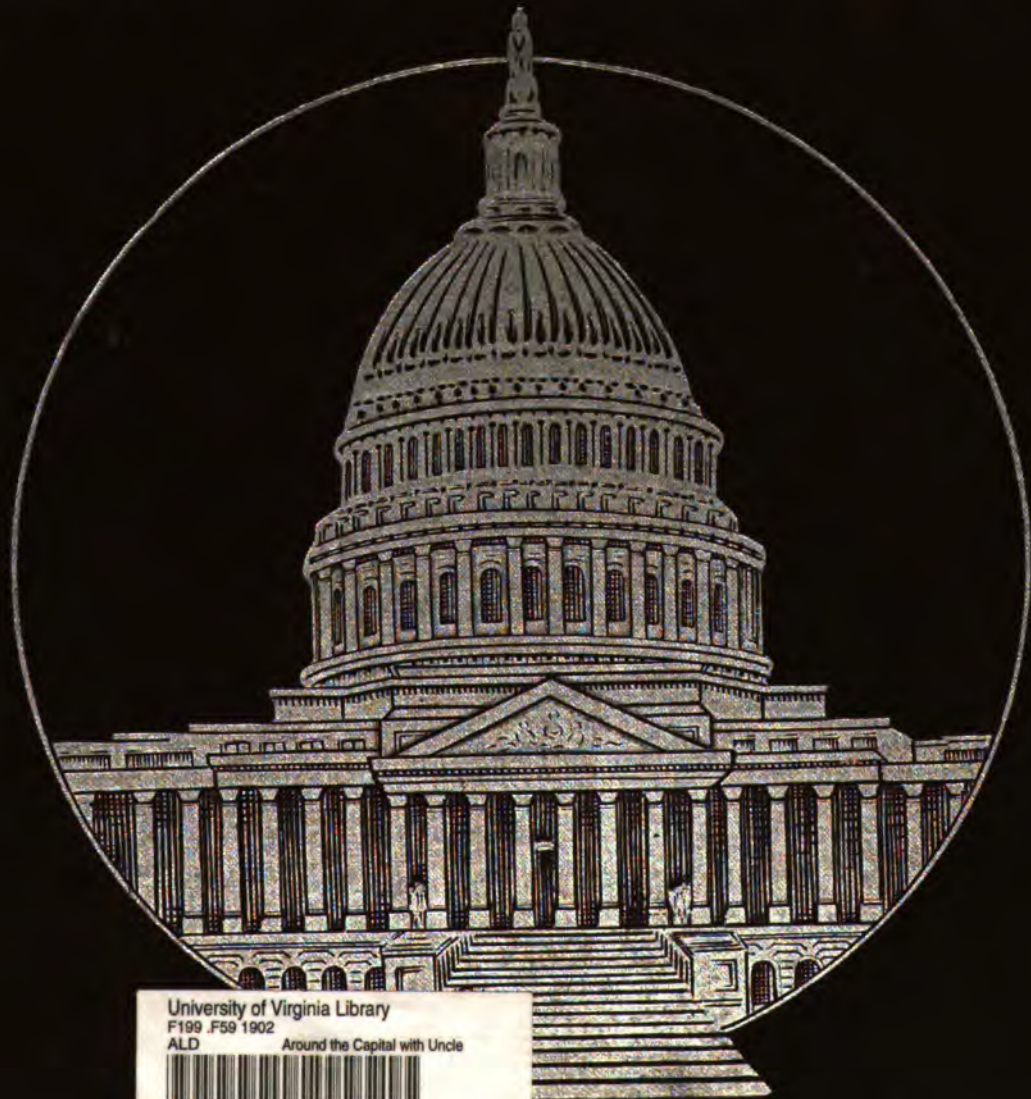
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AROUND THE CAPITAL



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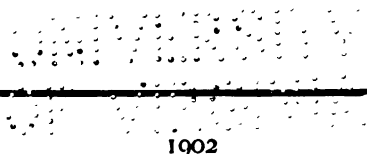
WITH UNCLE HANK

*RECORDED TOGETHER
WITH MANY PICTURES*

BY

THOMAS FLEMING

Author of "Around the 'Pan,'" etc., etc.



1902

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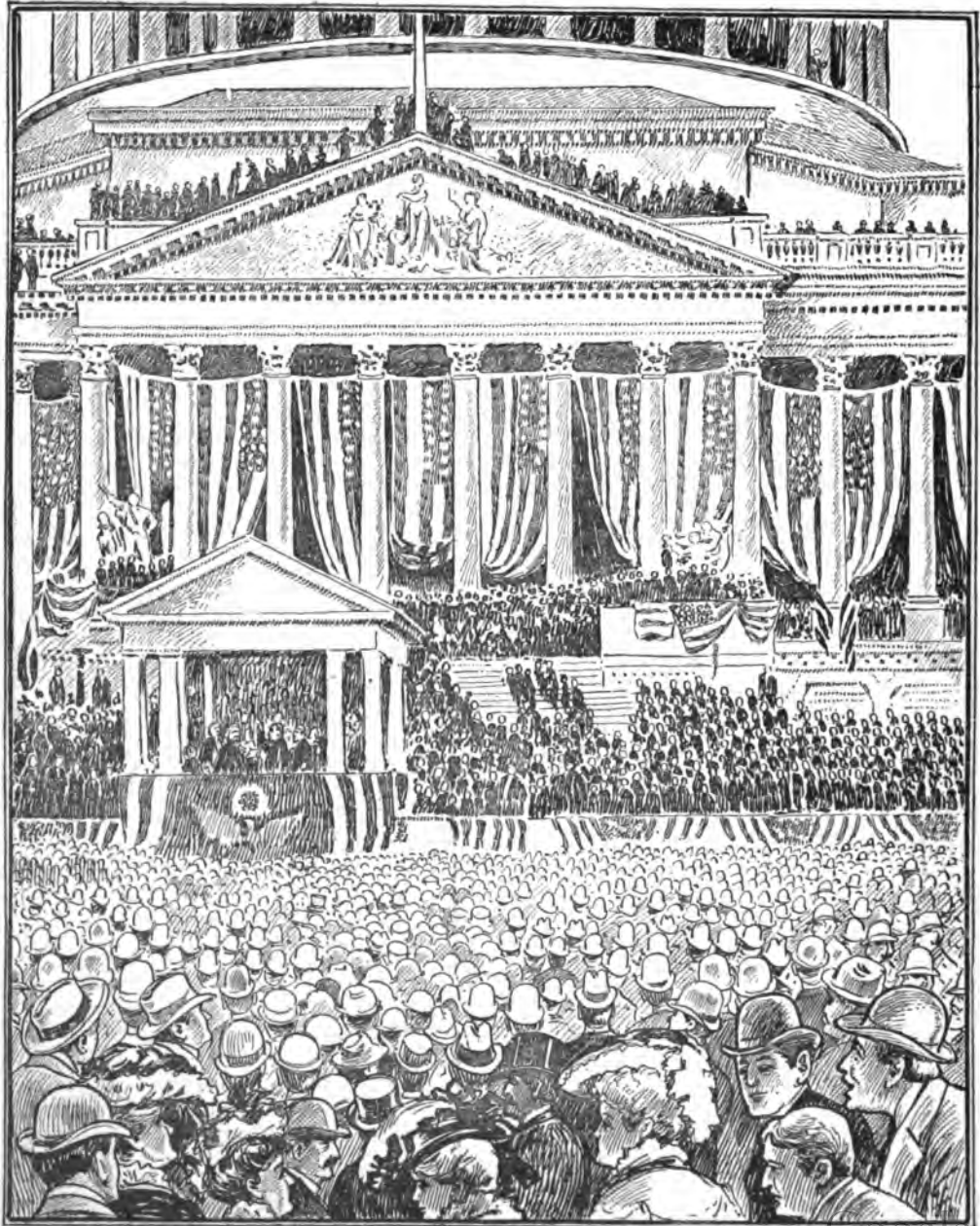
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FOREWORD.

“FRAME YOUR MIND TO MIRTH AND MERRIMENT, WHICH BARS A THOUSAND HARMS AND LENGTHENS LIFE.” THUS SPOKE THE BARD OF AVON WITH THAT RARE INSIGHT INTO HUMAN NATURE THAT SEEMED TO BORDER ON THE MIRACULOUS. IF THIS VOLUME—LARGELY PLAYING, AS IT DOES, UPON THE FOIBLES AND VAGARIES OF PUBLIC LIFE IN WASHINGTON—SHOULD AWAKEN LATENT HUMOR IN THE PUBLIC MEN OF TO-DAY, THEREBY SHOWING A NEW AND BETTER SIDE TO THEIR NATURES, THEN IT WILL HAVE RENDERED AN ADDITIONAL SERVICE TO THAT FOR WHICH IT WAS INTENDED—A PORTRAYAL OF THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE AT THE CAPITAL.

THE AUTHOR.



THE INAUGURATION OF A PRESIDENT.

AROUND THE CAPITAL WITH UNCLE HANK.

CHAPTER I.

A CHARACTERIZATION.

*Wouldst thou be cured, thou silly, moping elf,
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself;
To sum up all, be merry, I advise,
And as we're merry, may we still be wise!—BURNS.*

EVERY true American should have a pride in the beautiful city of Washington. All that counts for the glory of the only true republic on earth is centered in this historic capital.

Replete with reminiscence, it affords numberless opportunities for exuberant patriotism, and the American citizen who is not thrilled with patriotic fervor on first viewing its beautiful avenues and magnificent buildings is certainly devoid of that sense of pride of country supposed to exist in the heart of every true citizen of this great latter-day republic.

She is most feminine, this queen of cities—fickle, capricious and coquettish.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Bejeweled with architectural gems, she is vain of her attractions.

Courted by all who have gifts to bestow, favored like a spoiled child, she has become proud, haughty and arrogant. You'll like her, nevertheless.

You should know her—this gay, high-colored, aristocratic city, possessing many of the attributes of her monarchical sisters of the Old World, rivaling the Rome of the Cæsars in her magnificent entertainments.

Yet, withal, there is a certain democratic atmosphere about her that dispels this imperialistic tendency.

She is thoroughly feminine in her contradictions; while her social leaders are most exclusive in their entertainments, her most distinguished citizen, the President, can be approached by the most humble.

In the matter of adornment, she shows the most pronounced inconsistencies, some of her public statues being of the highest artistic excellence, while others are so deficient in merit as to almost border on the ridiculous.

She has the feminine characteristic of changing her mind with each incoming Administration—smiling coquettishly with the party in power to-day; to-morrow ardently flirting with its successors.

"Thou art not false, but thou art fickle."—BYRON.

Washington was named after the immortal "George," who had considerable of a reputation for probity, and the



W.P. Hepburn M.C.
IOWA.



J.A. MOON, M.C. TENN.



MRS. ROOSEVELT AND HER DAUGHTER ALICE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



new Capital, with its magnificent buildings and spacious avenues, is surely a worthy and enduring monument to the immortal George, who could not tell a lie.

There are those who assert that were George Washington living to-day he would be considered decidedly a back number, for, say they, the twentieth-century statesmen are surely consummate masters of the dissembling art, in which he was so conspicuously deficient. But always there are those who howl calamity from the housetops and who refuse to believe in the integrity of the present.

Modern methods, though less ostentatious of righteousness, are doubtless no less honest than was the old-fashioned probity of the founders. In no age are all men virtuous; in no generation are they all degenerate. Humanity preserves its own equilibrium. This is the law of the progress which is its purpose. If there is more corruption now than in the early days of the republic, there is also more honesty. The proportion is the same.

To-day, in the full glare of the publicity of the modern newspaper, few things can be hidden; every public matter is laid bare before the judgment of an argus-eyed investigation. Wrong is and must be, but, in the words of Garfield, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." Still it is well for the visitor to keep an eye on his Congressman, so as to be sure that you will get all "that is a-comin' to you."

Often, however, the demands upon the time and money of our national representatives are so great that they exclaim in



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

despair: "But where do I come in?" For theirs is no easy life, and the pay is not at all commensurate with the worry.

Being a Mecca for office-seeking politicians and log-rolling lobbyists, Washington attracts hosts of eccentric characters whose adventures in search of the spoils of office often result in very ludicrous situations.

It differs from all other cities in many essentials, having a large "floating" population. The statistics of the liquor trade will bear out the truth of this statement.

If one wishes to see how much fun there is in certain lines of Washington life, the newly elected Congressman, when he first arrives at the capital, will fill the bill. He is usually attired after the manner of statesmen, with closely buttoned frock coat, highly polished boots, and, if from the West, a wide-brim, slouch hat.

If he hails from an Eastern constituency his head is likely surmounted with a bright, tall, silk hat.

He struts along Pennsylvania Avenue with head and shoulders thrown well back, clearly conscious of his new-found importance, and woe betide the old-time friends who would dare to address him familiarly. All are held at arm's length. This state usually lasts about a month. Then, as he becomes familiarized with his high station, he gradually unbends until at the end of the second month of his term he is most likely to be seen accepting an invitation to the "bar" of the House at the expense of some visiting constituent.

The atmosphere of the Capital has a peculiar effect on local reputations when they are first brought within its in-



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

fluence. Many a budding statesman, who at home could blow a mighty trumpet blast, has found that he made no more noise than a jew's-harp in a brass band when he reached the Capitol.

A man must, indeed, be great to show above the crowd where many eminent men abound. One cannot go about the streets without running into a Supreme Court Justice, an admiral, a general, a Pullman-car porter or some one equally great; and it is not at all safe to address a stranger on the street as colonel lest he should prove to be a general.

It is certainly disconcerting, when, after having been seated next to a gentleman in a theatre, and having gone out with him a couple of times between the acts for refreshments, or fresh air, and after having become quite familiar with him, to have some one come up and address him as "General." This is apt to take some of the conceit out of one, especially if one should happen to be—merely a colonel.

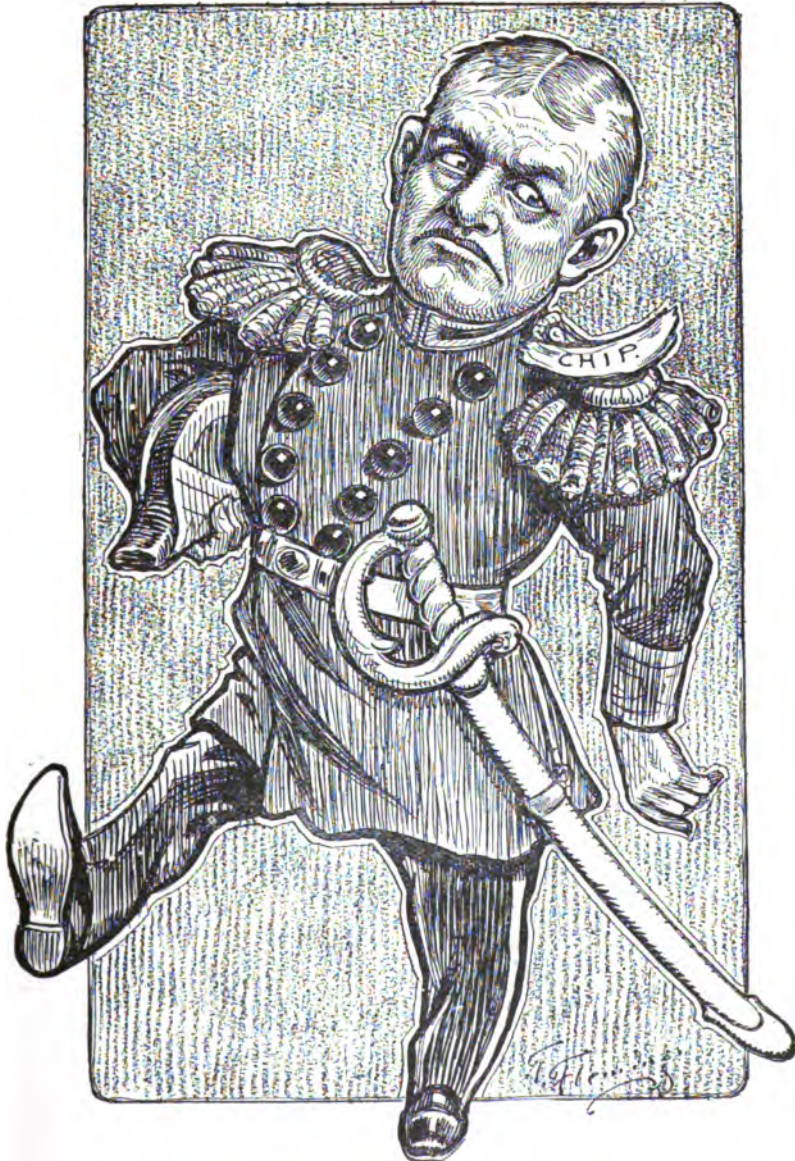
A glance at the occupants of a Washington trolley car will usually show them to be statesmen with massive brows and all the appearances of overpowering intellect.

But these are merely surface indications. If one should take the trouble to follow them to their destinations it might be discovered that they were merely department clerks.

Everything in the city of Washington savors of statesmanship. The people walk the streets like Roman Senators, with stately tread and with an air of tremendous importance.

The letter-carrier, who in other cities goes his rounds with





REAR ADMIRAL ROBLEY D. EVANS, F. B. (Fighting Bob) has a great reputation as a fighter, having no fear whatever of danger in any form, be it in the shape of Cannon balls, Fish balls or Inauguration balls. Wears Cannon balls for buttons on his uniform and is never seen without a chip on his shoulder.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the heavy step of a hard-working man, in Washington hands you your mail with all the aplomb of an ambassador delivering a message of State; and your newsboy salutes you like an aide-de-camp when you hand him a nickel.

It's in the air, and you can no more escape it than you can the grippe when influenza abounds.

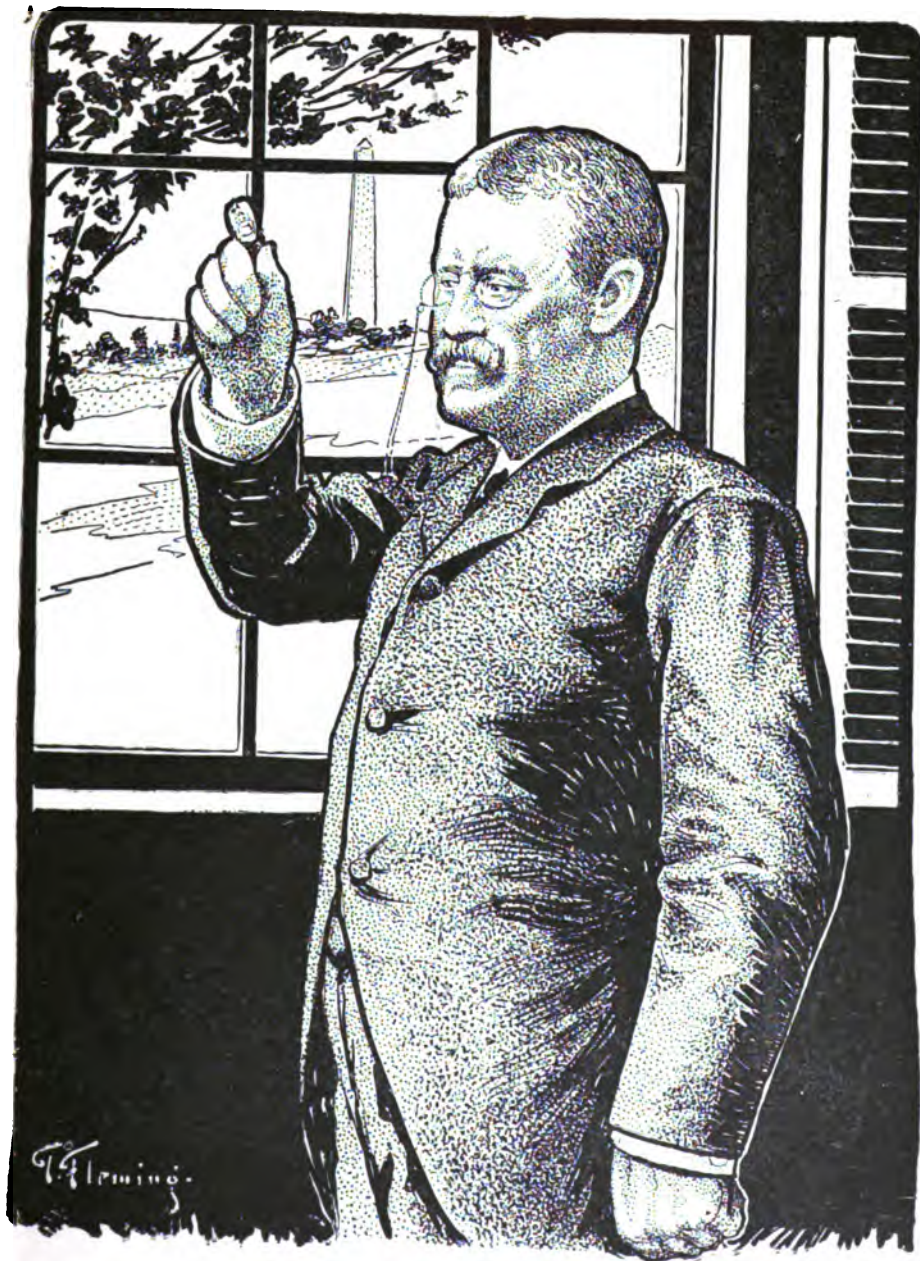
Washington is often referred to as the city of magnificent distances. Whether this is a compliment or a stigma has never been fully determined. One thing is certain—there is a magnificent distance between the United States Senator and the common citizen—in the estimation of the former.

This magnificent distance, however, does not exist between the President and the sovereign people. It is erroneously believed by many that he is elected to occupy a position somewhat resembling that of the ruler of a great nation. This is palpably a misconception. His ostensible position is that of Chief Executive, but his real vocation is that of chief handshaker at the White House.

To see the President standing in the East Room at the Executive Mansion shaking hands with a long line of visitors from every section of our great and glorious republic, comprising specimens of all grades of humanity, is a sight never to be forgotten, and the way they beam on him with a certain proprietary sort of air (as if to say, "My vote helped to put you where you are") is replete with humor.

It was related of a great poet of the last century that "he dearly loved a lord." It can truthfully be said of the great American public that it dearly loves a President whose hand





PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
A sketch from life, in the White House.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



it can shake. Shaking and squeezing his hand is one of the ways it has of showing its patriotism, and Washingtonians are particularly patriotic. Flags are flown from the windows on the slightest provocation.

Periods of time are here reckoned by Administrations. Washingtonians wishing to recall the date of some past event always refer to it as having occurred during some Administration, Anno Domini being completely ignored.

Washington is an American city—no city in the country is more American—without the one characteristic that is supposed to be most American. It has no business. There is no commerce nor trade in the city at all commensurate with its importance and population, and although the Capital of a nation of people who love the theatre, is, in the slang of the profession, only a “one-week stand.”

These little incongruities show what an incongruous city it is. However, with all its inconsistencies, the National Capital is a gem of the first water—a jewel in Columbia’s crown of cities, of which every American should feel proud.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE HANK.

HENRY SLOCUM was as fine a specimen of Yankee manhood as it was possible to find. His kindly intelligent face beamed with good nature and seemed incapable of a frown. Although his gait was somewhat ungainly and his make-up savored of the cornfield and potato patch, no one, who really knew him, would think of underestimating his abilities. But occasionally some one would size up the old gentleman as an ordinary countryman and endeavor to measure wits with him, and would find to his astonishment that he was no match for the astute New Englander.

Uncle Hank, as he was familiarly known, possessed all the traits of character peculiar to his race. Keenly alive to the humorous aspects of every situation, he was nevertheless a philosopher as well, and many a witticism was accompanied by some sage allusion that rendered the humorous observation more than ordinarily effective.

He had long wished for an opportunity to visit the National Capital, of which he had heard and read so much in his span of threescore and ten of existence.

His life had been spent largely on a typical New England



G. P. Foster M.C.
1864

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



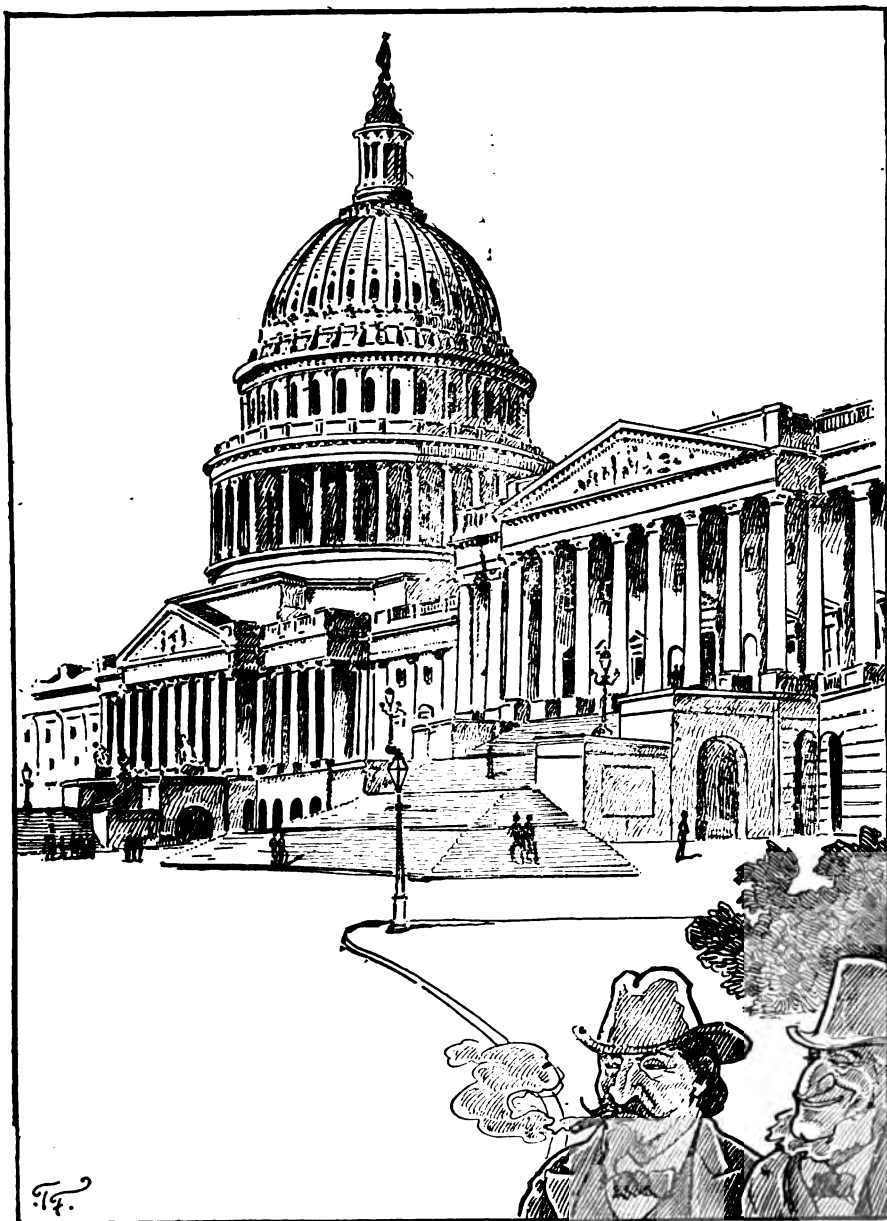
farm about a dozen miles from Medford, Mass. Save for a couple of trips to Boston he had never left home for an extended visit until he had made a journey to the Pan-American Exposition, and that experience just put his sight-seeing proclivities on edge and, as he expressed it to Salem Sodgett, his neighbor, "He'd read so tarnal much abaout thet Washington thet he guessed he'd hev tew go thar an' see th' place thet th' noospapers hed so much tew say abaout."

As he stood one bright morning in midwinter with his "grip" in one hand and a bulky umbrella under his arm while he carefully adjusted his spectacles to more accurately survey the imposing structure known as the Capitol Building, he suddenly burst out with an ejaculation of surprise and merriment.

"Frum th' sublime tew th' ridickulus—'tis but a step!—Jest look at th' monkeyfied ackshuns of thet feller? I'll bet he's a new Congressman hevin' his pictur took tew send hum tew his constitoents tew show 'em he's th' only statesman tew be seen on th' Capitol steps, an' he's got up early tew do et."

Uncle Hank's sarcastic remarks were evoked by the ridiculous spectacle afforded by the theatrical postures of a presumably new member who had taken advantage of the early hour of the day to get a photographer to take his majestic figure standing on the steps of the Capitol. In posing to get the best effect he had assumed every position known to posturing statesmen, besides many which are not known off the Comic Opera stage. It was the ridiculous





"A WISE DOG NEVER KILLS SHEEP NEAR TEW HUM—SUM OV TH' CONGRISSEMEN—
EN WASHINGTON EZ A THOUSAND MILES FRUM HUM."—UNCLE HANK.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



appearance created by some of these postures that called forth the amused ejaculation from the plain matter-of-fact farmer who also had gotten up early to see the sights. He had, in fact, just completed a jaunt around the stately structure and was waxing enthusiastic in its praise when the humorous spectacle of the "new member" posing for a photograph caught his eye. It was too much for the risibilities of the witty Yankee—

"Shades ov Dan'l Webster! Ef thet's a sample ov a Congressman I don't think much ov Congress—but I wonder ef et's like ez Salem Sodgett (who's a good bit ov a politicianer up aour way) sez 'they ain't sendin' no good men tew Congress naow'days—all th' brainy men ez hired by th' Trusts.' An' ef th' one I see this mornin' be a true sample ov th' lot I calkilate he's ababout right, by ginger!"

As he ascended the Capitol steps he resolved to hunt up his nephew, Harry Slocum, who was a newspaper correspondent at Washington and who, he rightly judged, could aid him materially in seeing the sights at the Capital.

As he walked along the corridor towards the south wing he stopped a page who was hurrying to his station in the "House."

"Sonny," exclaimed he, "kin ye tell me whar I kin find Harry Slocum?"

"Has he got anything to do with the pages?" inquired the boy,





ADJ.-GENERAL HENRY CLARK CORBIN has a fine record in the war office; having secured it by walking rough shod over Miles (of red tape). In military circles is known as the autocrat of Washington D. C. (District of Corbin).

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.



"Pages! Why, sonny, he knocks aout **page** after **page** fer them Noo-England papers."

"He must be a scrapper," exclaimed the **youth** in amazement.

"I reckon he is, ef thet's what ye call them fellers thet ketches every scrap ov noos thet's tew be **ketched**," replied the old man.

"Oh, you mean he's a correspondent," exclaimed the youth, with a smile. "I guess you'll find your friend in the press gallery," and the young man pointed the way to the stairs, up which Uncle Hank lost no time in making his way.

Just as he was about to enter the exclusive gallery reserved for the newspaper fraternity, he was accosted by a dapper young man who grasped him familiarly by the hand.

"Why, Uncle, I've been looking for you all the morning," he exclaimed. "Mother wrote me you were coming and told me to be on the lookout for you, and to show you all there was to be shown."

"Wall, ye see, Harry, I hed hearn so much abaout Washington an' th' big men tew be seen hereabouts thet I jest thot I'd look an' see fer myself ef they waz ez big an' ez great ez they sed they waz."

"Well, Uncle, I trust your expectations will be realized," remarked Harry with a smile.

"Ez th' poet sez—'Distance lends incantment tew th' view'—an' I reckon some ov them great men shrink con-





M. JULES CAMBON, Ambassador from France has all the characteristic politeness of manner peculiar to his race. His motto is "In Washington do as they do in Paris—Be Polite."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Charles L. Knapp
N.Y. N.C.

siderbal when ye git 'em et short range," and the old gentleman's face broadened into a smile as he recalled the amusing spectacle he had witnessed as he ascended the Capitol steps that morning.

"Now, Uncle," exclaimed Harry, "I'll have to introduce you as a journalist, as the press gallery is supposed to be for newspaper men exclusively, and I'll trust to your ready wit to answer all requirements." And with this the pair entered the enclosure allotted to the press.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

AS Uncle Hank took his seat in the press gallery with his nephew at his elbow to point out the celebrities on the floor and to explain the various methods of parliamentary procedure, he noticed that the Speaker's desk was directly beneath him and his first whispered question to his mentor was in reference to this personage.

"Ye call him th' Speaker?" he inquired. "Why, he hain't doin' no speakin' ez I kin see; et's them fellers on th' floor thet's doin' all th' speakin'," and the old gentleman's face bore a peculiar expression which his nephew was unable to define as indicative of inquiry or mirth.

"They don't seem tew be payin' much attenshun tew thet chap thet's speakin' over thar?" continued he.

"He's a new member, Uncle; they don't pay much attention to new members."

A new member had secured the floor to divest himself of his maiden speech, and he had fondly imagined that he was the cynosure of all eyes. Had he not been so fully engrossed in his subject he would have noticed that after a few minutes' attention from his fellow members (due in a



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



great measure to curiosity and a desire to "size up" a new aspirant for Congressional honors) he was speaking to empty chairs as far as the House was concerned. As soon as he began to warm up to his subject the older members proceeded to settle back in their seats immersed in newspapers, or began to chat with one another in so free a manner that soon the Hall was filled with the hum of conversation which was only partly subdued by the sharp rapping of the Speaker's gavel.

Finally he began to realize that he was not being listened to and he proceeded to raise his voice to a higher key. This only served to raise the pitch of the conversation about him until, in sheer desperation, he appealed to the "Chair" for attention on the part of the "House."

Then the Speaker rapped loudly and persistently for order, and the new member proceeded with his address with a little better attention from a few members in his immediate vicinity, while the rest of the members, being perfectly indifferent as to what an unknown might have to say, quietly, one by one, stepped out to the cloak rooms to resume their story telling or taking advantage of a lull in the proceedings (as they considered the new member's allotment of time), adjourned to the House Restaurant to allay a newly discovered hunger—or thirst.

Just as he was becoming used to the situation and was beginning to believe that he was delivering an oratorical masterpiece he was rudely brought to a sudden stop by the pounding of the Speaker's gavel and, pausing to learn the





THE NEW MEMBER.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

cause, was coldly informed that his allotment of time was exhausted. Then mopping the perspiration from his fevered brow he resumed his seat, a sorely disappointed and disillusioned man.

Uncle Hank's attention was now called to several members jumping to their feet and frantically waving their arms, trying to get recognition from the Speaker, who finally designated the "Gentleman from New York" as being entitled to the floor.

"That is Sereno Payne, the leader of the majority," explained Harry. "You see the Democrats are on the right and the Republicans left."

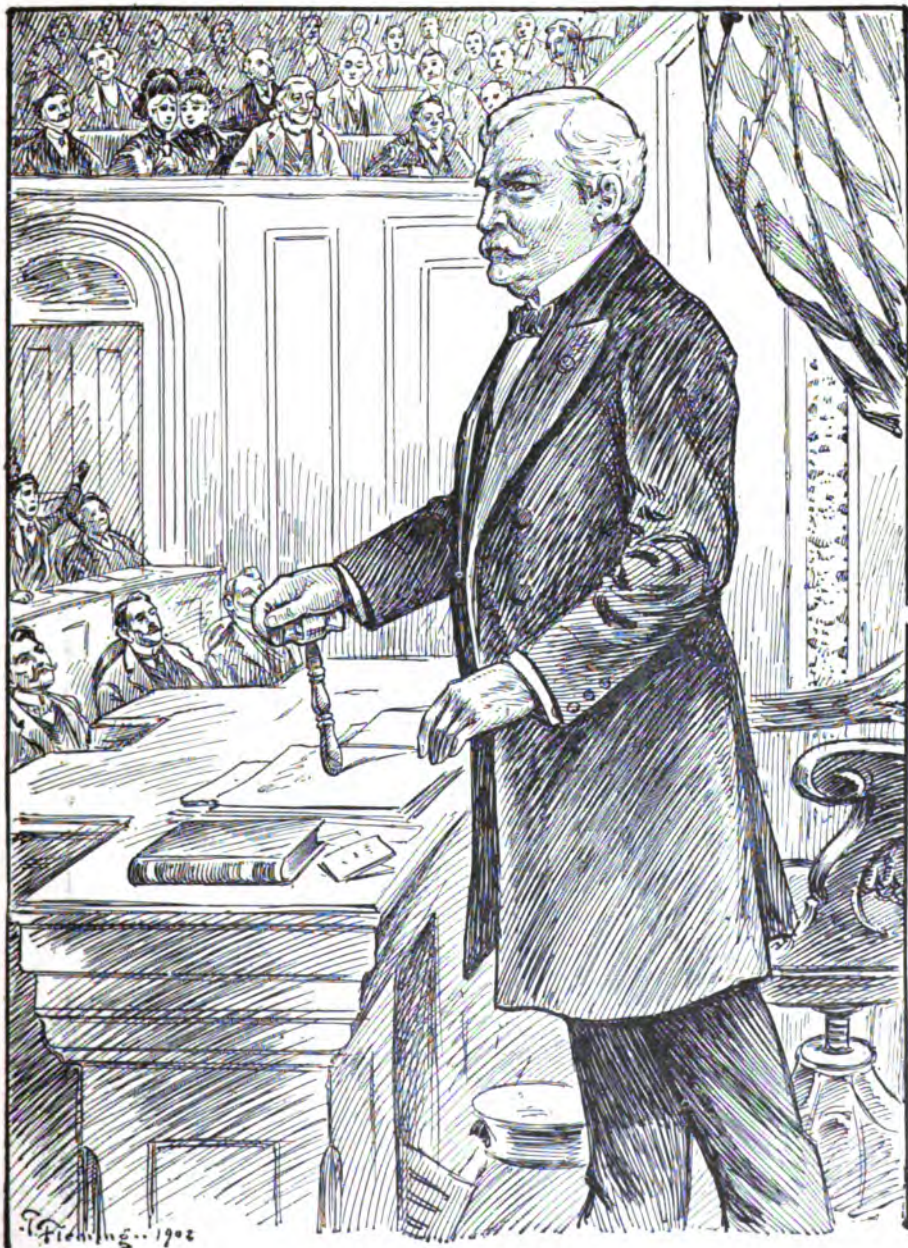
"Republicans left—an' in th' majority? I reckon yer wrong abaout thet, Harry," retorted the old gentleman, poking him in the ribs to emphasize his little joke.

"Et's wonderful haow th' Speaker kin recollect th' State each member comes from th' moment he hops up," continued Uncle Hank.

"Yes, it is wonderful," replied Harry. "Speaker Henderson is an adept in that line. That white-haired member sitting about the center of the left is Galusha Grow, of Pennsylvania, the Patriarch of the House. He was Speaker before the Civil War. The tall, thin looking man who is speaking to him is Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations—a most important committee, as it practically has charge of Uncle Sam's purse strings."

"Who's thet chap with th' round shoulders, talkin' tew





SPEAKER HENDERSON IN ACTION.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

th' little fat feller?" inquired Uncle Hank, indicating a couple of members directly beneath them.

"That is Spencer Blackburn of North Carolina talking to George B. McClellan of New York, the son of 'Little Mac,' the famous Union General of the Civil War," replied Harry, "and the two members coming down the aisle are General Grosvenor of Ohio and General Harry Bingham of Pennsylvania, and that distinguished looking man they've stopped to talk to is Champ Clark of Missouri, one of the best speakers on the Democratic side."

"Champ, did ye say, Harry?" inquired the old gentleman, in a quizzical tone. "Ez thet short fer Champeen?"

"No, Uncle, but the name fits him—he's the champion debater on the minority's side. Some of the member's names are quite suggestive of their dispositions; for instance, there is William Sulzer, whom the members have nicknamed 'Seltzer,' on account of his tendency to pop up at unexpected times; and then there is R. R. Hitt, who hit the railroads pretty hard on several occasions. Some of the names, however, are not quite so appropriate—Moody of North Carolina is not at all moody or morose, and no one would think of intimating that H. C. Loudenslager was addicted to 'lager.'"

"I see ye've got them names down purty fine, Harry," remarked the old man when he had concluded his description. "Naow, what might be th' name ov thet tall bean-pole over yonder?"

"That is the tallest member of the House—Cyrus A.





GALUSHA GROW, M. C., from Pa. Original discoverer of Congress, the date of his discovery is not definitely known, being far beyond the memory of the present generation. Was elected speaker in 1861, but managed to grow out of it.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Sulloway, and the little fellow he is shaking hands with is the new member who beat Perry Belmont after a red hot fight in New York—Montague Lessler, who has already made himself very popular with his fellow members."

"Wall, they look like a free an' easy lot, half th' time they pay no attenshun tew th' speeches."

"Well, you see, Uncle, they do most of their work in the committee rooms, and it is rarely that a bill is passed on the strength of the speeches made in its favor on the floor."

"Whar's th' logs, Harry?" inquired Uncle Hank, after a searching glance over the "House."

"The logs—what logs? I don't quite understand."

"Why, them logs th' logrollers use."

"Oh, I see!" ejaculated Harry, with a smile. "I think you'll be apt to find them in the lobby—among the lobbyists."

"Ez thet cloak room, whar they go tew cloak ther crooked work—er ez et th' room ther female friends hang up ther cloaks when they call on ther members?"

"Well, Uncle," responded Harry, "the cloak room is rather out of date—you see the name was adopted at the time when it was the fashion for members to wear long cloaks. Now, Uncle, I propose we go down to the 'floor,' as there is little likelihood of anything of an interesting character happening as long as that member has the floor," pointing to a member in the rear of the chamber, who was





MONTAGUE LESSLER, M. C., from New York: notable as the man who beat Perry Belmont in a race for Congress. Mr. Belmont thinks more of Less-ler now.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

droning out what seemed like an interminable discourse on the legal phase of a certain bill before the House.

As they passed along the corridors, Harry chanced to meet one of the members who had just been elected to represent the most aristocratic district in New York City, and in introducing him to his uncle had mentioned the fact that he was a "tenderfoot." This seemed to grate rather harshly on the sensibilities of the new member, who retorted with some asperity:

"I say," said he, addressing his remarks to Harry, "there is something about the way you newspaper-men have of referring to men like myself as 'new' and 'tender' when they first appear in Congress that goes against the grain. My father was in Congress, and I have been imbibing principles of statecraft ever since I wore knickerbockers. When I first entered politics they called me a 'silk stocking,' and sneered openly because I changed my shirt once or twice a day, although I can't see what the texture of a man's hosiery or the frequency with which he changes his linen has to do with his political convictions. As a matter of fact, I prefer lisle thread to silk for hosiery.

"One thing I found out rather quickly in Congressional life," he continued, "is that gentility is not a geographical question. It is as apt to come from one section of the country as from another, and there are many ways of defining a gentleman. There is a friend of mine in the House who is so Southern in fibre that when he talks I am strongly reminded of the famous hero of F. Hopkinson





JOSEPH G. CANNON, M. C., from Illinois, is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. In this capacity his aim is to successfully pierce the steel armor of the United States Treasury. The Democrats (economically inclined when out of office) threaten to fire Cannon when they get control of Congress again.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Victor H. M. C. Cal.



W. H. GRAHAM, M. C. PENN.

Smith's novel, 'Colonel Carter, of Cartersville.' He is a gentleman to the core; in fact, a thoroughgoing aristocrat. Yet, he thinks I'm 'the limit' of Northern aristocracy, but concedes that I 'mean well.' "

"Well, you must admit that is a saving clause in his estimate of you," retorted Harry, with a smile, "and in regard to this stigma of newness, as you seem to view it, it doesn't last long—next session you'll be a veteran."

"Thet reminds me ov a story," interposed Uncle Hank, who had been listening intently to the remarks of the New Yorker. "Daown en Bostin a tipsy Irishman got onto a street car, an ez he sot daown he happened tew run up again a dood who muttered somethin' abaout 'drunken fool.' Th' Irishman fastened his onsteady gaze on th' dood, ez he retorted, 'Oi may be d'hrunk an' all thet—Oi'll git over thet—but you're a dood! an' you'll never get over that!'"

"It isn't the aspersion of 'newness' that I object to," exclaimed the New Yorker, laughingly, when Uncle Hank had concluded his story, "it's this confounded patronizing air assumed by the old members that I can't stand."

"Wall, jest rub et in on th' next batch ov new Congressmen thet's elected," rejoined Uncle Hank, with a good natured grin.

The party had now reached the main entrance to the House, around which was congregated a number of people patiently waiting to see the members to whom they had sent in their names. Presently a member would appear



C. H. GROSVENOR, M. C., from Ohio, is all wool and a yard wide. His touching appeal in behalf of the Anti-Shoddy Bill brought tears from all of the wool growers and many of the clothing manufacturers of the country. The tears of the latter were caused by the apprehension that they might be compelled to manufacture clothing from real wool hereafter.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



at the door holding a card in his hand, then spying some one in the crowd he would move over to an obscure corner with his visitor to engage in an earnest conversation. If the member spoke in loud, strident tones, rest assured his caller's mission was merely in relation to some trivial claim for damages to a haystack, or the loss of a mule during the war. But if the consultation was carried on in whispers, accompanied by furtive glances around, the chances were that a lobbyist was pursuing some deep laid scheme that would not stand too close a scrutiny.

The crowd that surrounded the door well repaid study. There was the man of business, clearly a bank president or manager of some large corporation—if that rotund figure and florid complexion counted for anything. Then there was the inevitable politician, with his shiny silk hat and loud clothes, and a deep bass voice that can only be acquired by years of experience at Congressional conventions, or boisterous primary meetings. Here and there in the throng could be discerned anxious faces, eager with expectancy. Their frayed, well worn garments telling eloquently of days of patient waiting for positions in the departments, that were so hard to obtain.

Some of the people about the door, however, were unmistakably curiosity seekers, waiting to get a glimpse of some well known member. Harry told Uncle Hank that they were known as "Congressional rubbernecks."

"Et's a free show, Harry, an' ye can't blame 'em, fer et's





JOHN J. FEELY, M. C., from Illinois, being the youngest member is called the baby of the house, but he is consoled by the older members with the assurance that he will soon grow out of it. His speeches are printed in the Congressional Record as "Baby Talk."

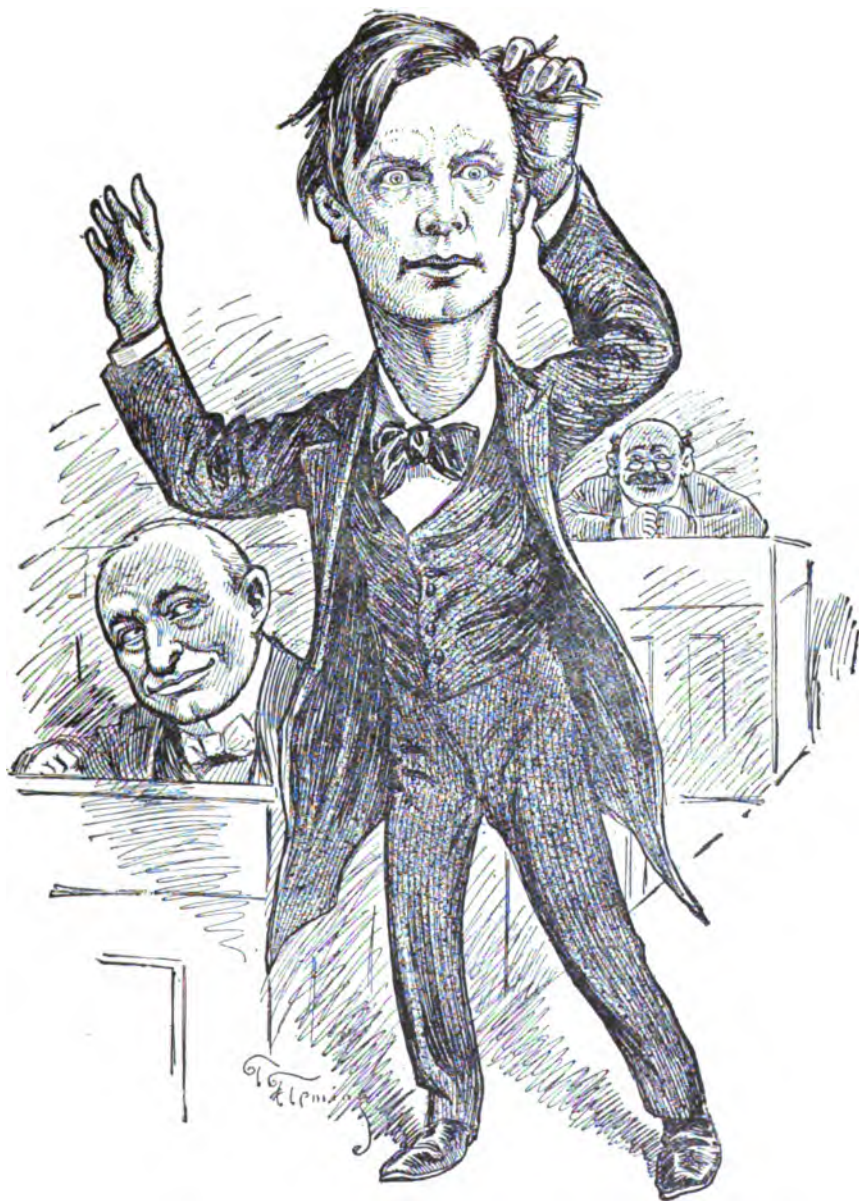
AROUND THE CAPITAL.



ez good ez a circus tew watch some ov them Congressmen strut ababout like turkey gobblers in a barnyard."

After strolling about the corridors for some time, the old gentleman proposed that they had better get something to eat, "ez thet gnawin' sensashun in his stummick waz gittin' altogether too annoyin'."

"The restaurant is right below," replied Harry, making his way to the stone stairway leading to the famous refectory, followed closely by the hungry farmer, who was used to getting his noonday repast promptly on the stroke of the noon hour.



WILLIAM SULZER and **H. M. GOLDFOGLE**, members of Congress from New York, are close friends. When Congressman Sulzer bursts forth in eloquence on the floor ex-Judge Goldfogle is usually an appreciative listener. Mr. Sulzer fondly imagines that Henry Clay looked like William Sulzer. Some of his friends have sought to console him by assuring him that he would eventually grow out of it.



HON. JAMES M. MOODY and HON. THEODORE F. KLUTZ. Tar-Heel Congressmen from the famous State noted for once possessing a Governor who propounded a query of a bibulous nature to the Governor of h's adjoining State. Mr. Moody is said to be the best natured man in Congress and his colleague is not far behind h'm in point of popularity. In fact they are said to be both "tarred with the same stick."

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CHAPTER IV.

THE HOUSE RESTAURANT.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed, that he is grown so great?"

CHUS spoke the great Shakespeare many years ago, before the advent of the Meat Trust. In these latter days of variegated foods it is not wholly a matter of meat that concerns the modern man. When Marie Antoinette was told that the people of Paris were clamoring for bread, she innocently inquired why could they not be supplied with cake? When the stranger takes his first meal in the House Restaurant, he scans the menu card carefully, and then—orders pie.

Large quantities of pie are consumed hourly while the session lasts—indeed, pie comes very near being the national dish if one were to judge by the enormous quantities devoured in the "National" restaurant.

The House of Representatives is usually referred to as the popular branch of Congress. Certainly the most popular part of this popular branch is the House Restaurant.

This can be readily determined by a cursory examination of the different stairways leading from the floor of the



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J. B. Ketchum
N.Y. M.C.

House. It will be seen that the steps leading down to the restaurant are worn down to a much greater extent than those of any of the other stairways.

"This is called the 'Lower House,' " explained Harry, with a wink, as he led Uncle Hank down the stairs to the restaurant. Entering through the swinging doors, the old gentleman, after surveying the scene carefully, remarked:

"Thar's a member before th' House, an' I reckon he'll soon hev th' floor, ef he don't look sharp, an' then I s'pose he'll 'be laid outew th' table accordin' tew th' rules of th' haouse?" And he jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards a member who was drinking a glass of what looked suspiciously like whiskey, and this evidently not his first glass.

Harry slapped his uncle on the back, and declared he was quite an expert parliamentarian.

"However," he rejoined, "he might rise to a point of order—from the manager."

"Thar's a feller makin' a p'int ov order naow!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, as he indicated a patron at one of the tables who was pointing his finger at a waiter to attract his attention.

"Well, now you are before the bar of the house. I move the previous question," remarked Harry, as they lined up before the sable bartender. "What'll it be?"

"En answer tew that question, I nominate Hard Cider."

"I'd like to make an amendment to that—as the House



Washington Gardner
MICH. M.C.

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does not deal in cider. Strike out cider and insert Congressional Highball."

"I object tew th' amendment. The last time I tried them tarnal 'high balls' I went rollin' hum in th' mornin'—if th' Haouse don't keep cider in stock, I'll nominate a bottle ov Sody."

"Dat amendment passed, sah!" remarked the ebony-hued bartender, with an expansive grin, as he passed the bottle across the bar.

As they proceeded to test the quality of the refreshment ordered, Harry remarked: "You will observe they do business on this floor very much the same as on the floor above—all bills are sent up to the chairman, and are placed by him on file." So saying, he picked up his bill and proceeded to the cashier's desk and liquidated his liquor bill.

"Thet's a sort ov payin' th' price thet staggers humanity," remarked the old man, as he observed the operation.

The pair now proceeded to one of the tables to order something more substantial in the way of refreshment. Soon they were waited on by a polite colored waiter, who deferentially inclined his head to take their order.

"What does your appetite call for, Uncle?" inquired Harry.

"Wall, my appetite calls for Boston baked beans an' brown bread, but I reckon thet when yer in Rome, ye'd better do ez Romans dew, an' I'll jest order sum ov thet 'bullyun' soup, an' follow et up with th' rest ov them dishes named on thet bill ov fare."



Chas. F. Johnson, MC.
KAN.



E. D. Cunningham, MC.
IND.

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As the polite waiter departed to fill their order, Harry called Uncle Hank's attention to the obsequiousness of the colored man.

"You see, Uncle, that waiter is very polite; you'd better tip him."

"Wall, Harry, I like a joke ez good ez anyone, but when a coon ez perlite tew me, I hain't got th' heart tew tip him up, especially when he's got a big lot ov dishes on his tray."

Harry laughed outright at the old man's misconception of a "tip," but soon explained the matter to his satisfaction.

It was not long before they were busily engaged in satisfying the inner man, so busy, indeed, that they did not notice the occupants of the adjoining table.

A quartette of sombre, dignified looking men were seated at this table, in the center of which stood a small bowl of crackers, and in front of each gentleman stood a tea cup and saucer. Several times the waiter brought his tray to their table, but always with the same order—four cups of cold tea. It was not long before this caught Uncle Hank's eye.

"Et seems tew me aour neighbors thar ez great tea drinkers," he whispered to Harry.

"Yes, Uncle, that's Congressional tea—it looks like tea—but——"

"Et tastes like whiskey, eh?" interposed Uncle Hank, with a significant wink.

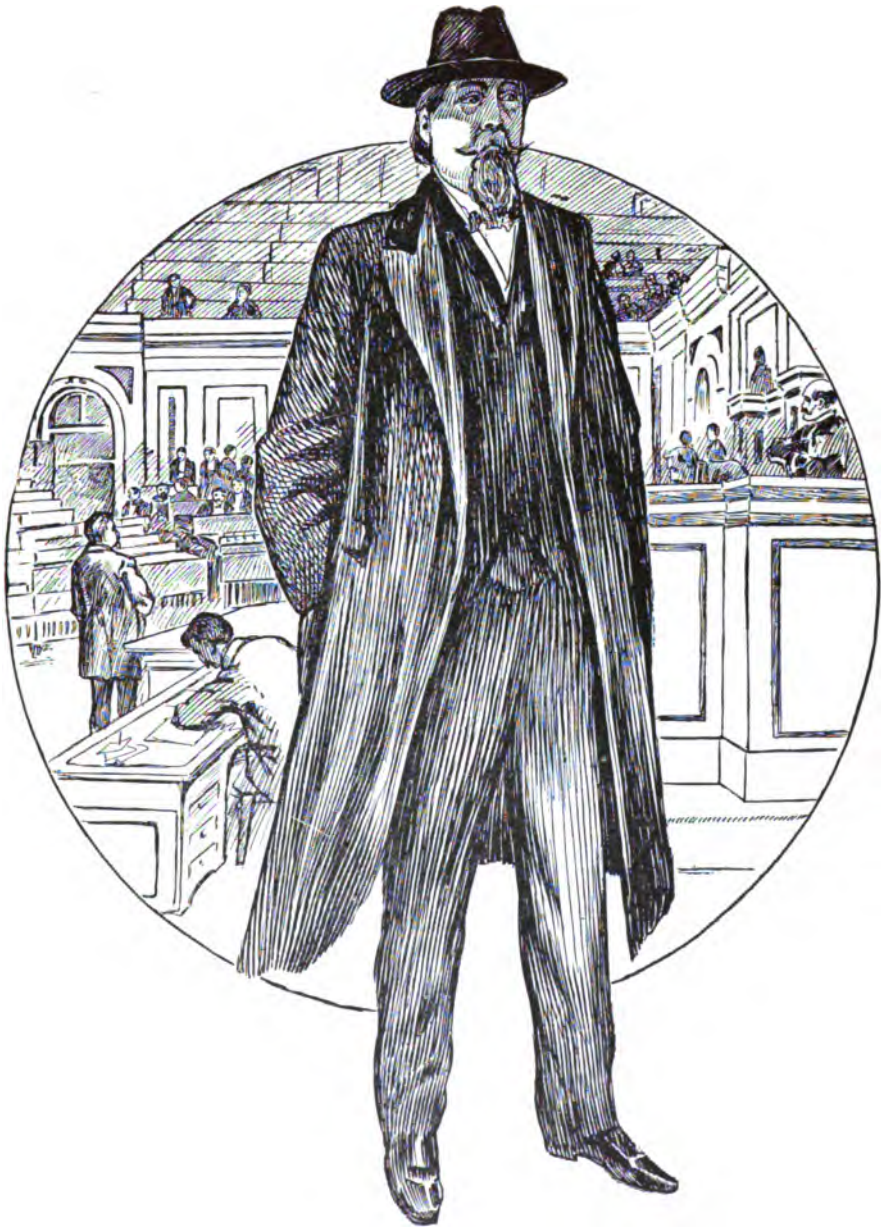
The restaurant had now filled up quite perceptibly, and



M. W. Sullivan M.C.
OHIO.



L. J. Livingston
GA. NC.



CYRUS A. SULLOWAY, M. C., from New Hampshire, has been longer in Congress than any other member—about a foot longer. While not considered proud or haughty, it has been noticed that he has a habit of looking down on his fellow members, holding his head very high on all occasions.

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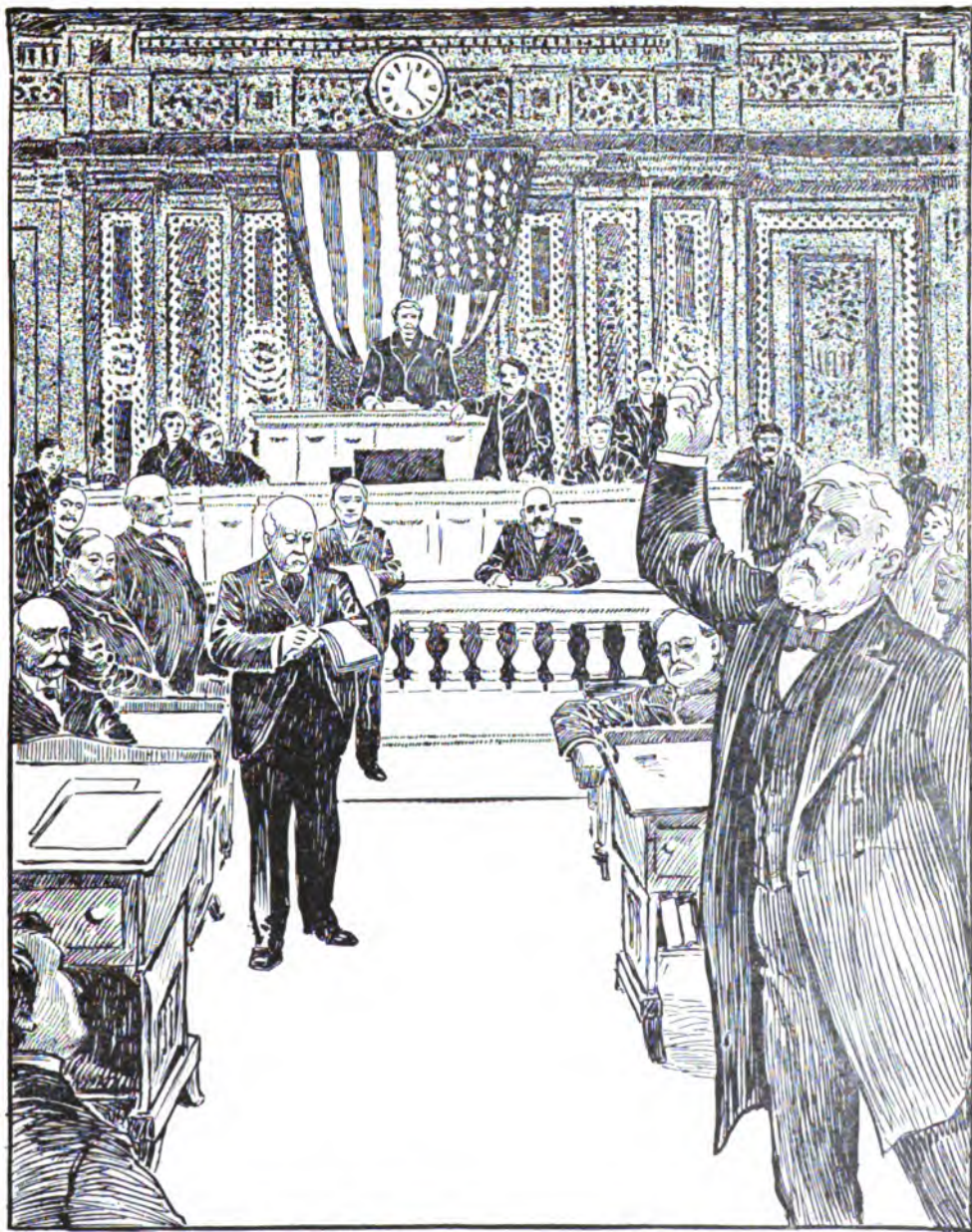
it presented a very animated scene; Congressmen, in affluent circumstances, were entertaining friends in the most lavish manner, while the economically inclined contented themselves with more meagre lunches. Uncle Hank was not slow to perceive the marked difference between the member in moderate circumstances and the man of wealth.

"I tell ye, Harry, them wealthy members spend so much time en dinin' on quail on toast that they hev no time tew think ov th' American Eagle."

The restaurant was in full blast now; all was life and activity. Groups of diners were formed in corners. Everybody knew everybody else. Everybody was laughing, talking, joking and having a good time; a more animated scene it would be difficult to conceive. Handsomely gowned, beautiful women were chatting pleasantly with stately, sombre-browed statesmen. Congressmen from all sections were hobnobbing with their constituents in unobtrusive corners—the long drawl of the Southerner mingling with the nasal intonations of the New Englander. As the crowd increased, the chatter of conversation grew louder and vied with the clatter of dishes for supremacy.

The new Congressman was present with all his new-found importance, but failed to impress here, as on the floor above. Evidently nobody knew the new member—even that impressionable personage, the waiter, failed to be impressed; it was sad. The new Congressman walked the length of the room and out again at the other door; he was no more than a button on the waiter's coat. In fact, all distinction of





J.P. Cannon,
IOWA.

REPORTER
SMITH.
REPORTER
BROWN.

E.L. Hamilton,
MICH.

Sereno Payne,
N.Y.

SERENO PAYNE LECTURING THE DEMOCRATS.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.



E. Robb.
M.D. M.C.

rank and station was blotted out in the Congressional restaurant. There was no haughty doortender to demand your card on admittance, and you didn't have to draw lots for seats. The only qualification required was the ability to pay your bill, and the only "pull" requisite—the pull you gave the coat tail of the waiter as he passed you by without taking your order.

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CHAPTER V.

THE SENATE.

*"Some of you nicely ken the laws,
To round the period and pause,
And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To make harangues."*—BURNS.

THE chaplain had just concluded his invocation to the Almighty to graciously guide the "grave and reverend" Senators in their weighty deliberations when Uncle Hank and his nephew arrived at the door of the gallery reserved for "gentlemen." Here they found nearly all the seats occupied, and they were about to beat a hasty retreat when Harry discovered a couple vacant in an obscure corner. When they were seated they discovered that their neighbors were two burly citizens of African descent, who had arrived earlier and had secured points of vantage. Uncle Hank was soon on familiar terms with his neighbor, and before long had him grinning from ear to ear at some of his comments on the scenes below. Placing his mouth close to the darky's ear he would whisper for a few seconds, and the African would guffaw with a burst of merriment that soon attracted the attention of the officer in charge, who lost no time in warning him



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Pharr Breaux
LOUISIANA. M.C.



Wm. M. Howard
GA. M.C.

that if he laughed like that again he would put him out of the gallery, as it was not a circus he was attending. The old gentleman waited until the officer's back was turned and then, leaning over, whispered what must have been a particularly good joke, for the ducky just laid back and roared. This brought the officer to his side at once, and, seizing hold of his arm, led him from the gallery, at the same time darting a suspicious glance at Uncle Hank, whose face betrayed not the slightest trace of merriment, but who at once took possession of the vacated seat with a grunt of supreme satisfaction, as it afforded him an excellent opportunity to view the proceedings in the chamber below.

Harry was both amazed and amused at his uncle's shrewd scheme to get a better seat. "That was a slick trick, Uncle," he whispered.

"'Twan't no trick, Harry," he answered, "et's only a new application ov th' doctrin' ov th' survival ov th' fittest," and the old man winked a very emphatic wink.

The chamber was now filling up very fast, and the Senators were nearly all in their respective seats.

Harry had procured descriptive cards with diagrams showing the location of each member's seat, which Uncle Hank was busily studying in an endeavor to locate the more prominent members. Senator Matthew Stanley Quay, who had been one of the first to reach his seat, sat stoop-shouldered, with his hands in his lap, looking disconsolately toward the "chair," apparently taking not the slightest



CONGRESSMAN JACOB RUPPERT of New York, would resent the imputation of being "fast"—yet he is frequently seen in the streets of Washington in an automobile that is anything but slow.

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H. H. Bingham M.C.
PENN.

interest in the proceedings. A few seats to the right sat Senator Chauncey M. Depew opening his mail, stopping frequently to nod and speak to members who chanced to pass his desk, and always with a smile—Senator Depew is urbanity personified.

A stout gentleman enters limping, and leaning on a stout cane, and making his way to his seat a little in the rear, is at once surrounded by a bevy of Senators. This is Senator Mark Hanna, who has never been known to sit five minutes alone. He is apparently the busiest man in the Senate.

Senator Frye, the President pro tem. of the Senate, has taken advantage of an opportunity afforded by the delivery of a long, dry speech by one of the Senators, to vacate his chair, and placing his gavel in charge of Senator John Kean, is hobnobbing with the different members over their desks. He is evidently on very familiar terms with Senator Allison, as they laugh and chat like a couple of schoolboy chums. Senator Spooner is nearby with his face deeply lined with a severe frown—which seems habitual with him—conversing in the most earnest manner with Senator Beveridge, the youthful looking Senator from Indiana.

“Mr. President,” calls out Senator Tillman in a high-keyed voice.

Senator Frye instantly rushes for his chair, knowing well that when Senators of the “pitchfork” variety want the floor it is not safe to trust the gavel to any but experienced hands.



James E. Watson
'ND.



BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, of South Carolina, Senator, Farmer and Knight of the Pitchfork. Having but one eye, finds great difficulty in seeing both sides of a question. The above sketch shows him in the act of delivering one of his masterpieces of vituperation, with Senators Stewart and Teller as amused and interested listeners.

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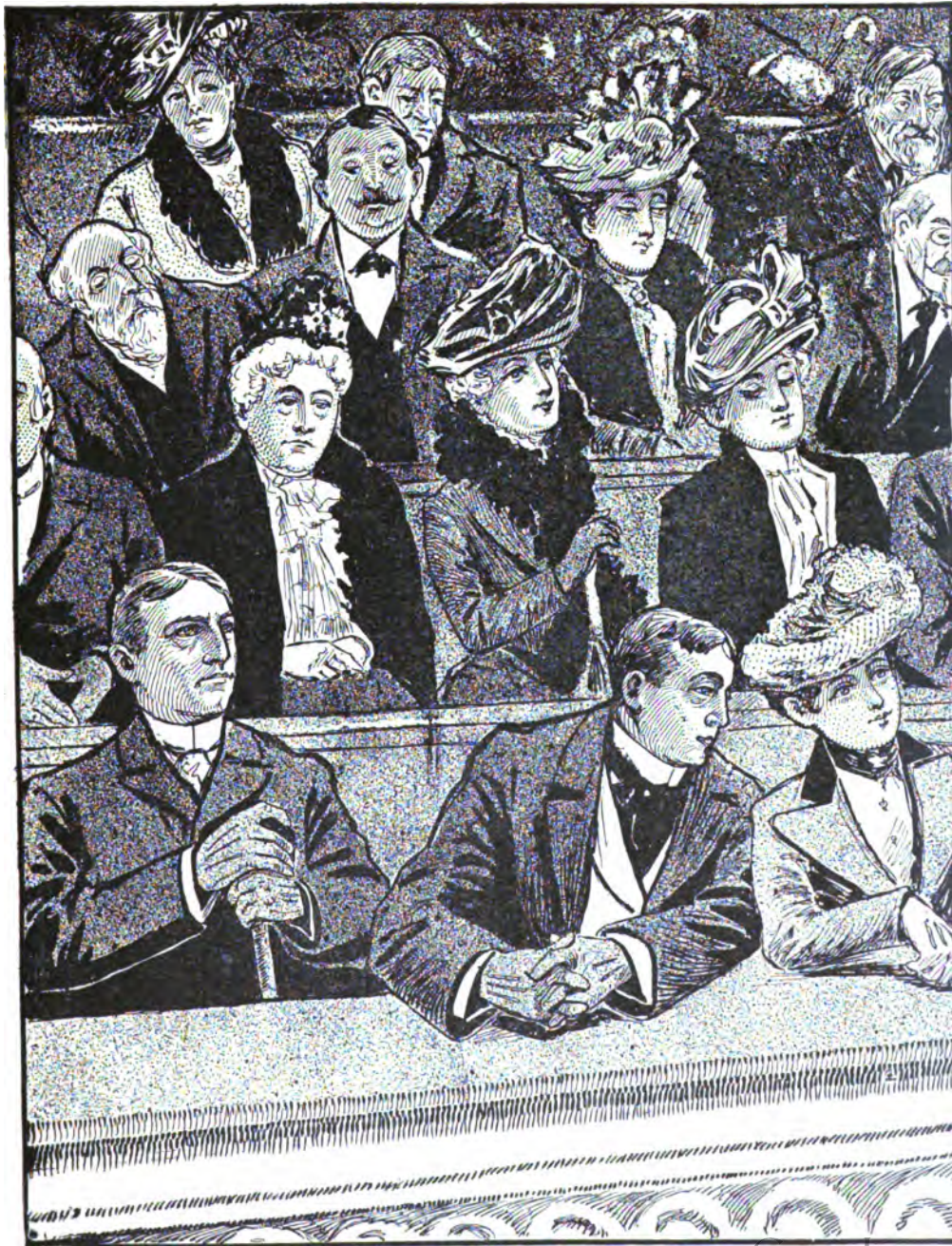
Senator Tillman wishes to ask a few questions of the gentleman who has the floor; will the gentleman yield? Certainly; senatorial courtesy could not permit less. The debate is on the vexatious Philippine question, and the South Carolina Senator has challenged a statement made by the honorable gentleman from Dakota. This brings a retort from Senator Beveridge, who has been to the Philippine Islands, and considers himself an authority on all matters affecting the Filipinos. Soon the Senate is in an uproar and the sharp, shrill voice of the South Carolinian is heard declaring that "if the gentleman from Indiana would only not jump around like a grasshopper we could tell where to find him!"

This brings a laugh from the people in the galleries, who, having come to be amused, are very grateful to Senator Tillman for having afforded them such an excellent opportunity for merriment.



At this juncture in stalks Senator Thomas C. Platt, grown very sedate and quite stoopshouldered, with never a smile on his deeply lined face. He proceeds at once to his desk, where he is soon busied with his mail. Presently a page approaches and hands him a card, which the Senator glances at and, quietly laying down, continues the examination of his letters.

A tall, dignified looking old gentleman with bald head and long, flowing white beard—(a typical "Father Time" or Santa Claus)—enters from one of the cloak rooms and, standing stock still in the aisle, looks over the chamber—as a



SEN. McCUMBER. MRS. M. A. HANNA. MME. CAMBON. REP. H. P. BELMONT. MRS. BELMONT.

A FAMILIAR SCENE IN THE SENATE GALLERY.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



country schoolmaster would look over his country school-room when he first came in in the morning, to see whether his scholars had all arrived and were properly in their seats. This is the venerable Senator Stewart, the silver Senator from Nevada.

"I can't understand et, Harry!" whispered Uncle Hank to his nephew.

"Can't undersand what?"

"Why, they say thet seat daown thar cost th' Senitor twenty-five thousand dollars, an' I'll vow ye kin git a better one in Bostin fer ten dollars," and the old man nudged Harry with his elbow to emphasize his little joke.

"You must remember that this is called the 'Millionaires Club.' They've made the seats expensive, and it is said that it is easier for the proverbial camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a poor man to enter the Senate nowadays."

"Wall, them Southern Senitors don't look like millyunairs!" exclaimed the old man.

"No, the Southern members are, as a rule, men in very moderate circumstances. Morgan, Pettus, Blackburn, Pritchard, Tillman, Barry, Simmons and Carmack would hardly be termed wealthy men, but what they lack in wealth they make up in aggressiveness——"

"Tillman, fer instance!" ejaculated Uncle Hank, remembering the passage at arms on the Senate floor a short time previous, in which the South Carolinian had figured quite prominently.





SENATOR WM. A. CLARK, of Butte, Montana, a town noted chiefly for having produced the greatest genius of the day—Mary MacLane, the author of "I am It." The Senator is also a great author; his works consisting principally of small rectangular slips printed on one side and signed in autograph by the author. These writings are considered by their possessors, the most valuable ever issued from the Senate Chamber.

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"Who's thet smart lookin' chap thet's jest takin' his seat thar?" he inquired of Harry, at the same time pointing his finger towards a neat, dapper little man in a closely buttoned frock coat.

"That is Senator Clark, the multi-millionaire copper king of Montana. He is said to have the largest income of any man in the Senate."

"All them copper kings make money, Harry. Ther's Devery in Noo York; when he waz king ov th' 'coppers' he waz reported tew hev made lots ov money. Naow thar's a fine-lookin' Senitor!" he continued, designating an exceedingly well-built man, broad shouldered and straight as an Indian, with clear-cut features.

"That's Senator Bailey, the young Texan, who, if he could control his temper, would make his mark in the Senate some of these days," replied Harry, in the easy going vernacular of the newspaper man.

The young Texan Senator is one of the few men in the Senate who are personally popular with the correspondents. He is frequently seen in the corridors of the Capitol telling some funny story or imparting some choice bit of news to the eager correspondent of some out-of-town paper. In debate he is the match of any man in Congress. On one occasion, in championing the rights of the State of South Carolina, he was interrupted by Senator Hoar with a few legal questions. Gravely he replied:

"Of course when the venerable Senator from Massachusetts asks about the law, the question answers itself.



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The venerable Senator from Massachusetts is so distinguished a lawyer that even if I thought him wrong I should hesitate to say so."

The Senator from Massachusetts flushed until his white hair looked much whiter by contrast.

Then Senator Foraker tried to measure wits with the youthful Texan.

"That may be the law in Texas," he said, "but it is not in any other State I ever heard of."

"There is a great deal of law the Senator from Ohio has not heard of," retorted Senator Bailey in the blandest tone imaginable.

But the Ohioan was rash. He came back again:

"Undoubtedly, and especially in Texas, from what the Senator has said."

The Texan played with him.

"I had the misfortune once to try a case in Ohio, and I learned some remarkable law there," said he.

"I have no doubt you learned something before you got through with it," retorted Foraker, with some heat.

The Republicans laughed.

"Yes," replied Bailey, in his peculiar drawl, "if there is so much to be learned there I commend the Senator from Ohio to stay there as much as his Senatorial duties will allow."

And the Senator from Ohio took his seat amid the laughter that followed.

As Uncle Hank became better acquainted with the Sen-



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ators he became more interested in their speeches and, as was usual with him, his comments often took a humorous turn. A Senator from the West in the course of his speech orated: "No man can say this hand ever took any money," and holding his right hand aloft, looked proudly over the Chamber.

"Haow abaout th' left hand?" inquiringly asked the old man of his nephew, with a wink.

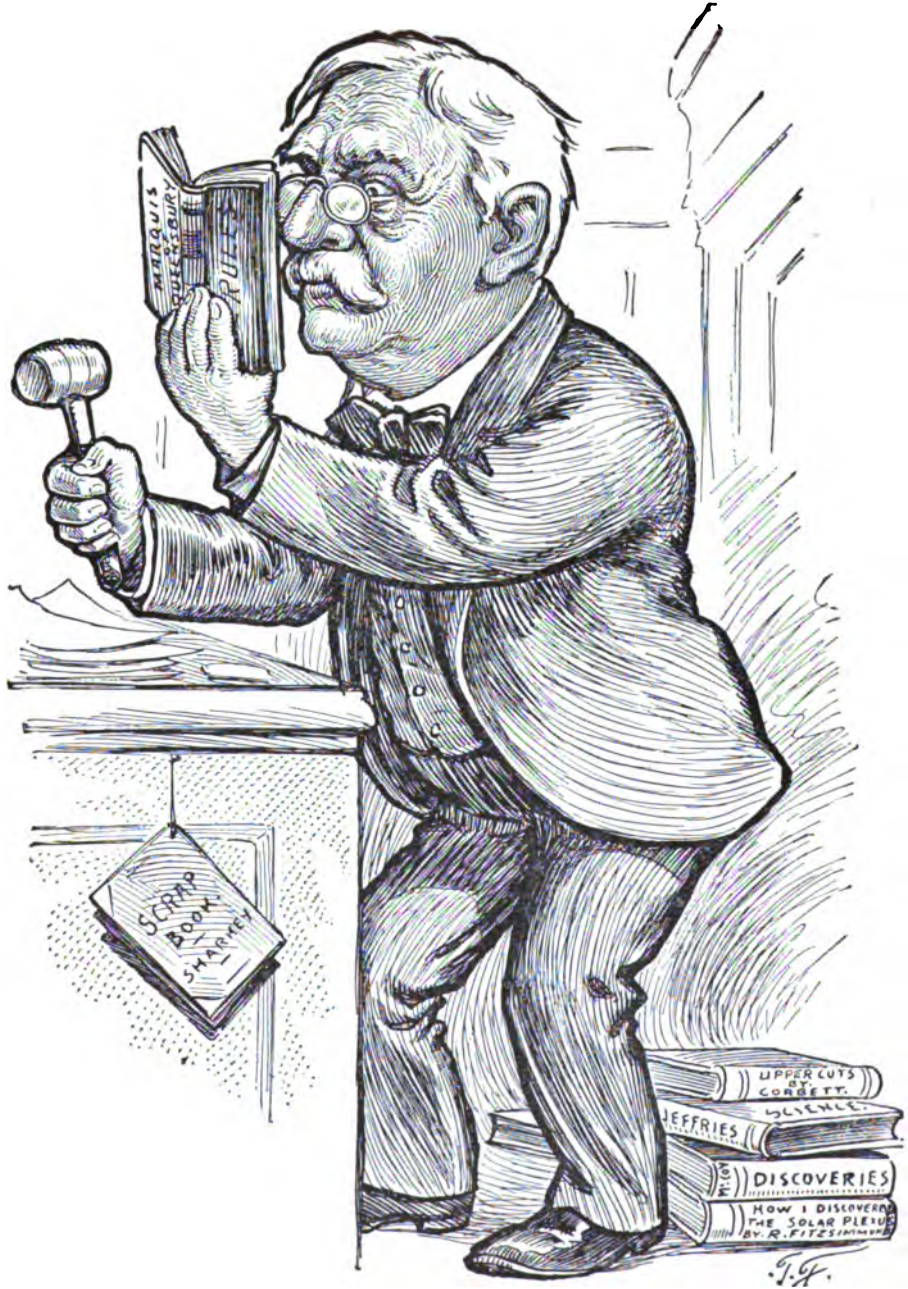
"Uncle, it is a wise provision of nature that provides politicians with two hands," responded Harry.

Rap! rap! rap! went the presiding officer's gavel. The Senator who had been addressing the Senate stopped in the midst of his peroration.

"A message from the President of the United States!" exclaimed a tall, dignified official in dramatic tones, holding aloft a monster envelope bearing a huge red seal which was promptly passed up to the clerk of the Senate.

There is no question about the Senate being a very dignified body. Every Senator looks as though he was sustaining a very great load, and as a result the majority of them are exceedingly round-shouldered. Whether this is due to the strain of bearing weighty legislative problems or the effect of carrying obstreperous legislatures is hard to surmise. Harry told his uncle that he thought it was due to the constant "Alphonse and Gaston" genuflections of courtesy that prevailed in this august body. Once in a while, however, "senatorial courtesy" gets a rude shock,





SENATOR WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE of Maine, President Pro-Tem. of the Senate, is no small-fry statesman. He is busily engaged in studying new rules for the Senate, which were invented by one, Marquis of Queensberry.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



as it did a short time ago when Senator Tillman handed Senator McLaurin a neat right hand swing on the jaw, which that gentleman countered with a short arm jolt on the proboscis of his adversary according to the most approved rules of the Marquis of Queensberry—a very foolish proceeding in itself, as there had been no provision made for “gate money.” Such a contest, had it been properly advertised, would have filled the galleries at twenty dollars a head, and the moving picture privilege could have been sold for thousands of dollars.

The word DIGNITY is a very portentous word in the Senate wing of the Capitol. It permeates every action and every sentiment of every Senator. Woe unto him who would cause any infraction of the Senate’s dignity—his punishment is sure to be swift and severe.

No writing or sketching can be done in the galleries—not even an entry in a diary, without calling down the wrath of the officers in charge; and to be caught taking a snap shot with a camera is a little short of a capital crime. Amateur photographers with cameras concealed about their persons are looked upon in the same light as anarchists with bombs and similar malefactors.

In the House it is not unusual to hear a burst of applause at some telling point in debate, but in the Senate—never. Senators are far too dignified to allow such ebullitions of feeling to disturb their deliberations. “Laugh and grow fat” is an aphorism that has no place in Senatorial





SENATOR JOSEPH W. BAILEY of Texas, the strong man of the South. A fine orator of the Roman school—also wrestler of the Greco-Roman school. In his flights of oratory is most expert in the use of the hands as an aid to oratorical effect. Has a strong aversion to "Beverages" of all sorts.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

economy. There are very few fat Senators in consequence. Julius Cæsar knew his business when he exclaimed:

"Let me have men about me who are fat!"

Uncle Hank now concluded that he had spent as much time as he cared to in the gallery, and, as his nephew had promised to introduce him to some of the more important Senators, he intimated that they had better take their departure. To this Harry at once assented. In passing along the corridor the old gentleman noticed the different entrances to the galleries.

"Harry!" exclaimed he, "I notice thar's th' Executive, Diplarmatic Members', an' Gentlemen's Galleries, but I don't see no People's Gallery."

"You're mistaken, Uncle," replied his nephew, "the People have the finest and most exclusive gallery. It is called the Press Gallery—where the Argus-eyed representatives of the people's watchdogs—the newspapers—are installed and zealously note and report every proceeding to their masters—the People."

"An' ef th' Senitors don't behave themselves?"

"It costs them twice as much to get re-elected," replied Harry with a laugh.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER VI.

AN INTERVIEW.

THE corridors surrounding the Senate Chamber are always thronged with visitors who are ever on the alert to discover some celebrity—some prominent man whom they have frequently seen pictured in the magazines and newspapers.

The vestibules are well worth the attention they attract, being very elaborately decorated. Entering from the eastern portico through the Senate bronze doors, designed by Thomas Crawford, the famous sculptor, you find yourself at the Senate reception room, an apartment about sixty feet long, but divided by an arch, where Senators receive visitors upon business. It is gaudily decorated. The floor is of Minton tiles, and the walls are covered with rococo designs in stucco, in high relief and heavily gilded. The panels are embellished with allegorical paintings by the "wonderful" Brumidi—although the less said about them the better.

In the Senate lobby, entering from the reception-room, the first door at the right opens into the Vice-President's room, where Henry Wilson died in 1875

The next door admits to the Marble Room, so called be-



Sen. Tillman of S.C.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



J. J. Marshall M.C.

cause every part of its interior is formed of variegated and sculptured marbles. Here the noble Senators hold consultations at ease, or receive their more privileged guests. Luxurious sofas, soft chairs, warm rugs and lace curtains abound, and at night the room is fairly aglow with blazing lights.

It was in this room that Uncle Hank and his nephew found themselves after their cards had been taken to Senator Mark Hanna, and word was returned by the page that the Senator would see them in the reception-room. They had hardly been seated when the familiar, rotund form of the Senator from Ohio appeared. Harry was on particularly intimate terms with Mr. Hanna, having, in his capacity of newspaper correspondent, rendered signal service to the Campaign Committee in the last campaign. In introducing his uncle to the Senator the old man also made use of a letter of introduction from an intimate friend. This served to put him on familiar terms with the good-natured magnate from Ohio.

As he settled back in the large cushioned chair the urbane Senator looked the personification of Senatorial ease and contentment, and it could readily be perceived that he fitted his surroundings, or, rather, that his surroundings fitted him, for his ample body completely filled the commodious chair.

"I see by your letter of introduction, Mr. Slocum, that you are known to your friends as 'Uncle Hank'—any relation to Uncle Sam?" inquired the Senator with a twinkle



*James Gooney
Mo. Mo.*



UNCLE HANK INTERVIEWS SENATOR MARK HANNA.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

of the eye that betokened a nature keenly alive to the humorous side of life.

"Yas, I'm a great-grandson ov a god-father ov his'n," replied Uncle Hank without a sign of merriment.

"Why, I never heard that he had such a relation before," remarked the Senator in a somewhat mystified manner.

"Wall, ye see," related the old man in a dry, matter-of-fact tone, "my great-grandfather waz one ov th' signers ov th' Declarashun ov Inderpendence, an' ez Uncle Sam waz only a baby then, we daown-easters allus considered them signers th' true god-fathers et th' christenin' thet took place shortly after."

"Quite good," laughingly rejoined the Senator, "and very well entitled, I should say they were, to the honor. Your Uncle Samuel has growr to be quite a good-sized chap since those days."

"He's growed a heap sence them days, in fact he's kicked aout th' footboard ov his cradle ov liberty an' landed one foot clean acrost th' Pacific Ocean tew them Phillypene Islands," retorted the old man with a chuckle.

"Well, do you approve of the operation?" slyly inquired the Senator with the view of ascertaining his visitor's sentiments.

"Wall, et's all right ef he don't git a cramp in his leg frum stretchin' so fer."

"Which your Massachusetts Senator thinks quite likely."

"Yas, some folks thinks thet ef ye dump ya'ller mud intew



*Charles M. Mahon M.C.
PA.*



*A. A. Blakemore M.C.
MA.*



SENATOR GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR of Massachusetts, a kindly and venerable statesman who is so deeply immersed in the ethics of ideal statecraft that he is totally unconscious of the chicaneries of his fellow Senators. A profound student of early American history—deems George Washington to have been in some respects as great a man as Aguinaldo.

AROUND THE CAPITAL

th' spring th' water's apt tew git riley," retorted Uncle Hank with a grin.

The Senator soon perceived that he could make no impression on the old man on this line, so he turned the conversation in another direction.

"Have you been to see the President yet?" he inquired in his blandest tone.

"Not yit. Ye see th' Preserdint hez bin receivin' th' new ambassydor frum England, an' gittin' on sech friendly terms with them British, thet I waz afeard thet p'raps old-line citizens whose ancestors fit en ther Revolooshun mightn't be welcome."

"Oh, don't let a little thing like that bother you. Why, if George Washington were living to-day he would most probably cross the Atlantic with Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and a few others and, after attending a court function at Windsor Castle, would organize a Trust or two in the 'tight little isle' before returning home," and the Senator laughed quite heartily at the picture he evolved.

"Ef thet's th' view ye take ov George Washin'ton, then I disagree with ye, Senitor. I 'rote a song abaout what I thot th' father ov his country would do ef he waz livin' tew-day. Ef ye don't mind I'll read et tew ye," slowly drawled the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Go ahead, Uncle," quickly replied the Senator. "I am very fond of verse—of the homely sort."

With this encouragement the old man produced his manuscript and commenced to read:





SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM, of Illinois. Before his hair and beard turned gray he bore a striking resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. Seems to have a mortgage on his seat in the Senate, being very popular at home.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

EF GEORGE WASHIN'TON WAZ LIVIN'.

*Ef George Washin'ton waz livin' tew-day
An' he saw them politicians
Ov all parties an' conditions
Makin' barter ov positions—
Naow what dew yew s'pose he'd say?*

*Ef George Washin'ton waz livin' tew-day
An' he saw them millyun-aires
Struttin' a-round with lofty airs
Buyin' up them Senate chairs—
Naow what dew yew s'pose he'd say?*

*Ef George Washin'ton waz livin' tew-day
An' shud see a monster Trust
All th' little merchants bust
To poor Uncle Sam's disgust—
Naow what dew yew s'pose he'd say?*

*Ef George Washin'ton waz livin' tew-day
He'd read th' Dec-lara-shun
Ov In-der-pen-dence tew th' nation
Without any hes-i-ta-shun—
An' I reckon he'd hev som'thin' tew say.*



H. L. Butell me.
JLL.

“That’s a very clever poem, but it’s only fancy. You must remember that Washington was an aristocrat in his day—a very wealthy man; and if living to-day would most

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

probably be identified with many of the big corporations known as Trusts."

"Senitor," replied Uncle Hank, holding up his finger to emphasize his remarks, "th' man who jeopardized his large estates ez well ez his neck fer a cause thet looked ez forlorn ez a sinkin' ship et sea en a storm, waz not th' sort o' man thet greedy, monopolizin' Trust magnates ez made ov."

"The spirit of '76 is still alive," replied the Senator, smiling at the old man's earnestness.

"I see ye've won yer fight on th' Pannyma Canal," observed the old man.

"Yes, and now we'll dig that vexatious 'ditch.'"

"Wall, ef ye don't," retorted the old man quietly, "Uncle Sam's likely tew land ye en th' ditch."

But the Senator was not easily ruffled, in fact, he was keenly studying the shrewd old Yankee and put questions to him mainly for the purpose of drawing him out.

"When you get back to Massachusetts, Uncle, you might tell some of those ardent Filipino sympathizers that Admiral Dewey doesn't think much of their hero, Aguinaldo," said he in a tone that savored slightly of sarcasm.

"Wall, Dewey hez made mistakes before," retorted Uncle Hank doggedly.

"But he made no mistakes at Manila," snapped the Senator.

After a slight pause occasioned by the receipt of a card by the Senator from another visitor, Uncle Hank resumed:

"I see th' Demycrats air tryin' tew git together fer next



MRS JOHN HAY



Paul L. Brewer.
MASS. M.C.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

'lection, but Bryan refooses tew shake Cleveland's hand an' make up," observed Uncle Hank.

"Bryan is like the Irishman's snake," replied the Senator. "It is said that a snake's tail will wiggle hours after it is killed. Well, an Irishman walking along a country road found a dead snake by the roadside, and on touching it with his stick the tail wiggled as if alive. Says the Irishman, 'Sure it's dead, but doesn't know it!' " The Senator was so pleased with the point he had made that when he arose to say good-bye to the old man his face was wreathed in smiles.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER VII.

A BIT OF THE CAPITOL.

THE majestic Capitol Building is a never ending source of delight to thousands of tourists who annually visit Washington. Superbly placed on a commanding eminence it is easily the gem of the Capital's many architectural jewels.

The corner-stone was laid on September 18, 1793, by General George Washington, who was the Past Grand Master of Alexandria Lodge of Free Masons.

The building was completed in 1827. It was partly burned by the British when they invaded the city in 1814. On July 4, 1851, President Millard Fillmore laid the corner-stone of the new wings of the Capitol. Daniel Webster delivered the oration on this occasion. The first building was constructed of Virginia brownstone which was painted white. The later additions to the Capitol were built of Massachusetts granite. The difference is quite perceptible.

The Capitol Building measures seven hundred and fifty-one feet in length and three hundred and fifty feet in width and covers nearly four acres of ground.

The massive dome is three hundred and seven and a half feet in height and was completed in 1865. It is made of



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



iron plates so arranged that they slide smoothly one upon the other with the contraction and expansion due to the varying temperatures, folding and unfolding like a gigantic coat of mail. The weight of this enormous mass of iron is eight million nine hundred and nine thousand and two hundred pounds, exclusive of the statue of armed Liberty, designed by Thomas Crawford, by which it is surmounted. This statue is nineteen feet six inches in height and weighs fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-five pounds, and was set in place in 1863.

From the central portico of the east front of the Capitol the President of the United States delivers his inaugural address, after having taken the oath of office administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

It was on one of those bright mornings for which Washington is justly famous, that Uncle Hank stood on this portico, silently contemplating the beautiful scene beyond, his thoughtful features radiant with good nature. Suddenly he broke out with a low chuckle of merriment.

"Thar's whar General Coxey's army marched up tew th' Capitol, an' waz told tew 'keep off th' grass' by th' perlice, so Harry sez. An' over thar ez thet statoo ov George Washin'ton in summer dress holdin' up his han' tew ketch th' ball Columbus ez goin' tew throw tew him. I don't know ez thet ez what th' sculpter intended, but thet's th' way et looks tew me."

At this moment a Capitol guide approached leading a crowd of tourists and in a loud and sonorous voice de-





‘THAR’S WHAR GINERAL COXEY’S ARMY STOOD WHEN TH’ PERLICE TOLD ‘EM TEW
‘KEEP OFF TH’ GRASS!’ ”

AROUND THE CAPITAL



Chas. L. Joy
Miss N.C.

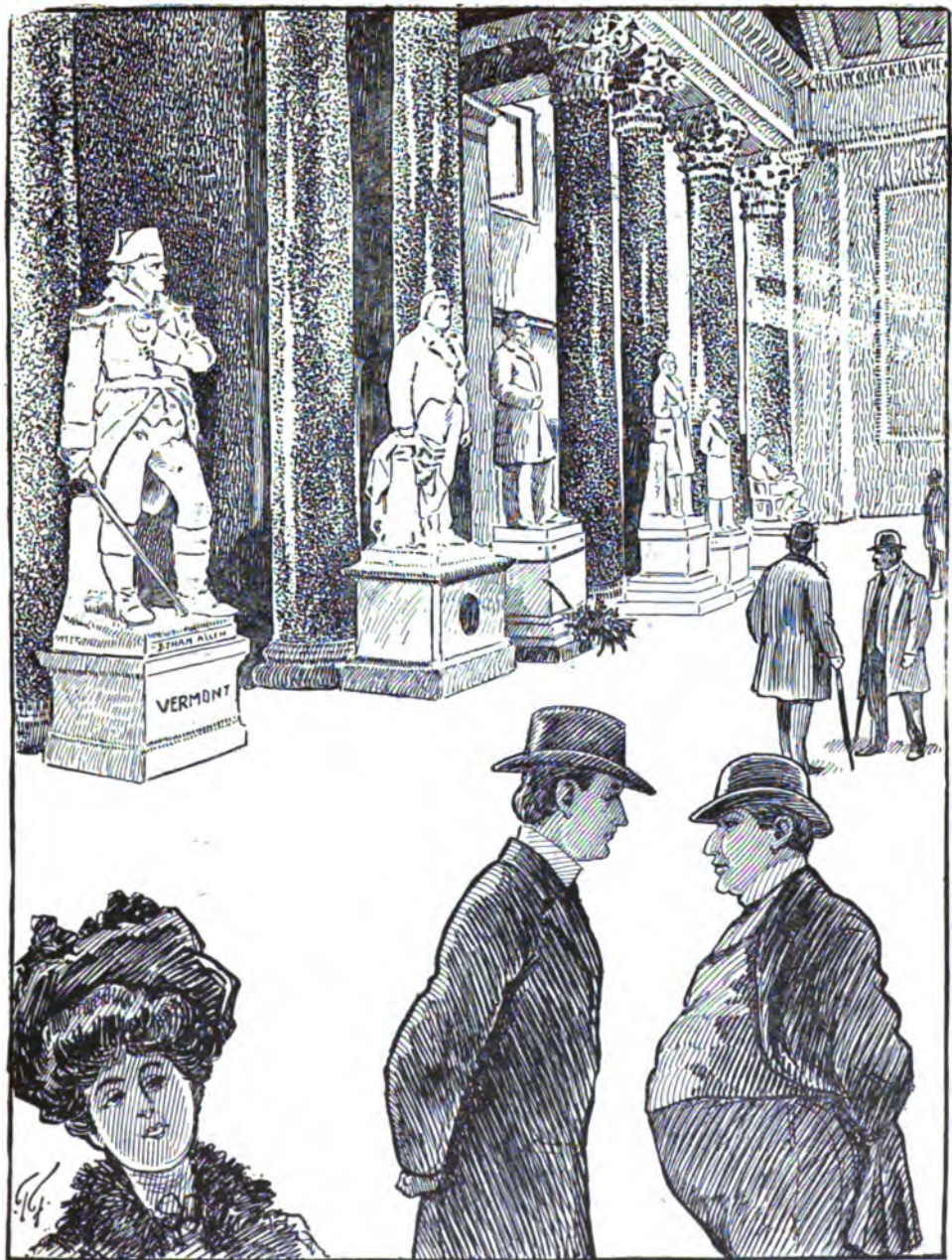


Edward Paul
N.C. M.C.

scribed the Washington statue, with hand uplifted, as having been executed by Greenough, and Columbus, with the globe in his hand, by Persico. And Uncle Hank, after listening intently to the florid description by the guide, turned around to the crowd and gave his version, describing with great minuteness the evident intention of the statues to play into each other's hands. This created a loud laugh from the tourists to the great disgust of their guide.

"Wouldn't you like to join the party?" sarcastically inquired the guide in an unguarded moment, not dreaming that such a know-it-all countryman would give up a fee for being shown about. But he miscalculated. Uncle Hank saw a good chance to have considerable fun at his expense, and to the astonishment of the guide produced the fee and followed the sight-seeing retinue.

The party now entered the rotunda, where the guide proceeded to deliver his set description in a low monotone devoid of any emphasis or inflection. Said he, "Note the magnificent marble corridors and stairways of the extension to this beautiful rotunda, which is ninety-seven feet in diameter and rising clear from floor to inner shell of dome, one hundred and eighty feet above. These eight oil paintings" (waving his hand towards the panels surrounding the rotunda) "have for their subjects memorable scenes in the history of the Continent and of the United States. First, we come to 'The Landing of Columbus on San Salvador, October 12, 1492,' by John Vanderlyn. Then here is 'The



Rep. Dick, of Ohio.
IN STATUARY HALL.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto in 1541,' by W. H. Powell."

A would-be wag in the party wanted to know if this was the man who invented soda crackers. He was promptly squelched by the guide, who was of a very serious turn of mind, and then proceeded with his party to the next picture to which he directed their attention.

"This is 'The Baptism of Pocahontas at Jamestown, Virginia, 1613,' by Chapman." Uncle Hank wanted to know if Chapman was the Baptist minister shown in the painting, and intimated that a water-color painting would have better suited a baptismal scene. The non-humorous guide took no notice of these remarks, but proceeded to the next scene.

"This fine painting depicts 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft-Haven in 1620,' painted by R. W. Weir. We now come to the finest painting of the lot, Trumbull's 'Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, July 4, 1776.'"

Uncle Hank's comments on the pictures attracted more attention from the party than did the guide's prosaic description.

"Thet looks like a crowd ov Washington's—all plain-faced an' be-wigged; them days must hev bin fine fer barber shops," remarked the old gentleman in a low tone, inaudible to the guide, but which caused a titter from those in his immediate vicinity.

"This is 'The Surrender of Burgoyne,'" continued the guide, "and this the fourth of the Trumbull series, 'The





SENATOR WILLIAM B. ALLISON of Iowa, a Senator since 1873. So familiar with the rules that he frequently exhibits that contempt of them which is usually the result of familiarity. Is very comfortable in his seat in the Senate Chamber and has concluded to spend the remainder of his life there, having just been re-elected with the understanding that he can have the job indefinitely.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Resignation of General Washington.' These pictures are very valuable from an historical standpoint, being the result of thirty years of preparation by the soldier-artist, Colonel John Trumbull, who was an aide-de-camp of General Washington, and who was familiar with all the men depicted in these priceless portrayals of the Fathers of the Republic."

The attention of the party was now directed to the statues surrounding the rotunda.

"This statue of Thomas Jefferson was made by a French sculptor, David D'Angers, and presented to Congress, who first rejected and then finally accepted it. The statue of Alexander Hamilton is by Stone." "A good name for a sculptor," interjected Uncle Hank, but the guide ignored him, as he continued: "The next pedestal supports the statue of Colonel Baker, the Oregon Senator and soldier, and adjoining is the artistic statue of General U. S. Grant, presented by the G. A. R. We now come to the much discussed statue by Vinnie Ream Hoxie, of Abraham Lincoln, for which Congress paid fifteen thousand dollars in 1870, after a long debate, in which Senator Sumner made an able speech on 'Art as Applied to the Capitol.'"

The party showed signs of tiring with the prosaic speeches of the guide, and every witty allusion made by Uncle Hank was greeted with hearty laughter. Standing before the Lincoln statue, looking into its thoughtful face, he produced a folded paper from an inside pocket, and as the party gathered around he proceeded to read a poem





A CONTRAST OF CONGRESSMEN.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY BELMONT, M. C., from New York, is a wealthy man who requires four words to express his full name; but, it is said, it requires double as many figures to indicate his fortune. CHAMP CLARK, the Missouri Congressman, is also a wealthy man—in his mind—inasmuch as his mind is a perfect mine of oratorical wealth. His first name is not an abbreviation for Champion, although he is an acknowledged champion of debate on the Democratic side of the House.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

which, he explained to his hearers, was suggested by his contemplation of the statue the day before.

Striking a dramatic attitude, he read as follows:

*Wisdom kin never be taught—
Ability ez seldom inherited—
Knowledge ez rarely bought,
'Cepin' whar experience merited.*

*Th' times air unjinted, Oh, Lord,
Th' millyunair's son's a rake;
Extravagance eats up th' hoard
Thet took a hull life time tew make.*

*Th' ballot ez losin' et's power,
An' th' money ez rulin' th' land;—
Th' Trusts make Uncle Sam cower—
He's beginnin' tew understand.*

*Soon he'll awake an' open his eyes
Some fine day unexpected;
Greed an' corrupshun'll git a surprise
When another Abe Linkin's elected.*



When Uncle Hank finished reading his poem he was warmly congratulated by the party, foremost among whom was the guide, who exclaimed as he grasped the old man's hand, "There's a deal of truth in your lines. I wish I had you with me every day to arouse the enthusiasm of my parties when I show 'em statues of patriots."



STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, Senator from West Virginia, is an astute lawyer who has studied Coke and Blackstone so assiduously that he has naturally drifted into coal mining. A broad-gauged statesman who is noted for his broad smile, which extends from one end of the Senate Chamber to the other. Ex-Territorial Attorney General, Ex-U. S. District Attorney, Ex-Congressman and Ex-Secretary of War.—Now wants to ann-~~ex~~ Cuba.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



"Wall, ye see, et jest comes natchrel tew me tew drop intew poetry when I run agin a statoo ov old Abe, thet great, long-legged, awkward, homely old rail-splitter. Thet simple, sincere patriot thet riz out ov th' ground an' towered above his contemporaries until his head reached above th' clouds ov darkness thet enveloped th' counery durin' aour civil strife—I tell ye they can't put old Abe on tew high a pedestal tew suit yer Uncle Hank."

The party now proceeded to view the attractions of Statuary Hall.

Passing through the southern door and a circular vestibule, they emerged into a semi-circular hall, the group stood in the center of this chamber and the guide resumed his technical description:

"This was formerly the Hall of Representatives of the original Capitòl," he explained. "The House of Representatives used this hall from 1808 until 1814 and then from 1817 to 1857. Here Clay, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Randolph, Cass, Corwin, Wise and Wright won reputation for statesmanship and made the walls echo with eloquence."

Then pointing to a star set in the tiled floor he continued: "There Ex-President John Quincy Adams, then a Representative for Massachusetts, was prostrated at his desk on February 21, 1848, by paralysis, resulting in his death two days later."

"He died in plain harness—th' harness ov a representative," commented Uncle Hank. "Th' Commander-in-Chief





SENATOR JOHN PERCIVAL JONES and SENATOR WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART, of Nevada, are bound with a common bond—a silver bond. Senator Jones has lately found a new solace in life—his declining years being sweetened by the sugar beet. Senator Stewart, believing in the old axiom that "Speech is Silver," and being an ardent silverite, is a frequent speaker.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

took his place in th' ranks tew keep up th' fight fer his country. Not a bad idee fer some ov aour ex-Presidents tew follow naowdays."

The guides about the Capitol have a sing-song way of describing the interesting features to be seen, suggesting very strongly the idea that they have committed to memory the long rigmarole they recite to their parties of sight-seers; and this guide was no exception to his class.

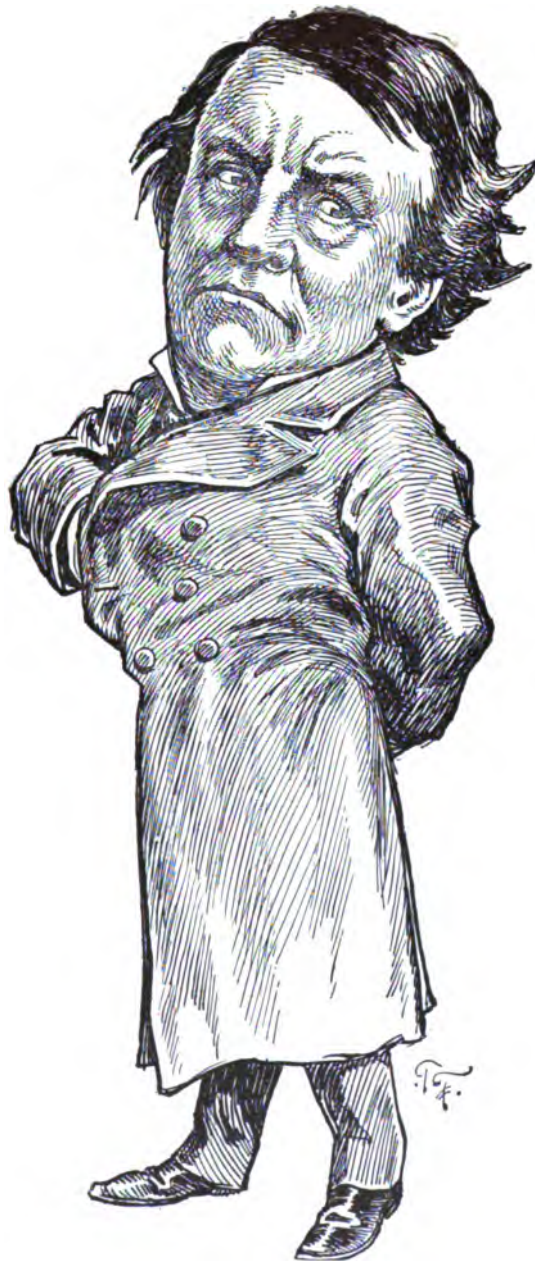
"In 1864 Congress invited each State," he continued, "to send marble or bronze statues of two of her most illustrious sons for permanent preservation."

Then followed a detailed description of the statues that surrounded the chamber. This afforded Uncle Hank an excellent opportunity to ventilate his unique views of the various "works of art" as they appealed to his matter-of-fact mind.

"Dan'el Webster," he exclaimed, "looks ez ef he'd slept in his clothes a week afore he waz sculpted. I hain't much ov a jedge ov art, but et seems tew me thet when a sculpter undertakes tew sculpt a figger he hed ought tew make th' clothes fit. Naow them pants thet Dan'el Webster's got on, looks ez ef they waz made fer a heap sight bigger man. An' thet figger ov Senitor Kenna hez a head thet looks ez ef th' Senitor hed bin on a lark th' night afore he waz sculpted—th' head looks so swelled up."

"You don't seem to be much impressed by some of these great men who look down upon you from their pedestals," remarked the guide.





SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER, of Wisconsin, the "Badger State," is never so happy as when badgering Senator Tillman and his associates on the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber. The habitual frown he wears upon his classic features is only "make believe," as he is personally considered very good-natured.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Thomas Hodge M.C.
Iowa



Chas. K. Wheeler M.C.
Ky.

"Wall, et hain't th' great men I find fault with—et's th' counterfeit representashuns thet I object tew—an' they air counterfeits, tew. Naow thet statoo ov Tom Benton looks ez ef he waz jest abaout tew walk off his base. An' thar's pore George Washin'ton jest back ov him—he looks like a high private in th' rear rank," and Uncle Hank pointed his finger at the beautiful Houdon statue of Washington, which, by being badly placed among larger figures, lost much of its impressive beauty.

"Well, Uncle, what do you think of that figure of Ethan Allen?" inquired one of the party from Vermont, who enjoyed the old man's comments more than he did the guide's rendition of dry description.

"Ethan Allen's all right, but—don't ye see Roger Sherman an' old Jonathan Trumbull ez p'intin' th' finger ov scorn et him." As he made this observation his features relaxe! into a broad grin at the sight of the two statues apparently lecturing one of their fellows.

"Naow, right here, I'd like tew make a suggestion tew Uncle Sam tew remove them statoos tew some graveyard whar they belong an' turn this place intew a real Chamber ov Horrors."

"Well, what do you suggest, Uncle?" inquired the guide, with some curiosity to know what the old man had to propose.

"Ye see, this moniment idee ez a good one. When a man spends his hull life doin' good fer his feller-man, et'z right an' proper tew put up a moniment tew him tew



THE HONORABLE MICHAEL HENRY HERBERT, British Ambassador to America, is particularly well equipped for his mission, having a bright American wife and a level head. This latter quality is said to be largely due to the fact that he parts his hair in the middle.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



inspire th' young an' ambishus tew do likewise an' git ther reward fer virtue, an' so forth. Wall, we hain't got no place whar we kin put up statoos tew remember th' national villains thet ought tew be held up ez horrible examples tew all. We should hev a great Chamber ov Horrors containin' statoos ov all th' national scamps from Benedict Arnold daown tew th' fellers thet steal railroads an' organize combines in food, ez well ez th' corrupt politicians thet rob th' people!" and the old man looked around into the faces of the surrounding party to see how they liked his suggestion.

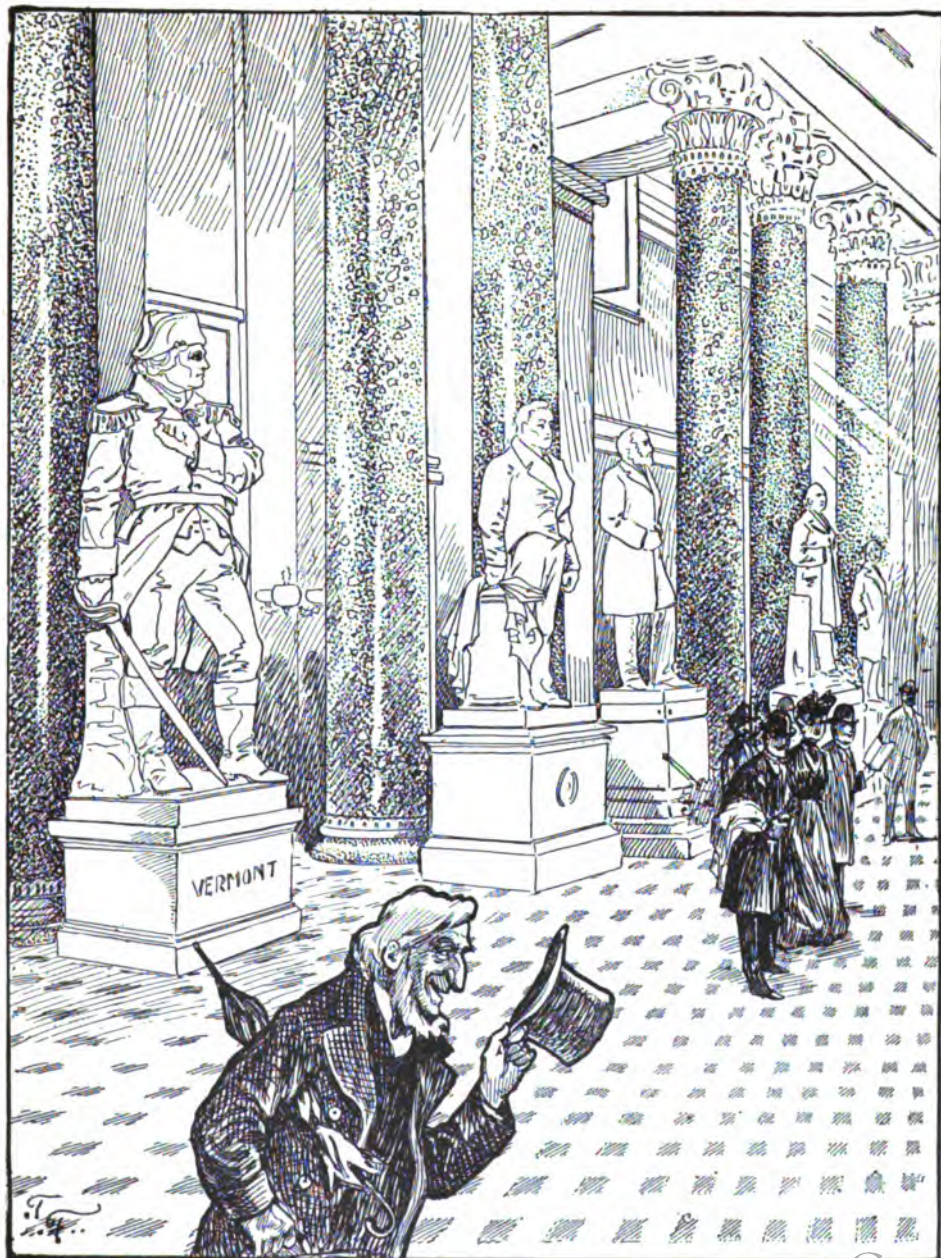
"Your idea is a good one," observed the man from Vermont. "Perhaps some of these big scoundrels that the country is infested with would give up their nefarious practices if they realized that examination of their deeds after death by an unbribable jury would condemn them to a resting place in a National Chamber of Horrors!"

"Thar's ghosts in this chamber!— Don't ye hear them statoos speakin'?" exclaimed Uncle Hank, turning around with an inquiring look at the party.

"That's the echo," explained the guide. "Now, if you will step over to the base of that statue of Benton and turn your back to the party, every word spoken can be heard distinctly, although only uttered in a low voice." And placing his hand on Uncle Hank's arm designated the spot on which he was to stand to try the experiment.

"Naow keep yer ears open fer th' ekko," dryly remarked





TRYING THE ECHO IN STATUARY HALL. UNCLE HANK--“WILL YE HEV A HIGH BABE?”

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



L. W. Bancroft M.C.,
Md.

the old man, winking his eye as he strode over to the designated spot to try the effect of his voice.

"Kin ye hear me over thar?" he exclaimed as he turned around to note the effect. Affirmative nods encouraged him to proceed. Then, dropping his voice to a stage whisper, he inquired, "Will ye hev a high ball?" A shout of laughter assured him that the experiment was a decided success. When he returned to the party the Vermonter remarked that, but for the fact that they were all total abstainers, that last question would have cost him dearly.

"Wall, temperance er no temperance, et's astonishin' haow fer a' invitashun tew hev a drink kin be heard," dryly retorted the old man.

Some of the party now wished to ascend the dome and Uncle Hank concluded to accompany them, as he found their company congenial and they in turn were highly appreciative of the old man's wit.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DOME.

CLIMBING to the top of the Capitol dome is a most elevating pastime—in fact, it is three hundred and seventy-six times as elevating as is standing on the ground-floor and undertaking to view its beauties with the aid of an opera-glass and a rubber neck.

It is no small achievement to climb those three hundred and seventy-six steps and many are the inquiries for the elevator from the numerous visitors who daily throng the Capitol. As yet the only elevator available is the one familiarly known as “Shank’s Mare.”

But the sight within the great dome, with its wonderful skeleton of iron rising tier upon tier; its great encircling ribs supporting upwards of four thousand tons of metal, resembling a huge inverted basket of iron, is well worth the exertion.

“I never see sech a mass ov iron en all my born days!” exclaimed Uncle Hank, as he stopped about half way up to the top to get his breath. “Thar must hev bin a Steel Trust en them days, tew.” And he stroked his whiskers meditatively as he contemplated the huge structure.

After resting awhile the party of sight-seers, led by Uncle



Senator Cockrell
et Mo.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Hank, continued to climb until they reached the gallery at the top where their eyes were greeted with the most exquisite panorama conceivable. The beautiful public buildings of the city were readily recognized notwithstanding the great height at which the onlookers were placed. Stretching away to the north could be discerned in the distance Arlington Heights, with its multitude of monuments glittering white in the sunlight, while the winding Potomac river made an effective background for the tall, majestic Washington monument, to the right of which stood an imposing group of buildings—the White House, the Treasury building, the Army and Navy building and the Corcoran Art Gallery.

"Thar's Pennsylvanny Avenoo leadin' tew th' White Haouse!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, pointing his finger at the well-known thoroughfare. "I'll tell Kernel Bryan abaout et th' next time I see him."

"He's not the only one looking for an avenue to the White House," replied a member of the party.

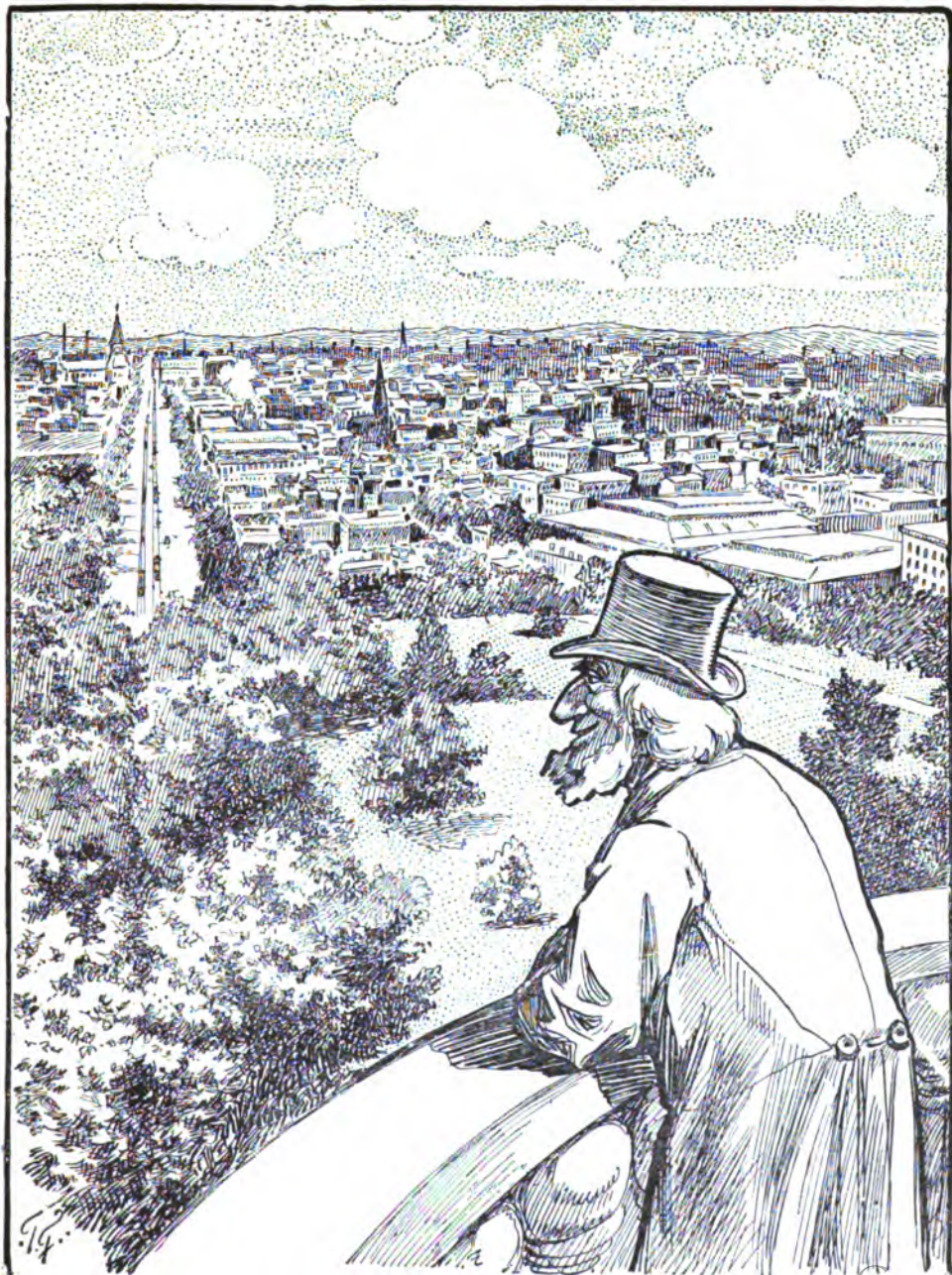
"An' thet's not th' only road tew et—Roosevelt got thar by way ov San Joo-an Hill," retorted the Yankee farmer.

After making a tour of the gallery, from which they got an excellent view of the city, the party turned its attention to the beautiful Congressional Library building, which appeared to lie at their feet.

This naturally led to the query as to the reason for building the Capitol with its face to the east. Uncle Hank volunteered the desired information. Said he:

"Et waz a cæse ov 'Biter got bitten.' Th' speculators





"THAR'S PENNSYLVANNY AVENUE LEADIN' TOW TH' WHITE HOUSE! I'LL TELL KERNEL
BRYAN ABAOUT ET TH' NEX' TIME I SEE HIM."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



bought up all th' land tew th' east when they thought th' city waz goin' tew grow an' when th' builders ov th' Capitol faced th' buildin' thet way they jest rigged up a combine an' put th' prices ov real estate so tarnal high thet people jest hed tew buy en th' rear when they wanted tew build. So it soon got tew be th' fashion tew build in th' west, an' th' speculators got left, ez they usually dew when they git so all-fired greedy an' overreach themselves."

"Is it true, Uncle, that George Washington was interested in one of those land syndicates?" inquired the Vermonter.

"Thet's what th' report sez, an' I reckon et's true, fer George hed a repootation ov bein' somewhat ov an' 'ristocrat, an' waz let in on th' ground floor ov all th' good things goin' them days," replied Uncle Hank, elevating his eyebrows in a manner that implied more than his words expressed.

"Why, you don't mean to say that the Father of His Country was ever engaged in any dishonest scheme?" demanded the man from Vermont, indignant at the idea of any dishonest imputation being directed at the Immortal George.

"I didn't say so," promptly responded Uncle Hank. "I hain't castin' no reflections on G. W., who hed sense enuf tew see thar waz nothin' incompatibel with bein' a patriot an' a bizness man et th' same time. George Washin'ton waz no demagogue."

It was now proposed by a young lady in the party that they visit the inside gallery to view the Brumidi frescoes. Uncle Hank saw at a glance that she was a young bride, for





SENATOR MARCUS ALONZO HANNA, known as the Amer'can Warwick, who is seeking to turn his talents to his own benefit. A staunch friend of labor—so it is said. Upon being shown a list of possible Republican candidates for the next Presidency, and asked to designate the most likely choice of the party, without hesitation proceeded to mark Hanna.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



F. A. Rossiter M.C.
VA.



G. N. HAUGEN M.C. IA.

never once did she release the arm of the shy young man who was constantly at her side, and true to his jovial nature he mentally resolved to have some fun at her expense. He had been told of the wonderful acoustic properties of this gallery by his nephew. Although sixty-five feet across, two persons standing on opposite sides may distinctly hear one another speaking in whispers. The old man so arranged matters that the young couple was left on one side of the gallery while he deftly led the rest of the party to view a section of the fresco on the other. Enjoining silence by letting them into the secret, they were soon amused by distinctly hearing the endearing terms addressed to one another by the unsuspecting pair opposite.

"Do you still love me?" came over in a tremulous female voice.

"Can you doubt me?" in a deep baritone.

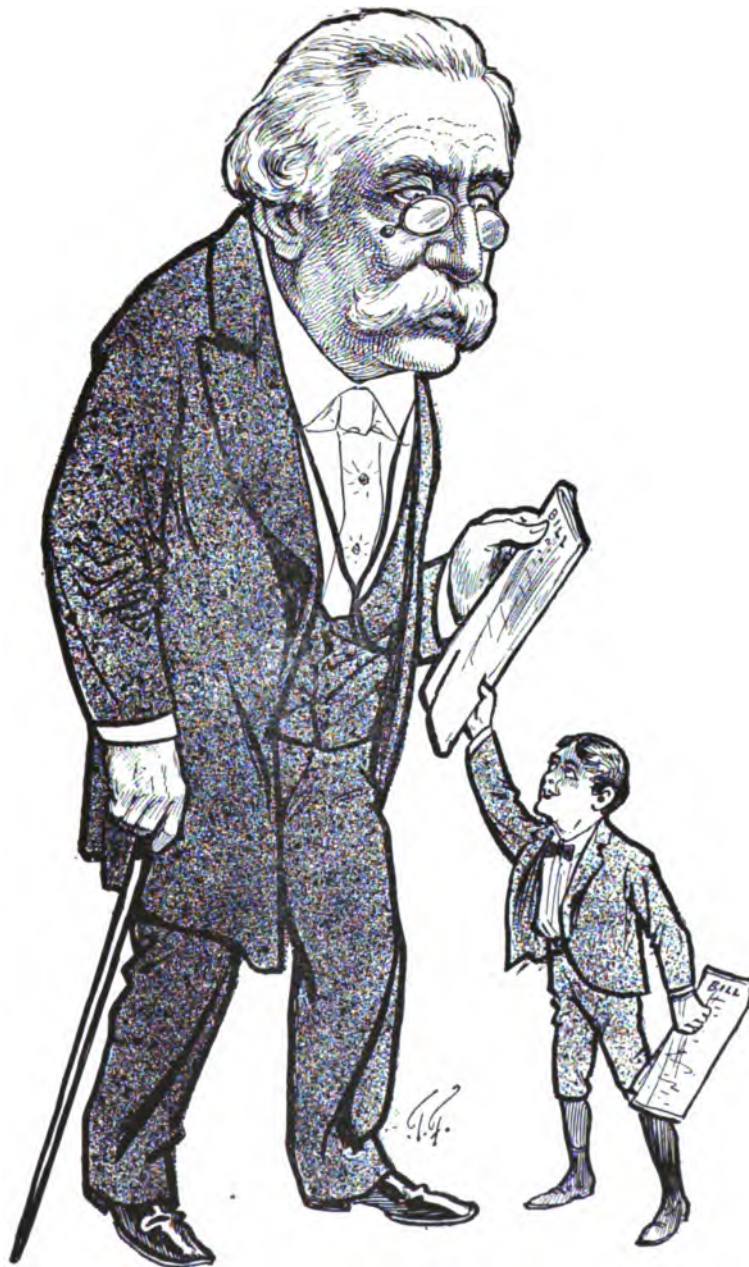
"If I should fall over here to the pavement below, what would you do?"

"If you fell over a dozen times I'd follow you, dearie," replied the man's voice in the reckless manner usual to those deep in love.

This was too much for Uncle Hank, who exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Thar's only one way tew fall thet distance mor'n once— thet's with th' aid ov a par-a-shoot."

This let loose the suppressed merriment under which the party was laboring, and the burst of laughter that followed



SENATOR WM. B. BATE of Tennessee. A warrior bold of long standing; having served as a private soldier all through the Mexican War. This, however, did not abate his martial spirit, for he entered the Confederate Army as private and emerged as Major General. Owing to three dangerous wounds he is never seen without his cane; of which the pages are in no dread, as he is very popular with them.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Howard M. C. M.C.
PA

caused the youthful couple to blush in the most violent fashion.

Uncle Hank now directed his attention to the frescoes on the canopy above. Pointing his finger at the central group in the painting which depicts George Washington seated on a rainbow with Liberty on one side and Peace on the other, surrounded by thirteen more or less beautiful maidens, representing the thirteen original States, he said:

"Jest look et th' angelic caountenances ov them figgers representin' th' States—ye wouldn't think thet they could hev hed sech a hair pullin' match in 1861," and the old man nudged the Vermonter to emphasize his remark.

A member of the Capitol police force is stationed in this gallery, presumably to prevent visitors from walking off with the dome, piecemeal. Tourists in Washington, being no different from those in other places, have a strong penchant for carrying off anything that is not fastened down.

This policeman's business being to watch visitors, pursued his avocation with assiduity, keeping his eye on the Yankee farmer as if apprehensive of damage to the frescoes from the bulky umbrella which he continually poked at the painting while elucidating some vague meaning hidden therein. But the Yankee ignored the scrutiny, if he noticed it. Approaching the officer he inquired in the blindest tone:

"Ez thet Columby with th' sword in her hand chasin' Filipines?"

The policeman at first did not see the humor of the question and was inclined to resent the fancied affront to his



Emmett Tompkins
O. H.C.



SENATOR MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY, the Czar of Pennsylvania, who rules by a divine right which has never been questioned by anyone but John Wanamaker of Philadelphia. Is the only man in the Keystone State who does his trade at "Wanamakers." It is rumored, and generally believed, that the Senator carries the destinies of the State of Pennsylvania concealed in his coat-tail pocket.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



MISS RUTH MASON
DAUGHTER OF SEN. MASON

dignity, but the laughter of the crowd reassured him and he joined in the merriment, and furthermore, being a good-natured sort of policeman, he volunteered a lot of information respecting the allegorical representations.

"This canopy," said he, "is sixty-five feet in diameter and was painted by Constantino Brumidi, an Italian artist, who spent several years in painting the fresco. It cost Uncle Sam fifty thousand dollars. It is entitled 'The Apotheosis of Washington.'"

"Ye say et cost fifty thousand dollars?" inquired Uncle Hank. "Purty high!"

"Yes—it is—one hundred and eighty feet above the rotunda floor," replied the officer, with a knowing wink. He had evened up with the witty Yankee.

After inspecting the painting a little more in detail, the party concluded to descend to the rotunda floor again in search of further adventure.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

THE Supreme Court of the United States is probably the most dignified body in the world—at least that is the impression made upon nine out of ten who visit its august abiding place in the Capitol.

If there is any one place in this Republic where a semblance of royalty is maintained, it is within the chamber devoted to the deliberations of that very eminent body of jurists.

To look upon that row of dignified legal luminaries for the first time and not become awe-stricken is simply inconceivable.

Gowned in sombre robes, each and every face wearing an habitual frown, never for a moment relaxing to a smile; taking a most serious view of every phase of life; guarding with the utmost vigilance every prerogative tending to uphold their dignity; the very air of this Chamber seems surcharged with oppressiveness, making one feel as though convicted of some very serious crime and awaiting some awful sentence in expiation thereof.

This was the feeling that possessed Uncle Hank the first time he stumbled into the Chamber. Probably his experi-



*Sec. of Agriculture
James Wilson.*

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



ence can best be told in his own words, as he afterward related it to his nephew.

"Wall, ye see," said he, "ez I waz comin' 'long th' corridor I happened tew look up an' then I see a sign over a door thet made me stand stock still. Crackee! sez I, after readin' th' enscription—Th' Soup-reme Court—so I jest slowly pushed open th' swingin' doors an' cautiously peeked in, an' Great Hickory! thar sot th' hull Soup-reme Court ov th' U-nited Staits en ther gowns, lookin' ez solemn ez owls, an' th' Chamber waz empty with th' excepshun ov a long, lean, hungry lookin' lawyer who was 'leckturin' 'em on some p'int ov law. An' they looked ez ef they waz bein' 'lecktured, tew, fur they never said a word back.

"So I pushed my way in ez quiet ez I could, but my tarnal boots creaked so thet th' lawyer turned 'raound tew see who waz creatin' all th' disturbance, an' this made me more keeful than ever, an' in my anxiety tew git tew a seat without bein' discovered, I stumbled over a low step I didn't see, an' went ker-sprawlin' over th' floor, my umbrelly flew out ov my hand, my bag rolled under th' seat an' my hat landed on tother side ov th' rale. Wall, I jest lay thar a minnit, I waz thet 'fraid tew git up. Vishuns ov sentences ov death an' th' like cum before me—I waz clearly en contempt ov court—an' th' Soup-reme Court et thet. Bimeby I got up an' then—th' lock thet Soup-reme Court giv' me I'll never fergit till my dyin' day.

"The Court jest looked et me ez one man, with one eye. en thet one eye expressin' th' utmost contempt. I tell ye, et





JUSTICE PECKHAM OVERWHELMS UNCLE HANK.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

made me feel thet small an' contemptibel thet I jest sot thar an' meditated an' meditated, thinkin' haow thankful I had ought tew feel thet I wazn't hauled up before them jedges an' git sentenced fer life fer contempt ov court.

"After a bit my ixcitement died out an' I begin tew size up th' jedges. En th' fust place I noticed they looked well fed—th' self-satisfied look on th' faces ov several ov th' fat ones waz good tew see; but it looked like a sleepy job, settin' thar listenin' tew sleepy lawyers—probably thet's why they allus wear them black night-gownds.

"But thar's one thing, Harry, I like abaout thet Soup-reme Court."

"What's that, Uncle?" cried his nephew, who had just got over an immoderate fit of laughter at the ludicrous adventure of his uncle.

"When they go intew 'Xecutive Session they retire tew a little room an' don't order everybody aout ov ther Chamber ez th' Senit does," replied the old man as he thoughtfully stroked his white whiskers.

"Uncle, you'll find the Supreme Court a remarkable body, if you take the trouble to investigate," remarked Harry, whose newspaper training had made him remarkably well informed about the Capitol.

"Thar waz one thing I couldn't find, Harry," exclaimed the old man, "an' I looked high an' low fer et."

"What was that, Uncle?"

"Thet bench I've hearn tell so tarnal much abaout; I



Halsted Kears MC.
ILL.



C. E. HOOKER M. C. MISS.



SENATOR ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE, of Indiana, wears the toga with all the grace of a Roman senator. Having personally visited the Philippine Islands, he is recognised authority on matters affecting the Filipinos. Has a fine war record, having defeated the Texan Fire Eater, Joe Bailey, in a desperate encounter without removing his cigar from his mouth.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



W. D. Brownlow MC.
TENN.

couldn't see et nowhar, though I looked all over th' Chamber fer et."

"Oh, you mean th 'Supreme Bench!' " laughed Harry. "That is merely a colloquialism—the bench now in use is a row of large, well cushioned chairs. As I said before, the Supreme Court of the United States is invested with remarkable power. In no other country is there a Court that can set aside a law of the land. Congress may pass a law and the President may sign it, but it is null and void if the Supreme Court holds that the law is not in accordance with the Constitution."

"Wall, I never thought ov thet, Harry; thar some pumpkins arter all, be'ant they?"

"Every litigant," continued Harry, "no matter what his station in life may be, has the opinion of every one of the judges upon his case. After hearing the arguments each judge studies it individually and all discuss it together on conference day. The Chief Justice assigns to his associates the cases in which they are to write opinions and every Saturday night his special messenger visits the residences of his associate justices, delivering sealed envelopes containing the list of cases allotted to each. I merely relate this to you, Uncle, to show you that their positions are far from being sinecures."

"Who's th' small man thet sot in th' middle, Harry?"

"That is Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, who was appointed by President Cleveland. He was a prominent member of the Chicago bar, and, it is said, gave up an income of



J. M. McDell MC.
W. V.



SENATOR JOHN H. MITCHELL of Oregon noted for his luxuriant whiskers which "Old Boreas" never tires of agitating. A little child in the Senate gallery one day asked its mother why the senator did not wear his whiskers on top of his head. This led to the discovery that he was quite bald.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

forty thousand dollars a year to take a position with a salary of about one-fourth that amount."

"But four times th' honor, Harry."

"The seat on the right of the Chief Justice is always occupied by the Associate Justice longest in service, that on the left by the next in the order of seniority, and so on from right to left; thus you will always find the last appointed judges at the extreme ends of the bench—so called."

"Mebbe thet's th' reason they adopted large arm-chairs en place ov a bench—so thet th' newcomers couldn't git pushed off. By the way, Harry, who's got th' right hand seat naow?"

"Justice John Marshall Harlan of Kentucky occupies that post of honor now. He is as fine a type of manhood as ever the blue grass State produced. During the Civil War he took a fearless stand for the Union cause at a time when patriotism counted for something in a State that wavered in its allegiance."

"He is wonderfully eloquent. His vehement protest against the decision of the Court in the income tax cases several years ago are still fresh in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to hear it delivered."

"I'm beginnin' tew git mighty interested en them jedges. Who was that jedge on th' left end?"

"The judge you refer to is Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has just been appointed to the bench by President Roosevelt to succeed Justice Gray. He is noted as a perfect walking legal encyclopedia, a perfect





SENATOR STEWART, OF NEVADA, RISES TO ADDRESS THE SENATE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



storehouse of legal information. But I am afraid I would tire you if I undertook to relate all the remarkable features of this mine of legal intellectuality."

"Harry, ye can't tire aout a Yankee by givin' him informa-shun—ye know we Yanks ez noted fer aour inquisitiveness. Ef ye've got any more facts abaout thet Soup-reme Court, let's hev 'em." And the old man slapped Harry on the back in a way to express his satisfaction.

"There is something of a distinguishing character to be said of every member of the Court," continued Harry. "Justice Shiras is also a 'six footer.' In repose his face is grave and sedate, but it masks a wit keen and original. His father was a cousin of James G. Blaine. Justice Edward D. White is a Roman Catholic, as is also Justice Joseph McKenna. If you should meet Justice Brown at a dinner you would wonder what his profession might be; you would certainly never discover it from his conversation, so thoroughly does he abjure 'talk of the shop.' He has the happy faculty of throwing aside business when business is done. Justice Brewer, one of the ablest men on the bench, is a nephew to those four famous brothers—David Dudley Field, Cyrus Field, Rev. Henry M. Field and Justice Stephen J. Field, and at one time a spectacle was witnessed that had never happened before—an uncle and nephew sat on the bench of the highest court in the land."

"Blood will tell," thoughtfully soliloquized the old man.



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CHAPTER X.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE CAPITOL.

HEY had just been married. You could see it in their every action. Her fond, limpid eyes never left his as she affectionately clung to his arm, and his tender gaze into her beautiful orbs told of an unutterable love that could never die. They had just been wedded—there was no mistaking it. The merest tyro in affairs of the heart could have seen it at a glance.

Wandering aimlessly through the beautiful park surrounding the Capitol, they were so engrossed in each other that they were perfectly oblivious of the attention they attracted from passers-by.

If there had been no other indication, the bride's beautiful lavender costume would have told the story. (Why do brides always affect lavender tints in bridal tour costumes?)

The Government clerks were just returning to their homes in droves, and as they passed this couple, they would squeeze each other's arms, and giggle—that is, if they happened to be of the fair sex. There is a wondrous fellow feeling among womankind for a bride—all the world loves a lover—and all the daughters of Eve love a bride.

Washington surpasses Niagara Falls in its power to attract



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the newly-wedded, for at least half of the bridal parties of the land make the beautiful National Capital the objective point of their long cherished and eagerly looked forward to tours:

And this couple was no different from the average bride and groom. They always imagine that being miles from home they are free from observation, and that their languishing looks, encircling arms and other manifestations of undying love are free from the gaze of that part of the world which is cold and unappreciative.

The Park was radiant in its spring-like beauty. The birds were singing tunefully, and the air was fragrant with the delicate perfume of the blossoms that come only with the awakening of spring—in fact, it was perfect “bridal tour weather.”

And the bride was happy—probably happier than she will ever be again—for she did not know (poor, confiding girl) that over in that low, brick building—just discernible through the trees, called the Census Building—there are cruel statistics that show that Dakota and Oklahoma divorce courts play havoc with love’s young dream now-a-days.

“Does oo lub oo wifey?” cooed the innocent young wife for the eleven hundred and sixty-seventh time.

“Ess me do, sweetie,” replied her mate for the eight hundred and forty-third time.

This apparent discrepancy in regard to the small number of answers received, is due to the fact that the other three





CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, New York's junior Senator, is an acknowledged wit. His most famous witticism was the joke he played on Cupid in getting married when it was supposed he had passed the marriageable age. When he tackles Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, however, his witticisms fall on unsympathetic ears, for the New England Senator is usually too deeply immersed in statecraft to indulge in humor.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



hundred and twenty-four times the answer was an impassioned kiss.

This had been going on for some time, when an old gentleman with a particularly kindly-looking countenance came down the walk towards them with an easy stride that seemed to indicate that the individual was on good terms with himself and all the world as well.

The reader will hardly fail to recognize in this description the ubiquitous Uncle Hank Slocum, who was on his way to the Capitol to spend another day among the lawmakers and legislators.

As he approached the couple the bride whispered timidly to her newly acquired husband:

"Dearie—ask him——?"

The old gentleman observing the trepidation of the pair, politely asked if he could be of service to them?

"Well, you see," explained the bride (the bridegroom was far too shy to ask questions so far away from home) "we're total strangers here in Washington——"

"An' ye want tew be directed?" replied Uncle Hank, taking in the situation at a glance.

"Yes, that's it——" answered the young wife, looking up into his face with her fawn-like eyes.

"Any perticular place ye want tew go tew?" further inquired he.

"We thought, judging by your looks, you might be a member of the Government, and as such might direct us to the sights to be seen."





SENATOR CLARENCE DON CLARK, of Wyoming, is a strenuous advocate of the "Water Cure" for the arid regions of the great west, having spent the best years of his term in the Senate in making the opponents of his Irrigation Bill take water.

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When this little speech was delivered, the bride shrank close to her husband's side and blushed like an American Beauty rose after a June shower.

"Wall, I hain't bin hyar long, myself, but I reckon I kin show ye whar tew go," explained Uncle Hank, smiling at the thought of being taken for a member of the Government.

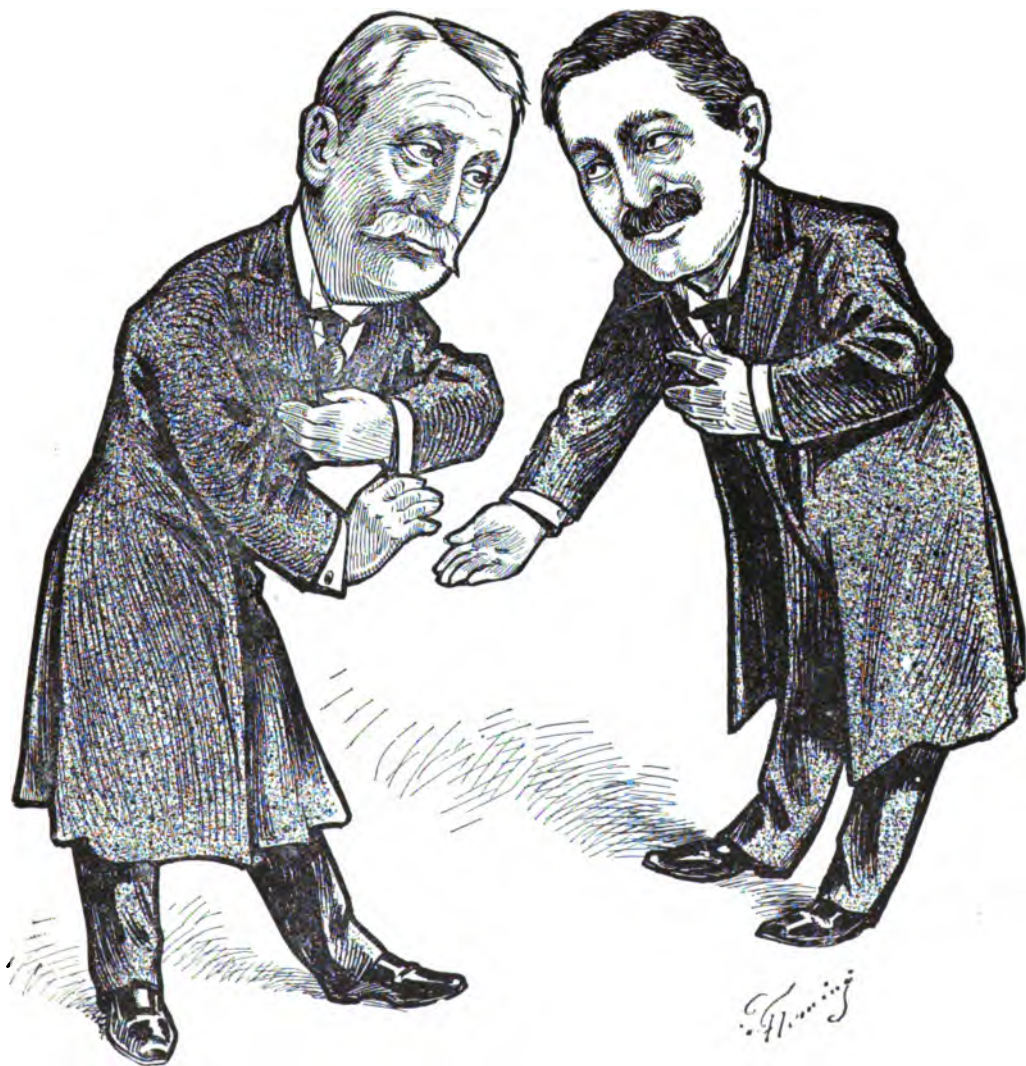
"Ye go right along this walk," continued he, "till ye cum' tew th' bridal path—them ye follow et up till ye git tew th' Capitol; go up th' steps till ye meet th' Dominie, an' he'll show you th' Dome—then when ye cum' daown, jest ask any ov th' guards tew show ye th' Soup-reme Courtin' Chamber—an ef ye want tew spoon, jest ask Senator Spooner tew show ye th' Congresshnal restyrant fer spoons——"

But he never finished. With a haughty stamp of her little foot on the asphalt, the little bride dragged her husband away. While he, seeing through the joke at once, took it good-naturedly, regarding Uncle Hank in the same light as he would his father, had he perpetrated such a vitticism.

A broad grin suffused the old gentleman's countenance that never left it until he reached the Capitol steps. He was still chuckling to himself when his arm was lightly touched from behind, and looking around he beheld his nephew, Harry Slocum, standing at his elbow.

"Harry, ye're jest th' lad I want tew see. I had an experience en th' Senit yisterday arfternoon, an' I want tew tell ye ov et."





When SENATOR JOSEPH SIMON of Oregon and ADDISON G. FOSTER of Washington shake hands in the Senate Chamber, the event is one of more than ordinary significance, as they have come almost four thousand miles to do so. The Washington Senator is known as an ardent Republican, having lent his best energies to foster the party in his State, while his senatorial neighbor from Oregon is equally well-known as the Simon pure article of Republicanism.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Well, go ahead, Uncle," encouraged his nephew, always ready to listen to his elder relative's adventures, on account of their entertaining qualities.

"Ye see, Harry, I wuz tired ov trampin' 'raound th' Capitol yisterday, an' thinkin' tew rest up a leetle, I jest dropped intew th' Senit gallery tew watch th' perceedin's a bit. Ez soon ez I sot daown I begin tew feel drowsy an' sleepy like. One of the Senitors waz a-dronin' aout a long peramble abaout th' legal aspict ov th' Cubean Sugar Skedule, er somethin' like et. But et didn't interest me no-how. En fact, I jest felt ez ef I'd go tew sleep right then an' thar.

"Ez I remember et naow, I sot a long time, en shortly after I faound myself talkin' tew Senator Frye en th' corridor. He waz glad tew see me, an' invited me intew th' Chamber tew see haow he conducted perceedin's.

"Senator Kean, ov New Jersey, waz occupyin' th' chair, ez thar waz nothin' doin' en th' Chamber. When he seed us comin' he vacated th' chair an' Senator Frye invited me tew set 'longside ov him. Sez he, 'Things ez quiet naow, but sometimes et keeps me jumpin' tew keep 'em en order, specially when Tillman gits goin'.'

"'Seems tew me thet gavel hammer ov yourn ez tew small,' sez I. 'Naow, ef I was presidin' over this Chamber I'd hev one ez big ez a sledge hammer, an' ef they didn't behave I'd sling et et th' obstreprus breakers ov th' peace.'

"He laffed, an' sed 'I waz tew strenuous for th' dignified position ov President ov th' Senit.'





SENATOR JOHN KEAN of New Jersey is considered one of its most eminent citizens, being known to every man, woman, child and mosquito in the State. In the Senate Chamber is looked upon as being the politest member; being on good terms with everybody, including John Kean.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



"Jest then th' sharp voice ov Senitor Tillman broke th' silence ov th' chamber. Th' member frum South Carliny wanted tew know some particulars which th' Senitor frum Wisconsin—(Senitor Spooner) refoosed tew giv' him.

"When all ov a suddin up jumps Senitor Gallinger, th' shiny-bald-headed Senitor frum Noo Hamsher. He commenced sassin' th' Senitors all abaout him. Sed Senitor Clay, from Georgy, thought he waz another Henry Clay—but he wasn't—his name waz mud. An' th' Senitor frum North Dakoty waz a Socialist an' a Munisipel ownership crank. This ixcited th' other members, an' they jumped tew ther feet all over th' Chamber, wavin' ther hands et th' persidin' officer, who refoosed tew let 'em speak, but kep' rappin' fer order, an' soon he began tew git ixcited an' seizin' my umbrelly begin tew hammer his desk with et tew git order—an' en a few minutes my umbrelly waz a reck. But he jest kep' hammerin' till ther wasn't nothin' but th' ribs ov thet old umbrelly left. An' then they quieted daown a bit—but only fer a minnit—fer Senitor Lodge sneered thet th' Senitor frum Georgy (meanin' Senitor Bacon) waz ez bald ov facts ez his hed waz ov hair.

"I soon see frum this thet they waz goin' tew be trouble, fer th' Southerners got ther heds together an' soon they charged en a body acrost th' Chamber, an' seized th' sassiest ov th' crowd 'raound th' Massachoosits Senitor. This waz Senitor Beverage, th' young Hoosier, who had bin makin' tauntin' remarks tew Tillman an' Bailev.

"So they jest pulled him up tew th' President's chair an'



SENATOR JACOB H. GALLINGER of N. H., was an eminent physician before he entered the Senate which accounts for his adroitness in the management of "Bills." Is a shining light in the Senate Chamber; his polish, however, is not all due to his shiny pate,

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

while Tillman an' Clay held his arms, Senitor Bacon pulled out a seltzer bottle from under his coat an' squirted th' water full intew his mouth, which waz wide open shoutin' imprecations at th' tormentin' craowd.

"Senitor Teller waz hoppin' araound like a wild injun, shoutin' 'Give him th' Water Cure!—Give et tew him!'

"Chansey Depew jumped atop ov his desk an' begin chaffin' some ov th' Senitors.

"'Quay,' sed he, 'this reminds me ov a Pennsilvany convenshun en Phillydelphy——' but he got no further, fer Quay throo a big book et him thet landed on his stummick an' he toppled over tew th' floor.

"Mark Hanna jest then throo his cane et th' craowd thet waz tormentin' Beverage, but et missed them an' struck me plum on th' top ov my hed, an' then—I woke up.

"Th' officer waz standin' en front ov me, tappin' me gently on th' hed with his cane. Sed he, 'Mister, wake up! Th' Senit ez goin' intew executiv' seshun, an' th' galleries hez got tew be cleared.'"

The look of incredulity that overspread Harry's countenance, as his uncle related his remarkable adventure, disappeared when he realized that it was all a dream, and he laughed until the tears came to his eyes. As uncle and nephew walked arm in arm down the corridor, a burst of laughter could be heard from time to time from the pair as the old man uttered some new witticism in the ear of his appreciative nephew.



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CHAPTER XI.

A TALK WITH UNCLE SAM.

HE was the cartoonist's Uncle Sam. There was no mistaking that long lean figure encased in blue swallow-tail coat and red and white striped trousers, and that keen, intelligent face framed in white locks, which fell in a luxuriant mass to the neck, partly concealing a high standing collar of a long out-of-date style.

Uncle Hank recognized him at once, and, as was his wont, proceeded to get on intimate terms with him. As could be seen by the flags flying on both wings of the Capitol, Congress was in session.

"I see yer Law Factory ez en full blast," ventured Uncle Hank, by way of introduction.

"Yes, they are hard at work, but they work very slow—too many speeches, I guess," replied Uncle Sam.

"Wall, I reckon they'd hev tew talk er they'd bust. A speech ez en eruption ov words, an' Congriss ez full ov volcanoes liable tew go intew eruptions any time."

"I was just thinking that since I have added considerably to my farm, Congress will have to talk less and act with more promptness, or my affairs will get into a tangle. Now, there is that interoceanic ditch—I want to go right to work



*Congressman Chas. Dick
of Ohio.*

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



and dig it, but they have got into a snarl about it in Congress, and my hands are tied. And, by ginger! something's got to be done about those Trusts; they are getting altogether too powerful—why, they're beginning to take on the airs of feudal barons," and he dove both hands deep into his trousers' pockets as he glared sternly at the dome of the Capitol.

"Mebbe yer interests'd be better looked after ef th' Senitors waz elected by th' people instid ov th' legislatoors?" suggested Uncle Hank.

"I'm not so sure of that. Political bosses can manage conventions as well as they can handle legislatures."

"But th' convenshuns don't ellect," argued Uncle Hank. "Ef th' state legislatoors voted by th' secret ballot system, I reckon ye'd git a better brand of Senitors then ye naow git."

"By ginger! that's a good idea!" exclaimed Uncle Sam. "That's the next reform I'll have to have instituted."

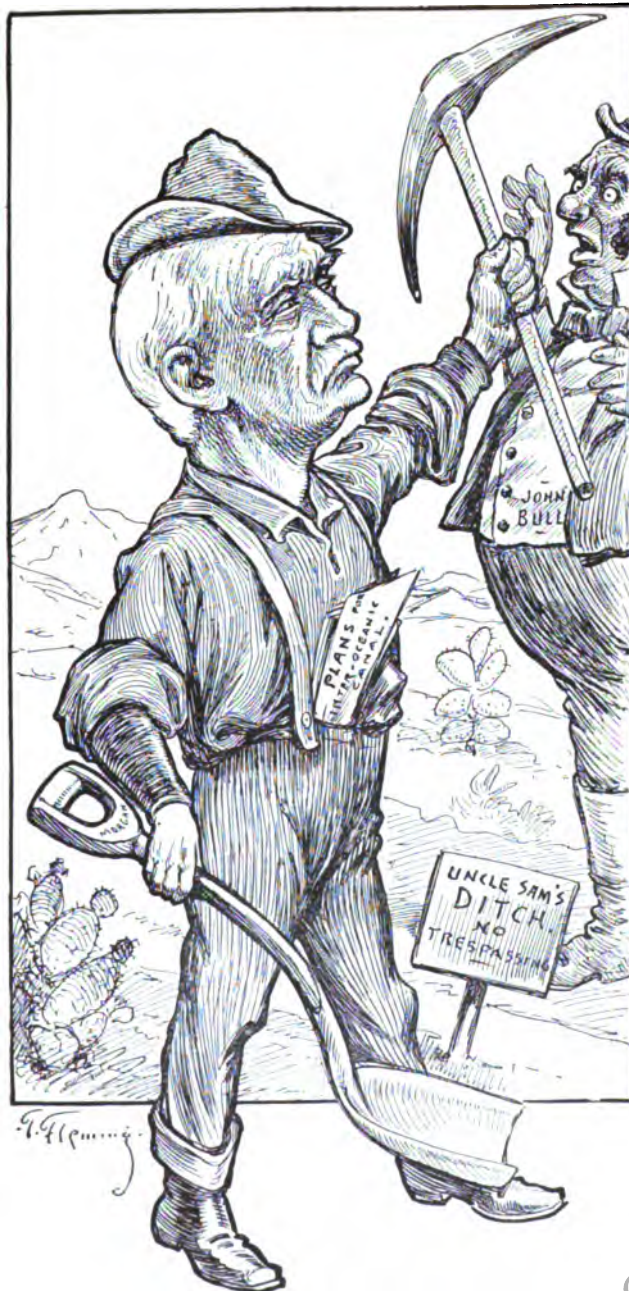
"Haow d'ye like Teddy, yer new President?" inquired Uncle Hank.

"He's honest, and means well, but—he doesn't seem to get along with my General, and Admiral."

"Miles an' Dewey dew seem tew stick en his craw. I s'pose th' Root ov th' difficulty cz en th' War Department," replied Uncle Hank, with a grin.

"He also seems to have the knack of getting the South-erners angry," observed Uncle Sam, not noticing the comment made by his companion. "First, it was by dining a





SENATOR JOHN T. MORGAN, of Alabama, is so popular at home that he was elected to the Senate by the combined vote of the Democrats, Republicans and Populists. Was a Brigadier-General during the Civil War and noted for his fighting qualities, which he still retains; having repeatedly expressed his willingness to go to war with John Bull should the latter attempt to take possession of the Panama Canal.

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black man in the White House; then he made a speech that fired them up again on the lynching question. If he don't look out, Mark Hanna will catch all those Southern delegates again."

"An' Teddy wants another engagement," interposed Uncle Hank.

"Theodore's got some good qualities," continued Uncle Sam. "He's a good fighter, and I need good fighters now. I have another San Juan Hill to storm—a fortified hill, with its artillery trained on my most valued institutions—Trust-Monopoly Hill, with its intrenchments of money bags, will be harder to subdue than a score of San Juans—and if President Roosevelt wishes to cover himself with laurel, he'll organize another troop of Rough Riders and lead them to victory that will place his name far beyond the reach of scheming politicians."

"Wall," replied the old man, reflectively, "th' Spanish War'd be child's play tew thet—th' hardest fight en th' world ez th' fight again money."

"I've never had occasion to fight it before," remarked Uncle Sam, as he thoughtfully stroked his long chin whiskers.

"I wish ye luck en yer fight," replied Uncle Hank, "but ye'll find yer enemy intrenched en every Wall Street bank's vault, en yer most trusted jedges'll fly tew th' relief ov yer enemy when ye least ixpect et. An' ez fer Congress—thar's no tellin' what they'll do en sech a crisis."

"I'll win the fight, as I have every other," cried Uncle





ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, hero of Manila Bay. In honor thereof, was placed on top of Dewey Arch by the grateful American people. Allowed to remain there for a short time, when he was ruthlessly thrown down by the same people on being presented with a gift house with a string attached.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Sam, his voice ringing with determination. "And if Roosevelt is not equal to the occasion, there is always a man suitable for the emergency when there is a call for one."

"A sort ov man ov destiny?" suggested the old man. "Wall, et'll take a strong man ov th' people tew keep th' Republic en th' right path, ef aour rich families keep on makin' alliances with Earls en Counts—they'll be wantin' tew start th' breed on this side ov th' ocean arter a bit."

"Then you think there's a likelihood of establishing a line of nobility in this country?" laughingly questioned Uncle Sam.

"Walldorf Astor's heirs ez likely tew be ov th' nobility ef he keeps throwin' Ameriken dollars et th' foot ov th' British throne, en then th' Noo York rent-payers tew th' Astor estate'll be contributin' tew th' support ov th' nobility, won't they?" shrewdly inquired the old man.

"Well, that is one phase of the question that is rather unpleasant to contemplate," replied Uncle Sam.

"En ez th' Astors ez th' leaders ov th' four hundred th' rest'll want tew imitate 'em, en we'll soon hev th' Prince ov Standard Ile, en th' Earl ov Pig-Iron, th' Duke ov Tobacco, th' Count ov Traction, en th' Sultan ov Sugar—with a hull list of Knights ov th' Garters, Suspenders, en th' like."

"And I suppose the whole lot will swear allegiance to the Field Marshal of Industry?" laughingly suggested Uncle Sam, who did not take his companion seriously.

"Wall, yer father, George Washington, told ye tew beware



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

ov furrin intanglemin's en alliances," retorted the old man.

"I see you are a true blue American, with no liking for the gew-gaws and tinsel of royalty."

"Et's en th' blood—patryotic Yankee blood—thar's none ov et flowin' en th' veins ov Walled-off Astor, I reckon." And the old man's jaws set firm, like the jaws of a steel trap.

"Well, I like your sentiments, old man," responded Uncle Sam. "It was the likes of you that enabled me to win in my Revolutionary struggle."

"But haow ye hev riz up sense them days!—ye desurve a lot ov credit fer th' way ye treated Cuby. Ther isn't a nation en Europe thet would hev given Cuby her freedom ef they'd hed her in ther power ez you hed her," and Uncle Hank looked admiringly at the figure in front of him.

"And the Filipinos will get as good treatment as Cuba got, if they will only get sense enough to stop fighting, and come in under the Stars and Stripes."

"Well, them Philypines ez a good place fer ye tew stand en look intew thet open door ov Chiny, so's tew see what's goin' on inside," suggested Uncle Hank.

"Yes, and I propose to keep both eyes wide open," retorted Uncle Sam. "With Russia, England and Germany maneuvering for advantages in China there is likely to be some scranning before long, and as I'm more of a business man than a brawler, it behooves me to keep my business eye glued to that open door."



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



"Thet's right," replied Uncle Hank, "runnin' mills ez better'n standin' armies."

"And my mills and factories are running on full time now; the sun of prosperity is shining brightly all over the land," replied Uncle Sam, with evident satisfaction at the thought.

"But somehaow or other th' sunlight don't seem tew shine any tew bright daown intew them coal mines," slyly observed Uncle Hank, as he elevated his eyebrows.

"It does seem a pity that the men who dig and delve in the mines should be compelled to strike for fair compensation."

"Et's human natur' fer them ez haz plenty tew oppress them ez haz nothin'—

*'Man's inhumanity tew man
Hez made countless thousan's mourn,'*



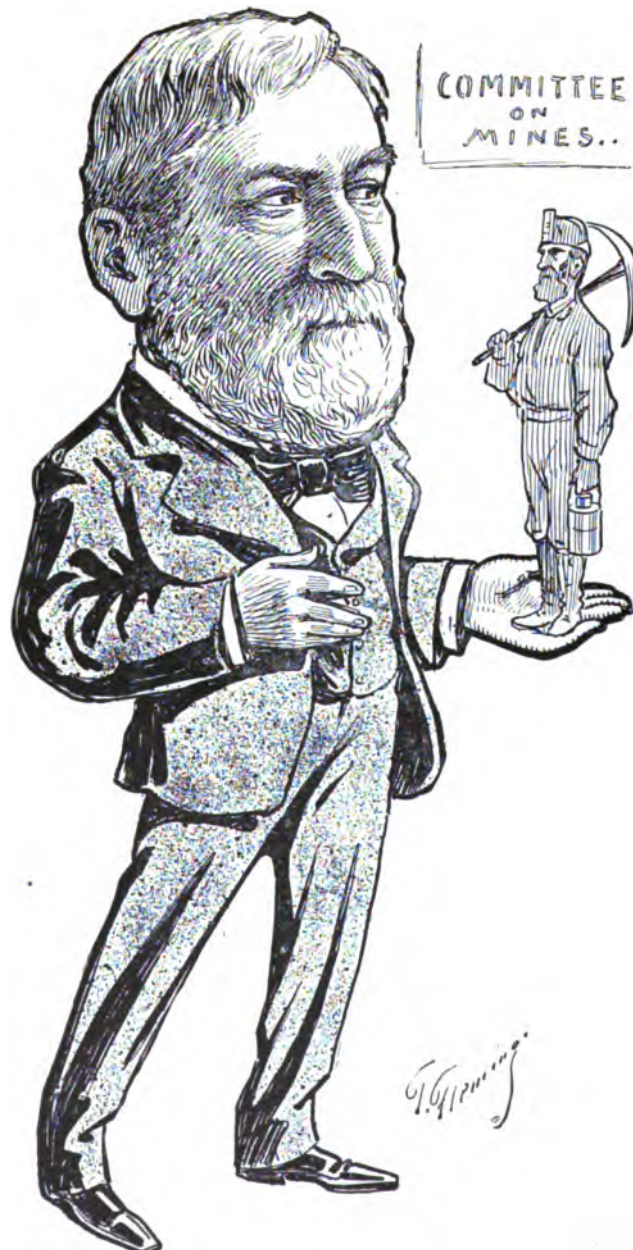
sed a poet, who most like'y hed jest heard ov a coal miners' strike when he rote them words."

"Corporations are soulless," was Uncle Sam's only comment.

"Wall, ye'll hev tew take th' manig'ment ov all publik franchises intew yer own han's," said Uncle Hank.

"Perhaps that is the only solution of the vexatious problem," replied he.

"Yer Post Office ez maniged fer th' benefit ov th' people; an' et's well managed, tew. Ef et waz run by a trust et



SENATOR NATHAN BAY SCOTT, of West Virginia, is chairman of the committee on Mines. Being a glass manufacturer, he can see right through the miner when he undertakes to strike. In Wheeling, W. Va., where he resides he is known as "Great Scott!"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



MRS. LESLIE M. SHAW:
WIFE OF SECY. SHAW.

would cost ten cents tew send a letter tew the Pacific Slope, an' th' trust'd be declaren' big dividen's ev'ry year. An' th' way ye run yer Department's ez a credit tew yer bizness manig'ment. Who ever hearn tell ov a Secritery ov th' Treasury gittin' secretly rich off th' job, an' havin' folks askin' 'where he got it?' Er a Postmaster General skedad-dlin' with th' money orders an' registered mail. No, Sirree! Ef yer big cities waz run en th' same economikel way ez yer Department's cz Noo York'd be Paradise an' Cheecargo an' Phillydelfy'd be half-way haouses tew heaven," and the old man raised his hand aloft to emphasize his last remark. When he looked around his companion had vanished—had disappeared as completely as though swallowed up by the earth. And when he looked again at the Capitol, the flags were down and he found himself surrounded by scores of Congressmen emerging from the exits of the great structure—Congress had adjourned.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

—CARLYLE.

WHEN Admiral Cockburn, the cocky British Admiral, strutted up the steps to the chair of the House of Representatives in 1814, and flamboyantly ordered the destruction of the piles of books which constituted the original Library of Congress, George Washington had been dead some fourteen years, or he might have paid dearly for his act of vandalism.

Established in 1802 by the purchase of three thousand books, it now numbers over one million volumes, housed in the finest building of its kind in the world, a beautiful structure that cost Uncle Sam six million, six hundred and twenty-seven thousand, one hundred and twenty-four dollars and fifty-four cents.

These figures, being from official sources, are reliable. In regard to the fifty-four cents, that is presumed to cover the cost of the beautiful medal worn by the official guarding the door at the entrance.

Eight years were consumed in its construction, and in



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



1896, when the building was declared finished, there was on hand an unexpended balance of three hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and fifty-two dollars and two cents out of the amount appropriated by Congress for its completion.

This reflects very seriously on its constructor, General Thomas Lincoln Casey, Chief of Engineers of the Army.

According to the methods in vogue in many municipalities such a structure would consume three times eight years in construction, providing nice, fat jobs for scores of political heelers, and instead of a balance of the original construction fund being left at its completion, there would be a deficit of a couple million of dollars.

The building is of the Italian Renaissance type of architecture. There are about forty-five miles of shelving, with a capacity of two million, two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes.

From the circular desk in the center of the rotunda a perfect system of pneumatic tubes and telephones insures the arrival of books inquired for, with marvelous promptitude. Books for Congressmen are conveyed to the Capitol by a cable through an underground tunnel.

The dimensions of the library are four hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and forty feet, covering three and three-quarter acres of ground.

The material used in its construction is Concord granite exteriorly, and enameled brick within the courts, while





SERENO E. PAYNE OF KY.

CANNON OF ILL.

THE HOUSE TAKING A RECESS.
Representative Cannon Returns with a Book of Reference.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the frame work is of steel. The interior is encased and decorated in marble and stucco.

The decorations, which excite universal admiration, are wholly the work of American sculptors and painters, more than two score of whom participated in the work, rendering the library an exhibit and memorial of the ability of native art of which the American people may justly be proud.

Just compare the beautiful decorative work done by these American artists with the beer-garden-like decorative painting to be found in the corridors of the Senate wing of the Capitol, done by imported artists, and you will come to the conclusion that American Art is keeping pace with American advancement in other lines.

As Uncle Hank and his nephew wended their way across the park between the Capitol and the Library, they discussed the best plan to see the library and all it contained.

"I tell ye, Harry," remarked the old man, "I love books. They remind me ov well-bred children. They only speak when they're consulted."

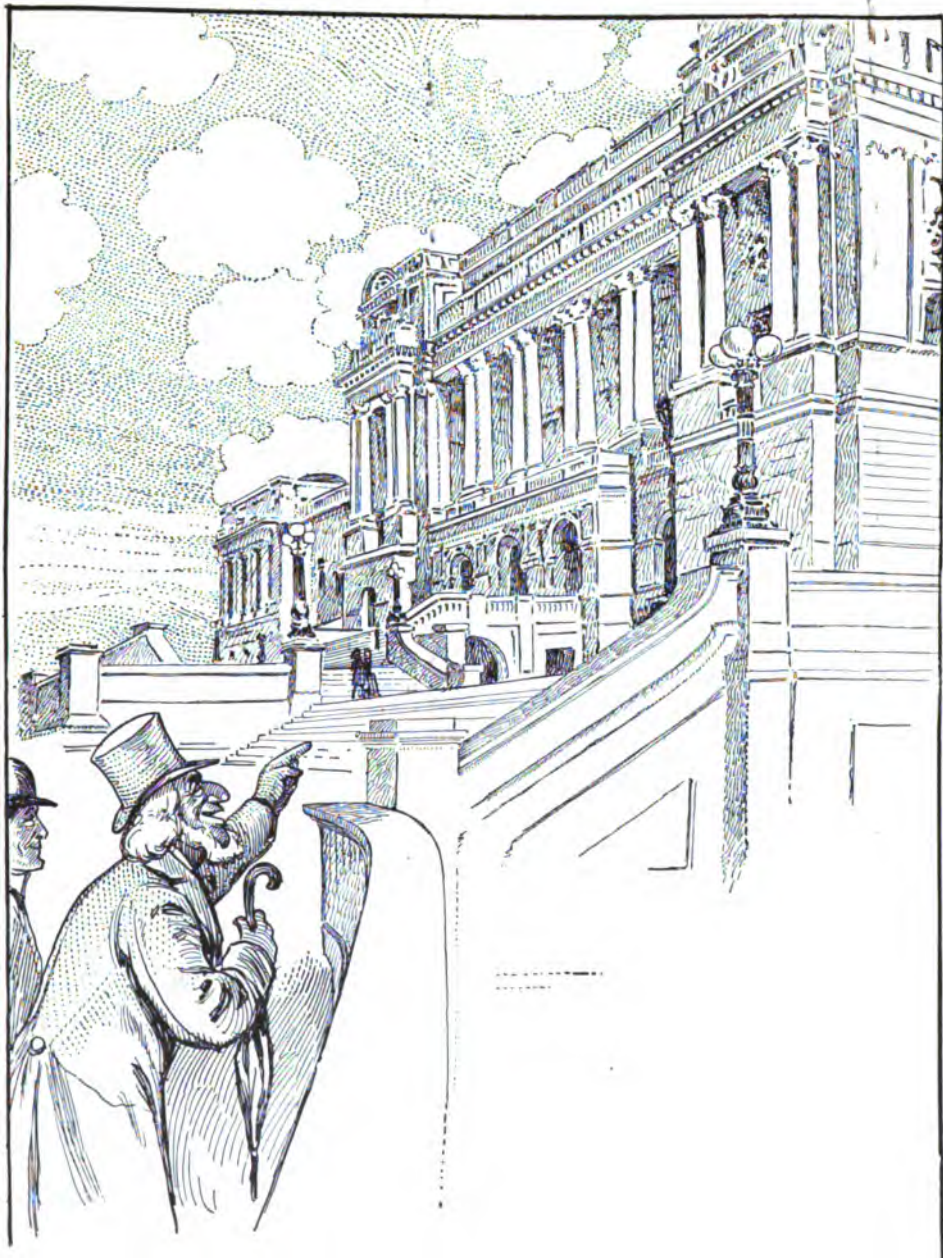
"And they're easily shut up," responded Harry.

"I guess thar's whar ye enter accordin' tew act ov Congress, eh?" exclaimed the old man, pointing his finger at the grand staircase leading to the main entrance.

"Yes, and if you don't look out I'll have you copyrighted as an original production," retorted his nephew, laughingly.

When they reached the vestibule the old man stood for sometime looking about the vast square well, occupying the center of the rectangular pavilion containing the mag-





"I GUESS THAT'S WHAR YE ENTER ACCORDIN' TEW ACT OV CONGRESS, EH?"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



nificent stairways leading to the rotunda galleries. His admiration at last found vent.

"Et's th' finest buildin' I ever see. Et looks ez ef et waz built by an insoorance company—et's so fine an' costly lookin'."

"Don't enthuse until you've seen the rest of it," warned Harry. "We'll go up to the gallery first, and take in the rotunda from its elevation." The pair then ascended the marble steps, and as they reached the door leading to the gallery Uncle Hank's eye caught sight of a gilt lettered sign bearing the single word,

SILENCE.

"Thar's an insult tew every free born American female visitor," exclaimed he. "Talk abaout equal rights en a free country—tew command a woman tew hold her tongue—et's curtailin' th' rights ov th' wimmen tew much tew be tolerated for one minnit."

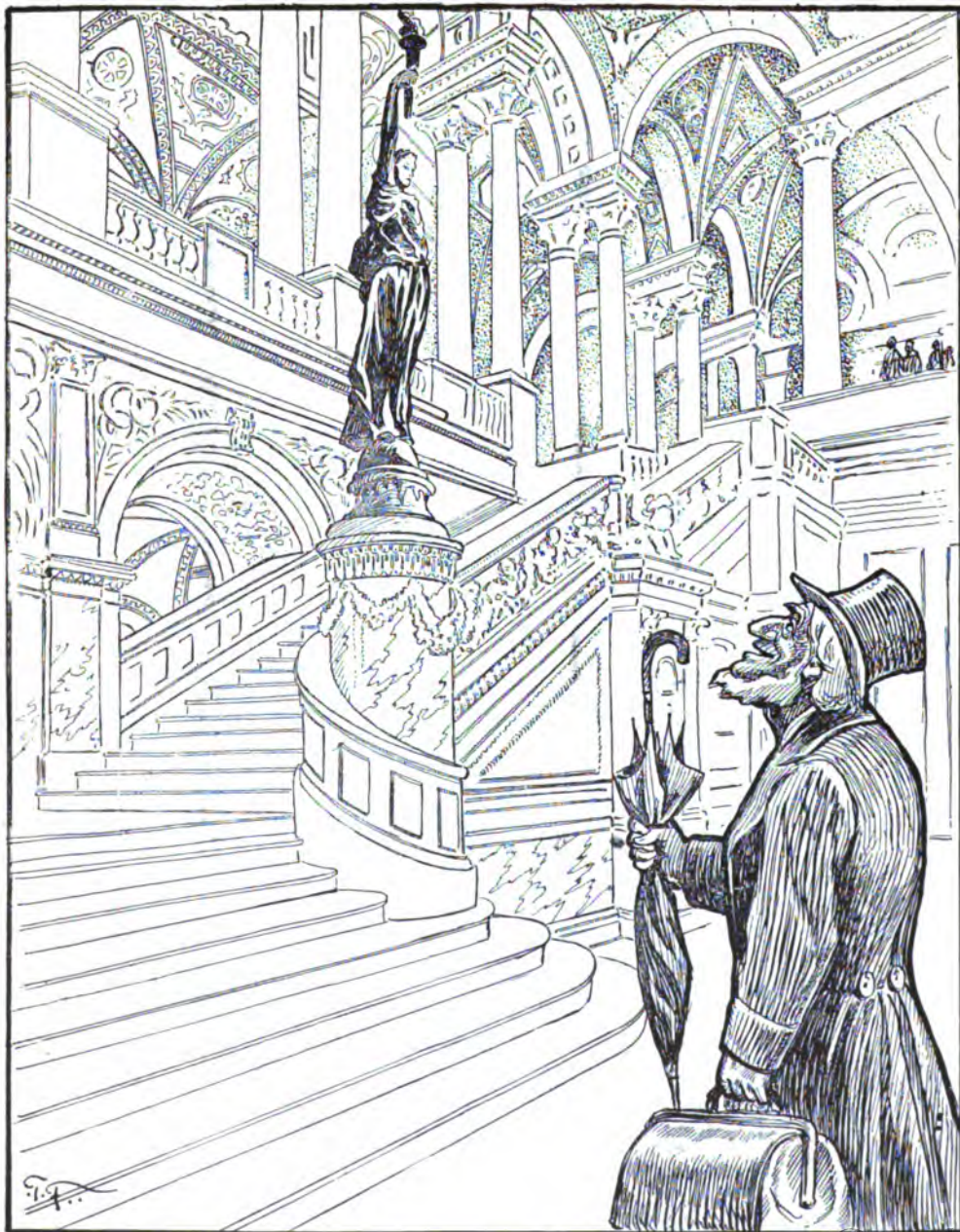
His comments were brought to a sudden check by an admonition from Harry that an official was watching them, and the rest of the old man's garrulous remarks were made in whispers.

The rotunda is a grand octagonal hall one hundred feet in diameter, occupying the whole center of the building, and rising from the main floor to the canopy within the dome, a height of over one hundred and twenty-five feet.

The dome rests upon eight massive pillars, connected by beautiful arches, each of which is filled above the capitals



F. J. SELBY M. C.



"ET LOOKS EZ EF 'T WAS BUILT BY EN ENSOORANCE COMPANY--ET'S SO FINE."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

of its supporting pillars with semi-circular windows thirty-two feet wide.

The eight sides of the hall are formed by two storied loggias of Siena marble, the lower story consisting of three arches divided by square pillars with Corinthian capitals, the second story of seven lesser arches supported by small pillars of Ionic style, and above all is carried an open gallery protected by a heavy balustrade. These loggias and the upper galleries run all around the rotunda. It was from these upper galleries, overlooking the whole room, nearly eighty feet from the floor, that Uncle Hank and his nephew viewed the reading room and its busy workers.

Eight colossal emblematic statues adorn this gallery.

Sixteen portrait statues stand along the balustrade: they are of bronze and in pairs.

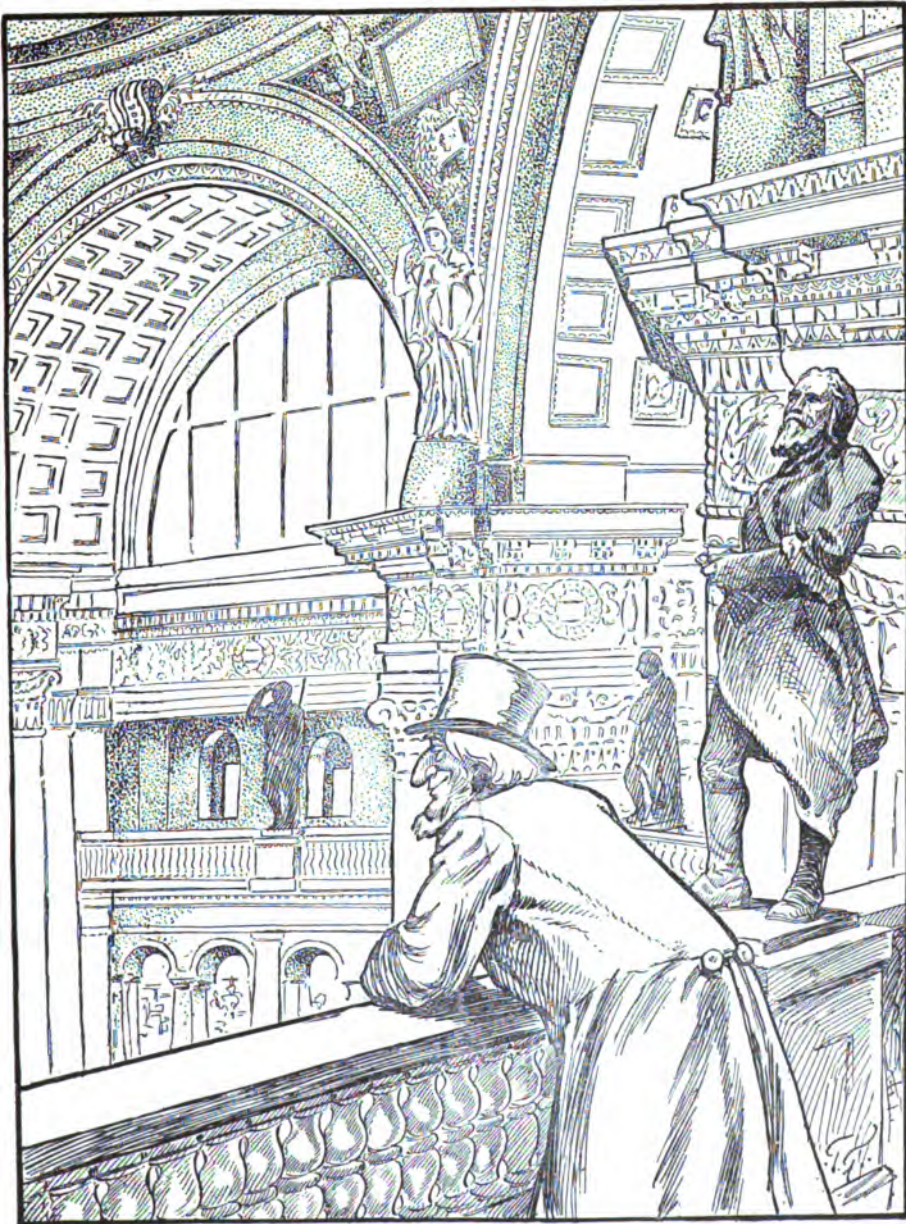
Harry explained in detail each figure. "There is Michael Angelo and Beethoven, representing Art," exclaimed he. "Plato and Bacon, representing Philosophy, and Homer and Shakespeare, standing for Poetry."

Then, walking further around the gallery, he stopped to continue his description.

"Law," he continued, "is represented by Solon and Chancellor Kent, while Newton and Joseph Henry represent Science; further on are figures of Herodotus and Gibbon to illustrate History, while Religion is shown by figures of Moses and St. Paul; all from authentic portraits, except those necessarily idealized."

"Thar's one thing I never saw before—a collection of





"A BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY BUILDIN' EZ LIKE A HANDSUM' KIVER TEW A BOOK."—UNCLE HANK.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



statoots without a ginerall en et," exclaimed the old man when Harry had concluded his description.

"In the Congressional Library, 'the pen is mightier than the sword,'" replied Harry, with a smile.

They now proceeded to descend to the second floor pavilions, where they found a wealth of material to interest them.

Little groups of tourists were scattered here and there examining the beautiful Mosaics and decorative paintings, and they all acknowledged the wonderful beauty of the Library.

Uncle Hank sat down on one of the settees to rest awhile, and incidentally read the many inscriptions accompanying the decorative work, while his nephew took a stroll over to a group of sightseers to hear what comment they were making on the edifice. On his return to where the old man was seated he proceeded to relate the individual opinions expressed. Said he, "The man from Chicago compared it with the Auditorium in the 'Windy City,' and found it sadly deficient in point of size; and the New Yorker, while admitting its great beauty, said it was too far from Broadway, while the Philadelphian thought the decorations were too loud—that a more restful scheme would have been better. A St. Louis man deprecated the idea of so much praise being given to the structure before seeing what his city was going to do in the way of beautiful buildings at their coming World's Fair. And a gentleman with an exceedingly large proboscis, who would be taken any-





A WHISPERED CONFERENCE.

When SENATOR BACON tells SENATOR TELLER a political secret it is with the assurance that he is no secret-teller. Senator Augustus Octavius Bacon denies strenuously that he is the author of any of Shakespeare's plays, but acknowledges that Ham-let and Bacon do seem to be related. Senator Henry Moore Teller, the Silver Republican, believes that the blackest Republican cloud has a silver lining.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

where for a Hebrew, took very little notice of anything until he came to Elihu Vedder's 'Minerva,' which they informed him was a mosaic; and he became interested in it at once."

"I reckon he thought Moses had som'thin' tew dew with et," replied the old man.

"I suppose you've been studying those inscriptions up there," remarked Harry, pointing up to the quotations interwoven with the decorations that embellish the walls of the pavilion. "Now, Uncle," he continued, "I admire the idea of placing those inscriptions very much. They furnish food for thought. Now what do you think of this? 'Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.'"

"Th' last part ez kerrect, Harry. I once writ' an indors'ment ontew th' back ov a note, an' et cost me 'xactly th' hull amount ov th' note," replied the old man dryly.

"Well, here's another, in a different vein:

"'Knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.'"

"A sort ov Santy Dumont airship, I reckon. Naow, thar's a qwotation thet I've been studyin'," exclaimed the old man, pointing his finger as he read: "'Knollege cums, but wisdom lingers.' Naow, thet's th' idee. When ye git kicked by a mule ye git th' knollege ov et et once, but et's wisdum thet keeps ye away frum his heels ever after."

"Those ceiling inscriptions are taken from Adelaide Procter's poem, 'The Unexpressed.' No real poet ever





UNCLE HANK READING THE INSCRIPTIONS IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



wove in numbers all his dreams. How do you like that sentiment?" exclaimed Harry.

"Ef they did, then them opium jints'd turn aout th' greatest poets."

"But they'd have to write before their pipes went out," replied Harry. "Now here's another:

"'No great thinker ever lived and taught you all the wonder that his soul received.'"

"Thet's very true, Harry. No lemon squeezer ever got th' last drop ov juice aout ov a lemon," explained the old man as he further elucidated the idea.

"Well, now we've examined the paintings and inscriptions, suppose we take a stroll in yonder room? Having admired the cover, now let us examine the contents of the book," suggested Harry to his uncle, who was now completely rested, and ready for a tramp of investigation wherever his fancy might lead.

Ranged in a series of glass-covered cases was displayed a large collection of books printed when the art of printing was in its infancy; old volumes printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the printing of books was rated among the high arts, and when many a volume was constructed because of a love for the art rather than for the hope of any profit in a pecuniary sense that might accrue.

To the real book-lover these old books, with their crude, though artistic illustrations, and their quaint types and





ROBERT C. OGDEN, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute and President of the Southern Education Board, is one of the well-known figures of Washington. His long association with John Wanamaker in the department store business has taught him that Black Kids are always good to have in stock.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

unique initial letters that embellish them, form a most entrancing exhibit.

"Et's trooly th' Art Preservativ' ov all th' Arts," exclaimed Uncle Hank, after exhaustively examining the cases, "an' et's a great pity et wazn't discovered a couple of thousand years sooner. Ef they'd hed printin' presses en ancient Athens, th' larnin' and filsofy ov Greece would hev bin presarved fer futoor ginerations."

"Even a 'yellow journal,' containing wireless messages from Thermopylae, would have been eagerly sought by a later Napoleon or a Washington," suggested Harry.

They now directed their steps to the gallery containing the old engraving and print exhibit. Here were to be seen some very fine samples of Albert Durer's engravings, some of the specimens shown being the finest in the country. This collection is equally rich in othe. branches of engraving, the Rembrandt prints being particularly fine. In this gallery is to be found a very fine collection of portraits of Washington, a remarkable feature of which is, that while all are of high artistic merit, no two look alike.

*"Wad some power th' giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us——"*

pleaded the poet Burns. Were he living to-day he would doubtless be astonished at the lack of unity with which we are often viewed by others.

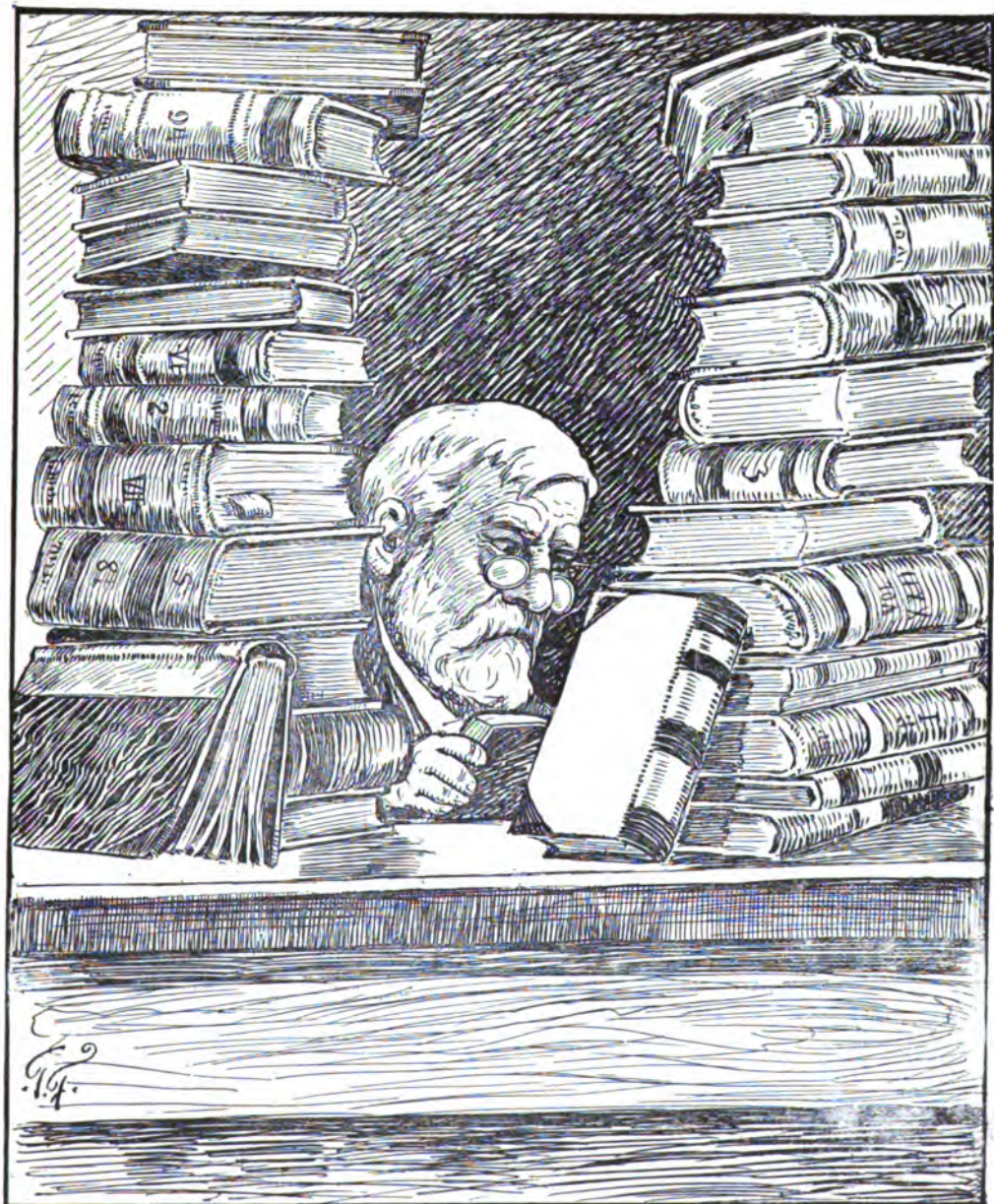
Uncle Hank now conceived a great desire to descend to



H. C. Smith M.C.
MICH.



E. F. Loud
CAL M.C.



SENATOR WM. B. ALLISON LOOKING UP A FEW REFERENCES IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



the floor below, and visit the Reading Room. With this energetic old man to conceive was to act, so accordingly he was soon striding up to the great circular desk in the center of the rotunda.

Here he was greeted by an old friend, Mr. A. R. Spofford, Chief Assistant Librarian, for many years Librarian of Congress.

"Mr. Spofford," exclaimed the old man, "I've cum tew look over yer mental resty'rant."

"Restaurant?" repeated Mr. Spofford, inquiringly.

"Yeh; th' resty'rant whar ye furnish food fer th' mind, fer that's what books air."

"Oh, I see," laughingly replied the librarian. "Well, if you count the books as dishes, we have quite a lengthy bill of fare."

"En ef ye don't select 'em carefully ye're apt tew hav mental dyspepsy; en jedgin' by th' lot ov books ye hev, thar's more danger ov overindulginse than ther ez ov starvashun," observed Uncle Hank, looking around at the well-filled cases that surrounded the rotunda.

"It is the most wonderful collection in the country; in fact, a perfect haven of delight for the bibliomaniac," responded the librarian, in a tone that indicated his 'great pride in the library.

"Dew ye hev many ov them?"

"Many of what?"

"Dew ye hev many of them—maniacks?"



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Well, it's hardly fair to call those who love books maniacs," smilingly replied Mr. Spofford.

"Thar's a book I hev in mind thet would teach ye more ov th' inside his'try ov Congress then any book thet waz ever published."

"What book do you refer to?"

"A book made up ov th' Pages ov Congress."

"I dare say such a volume would contain a wonderful lot of information relative to the inside history of legislation," replied the librarian, with a significant look.

"Wall, what them little imps don't know, ain't worth knowin'. Why, t'other day one of 'em kem over tew Senator Depew's desk with sum books, an' th' little chap's hair waz thet thick thet et jest stood up like bristles on a hog's back. 'Sonny,' sez th' Senator (who ez ez bald ez a hen's egg), 'when yew git married yer wif'll hev a fine place tew grab hold ov.' 'Senator,' sez th' page, mournfully, 'ez thet th' way you lost your'n?'"

It was all that Librarian Spofford could do to avoid breaking the imperative rule of the Library, which prohibits loud laughter. As for Uncle Hank, he quickly bade his old friend adieu, and retraced his steps to the periodical room, where he had agreed to meet his nephew.

As he passed along the corridor leading to the room devoted to newspapers and periodicals, he noticed several very handsome rooms reserved (as their signs indicated) for the exclusive use of members of the House of Representatives and United States Senators.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



H. Mutchler M.C.
PENN.

The room designed for the use of the Senators is particularly fine. There was a bar across the open door to prevent the too inquisitive public from entering therein.

Uncle Hank stood for quite a while silently contemplating this beautiful room, with its magnificent decorations and beautiful furnishings. Its magnificence jarred his simple bucolic taste. "Them U-nited States Senitors ain't losin' a trick!" he soliloquized, as he slowly moved away.

When he reached the long room devoted to newspapers, and noticed the lengthy line of newspaper files, he did what nine out of every ten visitors to this room invariably do—he immediately proceeded to hunt up his local paper. After carefully wiping his glasses and then firmly adjusting them to his capacious nose, he took down the file that held his local paper. Then moving his chair closer to the window to get a better light (his sight was none too good, even with the aid of strong glasses), he proceeded to read.

"By Gum!" he mused to himself, "thet Bill Snigers' gone an' married th' Widder Stivers an' her six childer—I guess et's th' widder's farm that Bill's arter. Whew! Jabez Broad's painted his barn;—an' what's this? Deacon Taggers hez won his suit again' th' road commishners fer damages agin his shade trees."

Then, turning over a leaf, his eye encountered the editorial page. Glancing his eye along the columns, his attention was attracted to the "leader," which he perused very carefully. Finally a cloud seemed to pass over his usually benign countenance



Vincent Borling M.C.
Ky.



A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE MEETING HIS CONSTITUENTS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAMBER.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Placing the file carefully on the table, he took off his glasses, and while mechanically wiping them with the corner of his large voluminous handkerchief, he muttered angrily:



"Thet Hezekiah Sourworth ez a trucklin' politician! Advocatin' th' buildin' ov a new dam, when th' caounty's deep en debt already. He knows that a leetle repairin' ez all et needs. No use tew build a new one. Et's a sharp bit er politics—givin' aout contracts so's tew git th' Italian vote next 'lection." And so he allowed himself to become excited over the little trivialities contained in his small local paper.

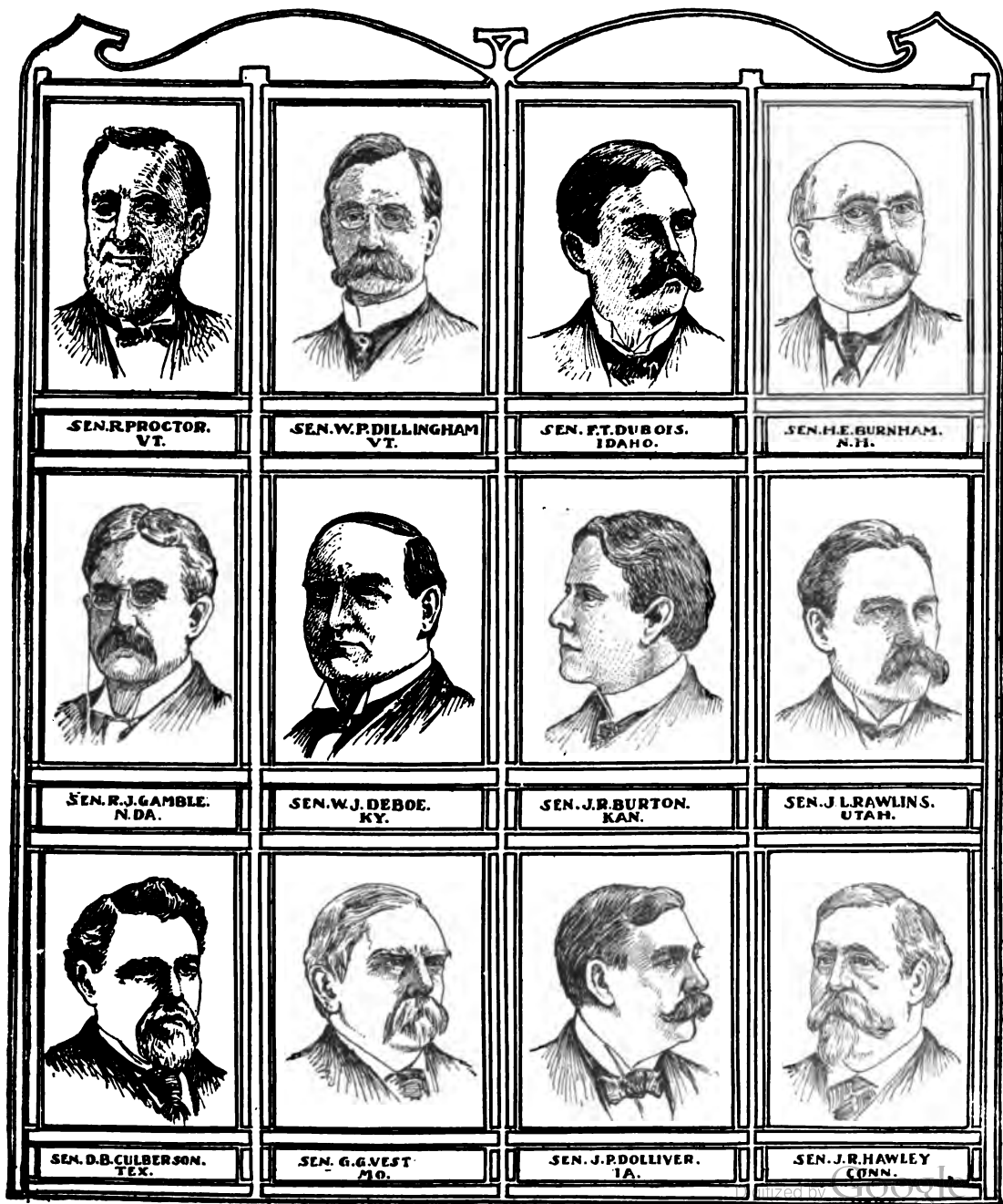
But Uncle Hank was only one of many on a like mission—looking over their home papers for the little tid-bits of local news that form so important a part in the routine life of the majority of the inhabitants of this little terrestrial sphere.



Scores of Congressmen were to be seen looking up their home papers to spend an hour or so in keeping track of local politics before the opening of the session at the Capitol.

"Thar's th' real Congress ov th' U-nited States," soliloquized Uncle Hank, as he silently contemplated the long lines of newspaper files, and noticed the avidity with which they were read.

"Representytives frum every State an' section—represent-in' th' true sentimint of th' people. Th' Press ez a greater power then Congress becos et hez th' people back ov et. Et can't misrepresent ets constituency; ef et did et would



A GROUP OF PROMINENT SENATORS.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



lose ets circulashun. Et decides all th' public questions ov th' day. Et waz th' Press thet brought on th' Spanish War—forcin' Congress tew act when Congress waz ondecided. An' I notis thet when an important question ez before th' House, th' members consult th' Press before they make up ther minds haow tew vote." And the old man quietly folded up his glasses, restoring them to his pocket after carefully placing them in the old leather case. Then placing the file back in its rack, he reached across the table for his hat and walked over to where his nephew was busily engaged in looking over the papers to see how his "Washington correspondence" looked in cold type.

Harry's task was soon ended, and he then proposed that they take a stroll through the rest of the building.

"We've seen only a small part of this great structure as yet," remarked Harry. "The floor area of the first floor of the library is about one hundred and eleven thousand square feet—that of the British Museum is only ninety thousand square feet."

"Score one fer Uncle Sam," dryly remarked the old man.

"It has no rival in the world," continued Harry. "While its primary function is to furnish the national legislature with all the aids in their important duties which a complete and comprehensive library can supply, it is at the same time the great conservator of the literature of the nation. It is the legal repository of the entire product of the American press, so far as issued under the protection of the copyright laws. Multitudes of books have disappeared from





SENATOR PLATT, OF NEW YORK, RECEIVES A VISITOR IN THE MARBLE ROOM—SOME-
TIMES CALLED THE ROOM OF THE "MARBLE HEART."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

existence owing to the lack of a place of deposit in the earlier years."

"Wall, Harry, I reckon et waz a good thing they did," rejoined the old man. "All them worth keepin' hez bin kept. Et's a law ov nature—th' survival ov th' fittest."

"From the lack of care in this respect," continued Harry, unmindful of his uncle's facetious remark, "the National Library of Great Britain has for a number of years been buying up at great cost the pamphlets, dramas and story folios of English literature of past ages to make complete its imperfect collection. The Thomason collection, consisting of some twenty odd thousand pieces, covering the Cromwellian period in England, was purchased by the King and presented to the British Museum Library, and it was of almost inestimable value to Thomas Carlyle when he undertook to write his wonderful work. When you consider the scope of this library I think you will agree with me that this is the most important building in Washington, if not in the country."

"I agree with ye, Harry," responded the old man. "Libraries ez important institootions. Andy Carnegie thinks so, tew, or he wouldn't be puttin' sd much money in 'em."

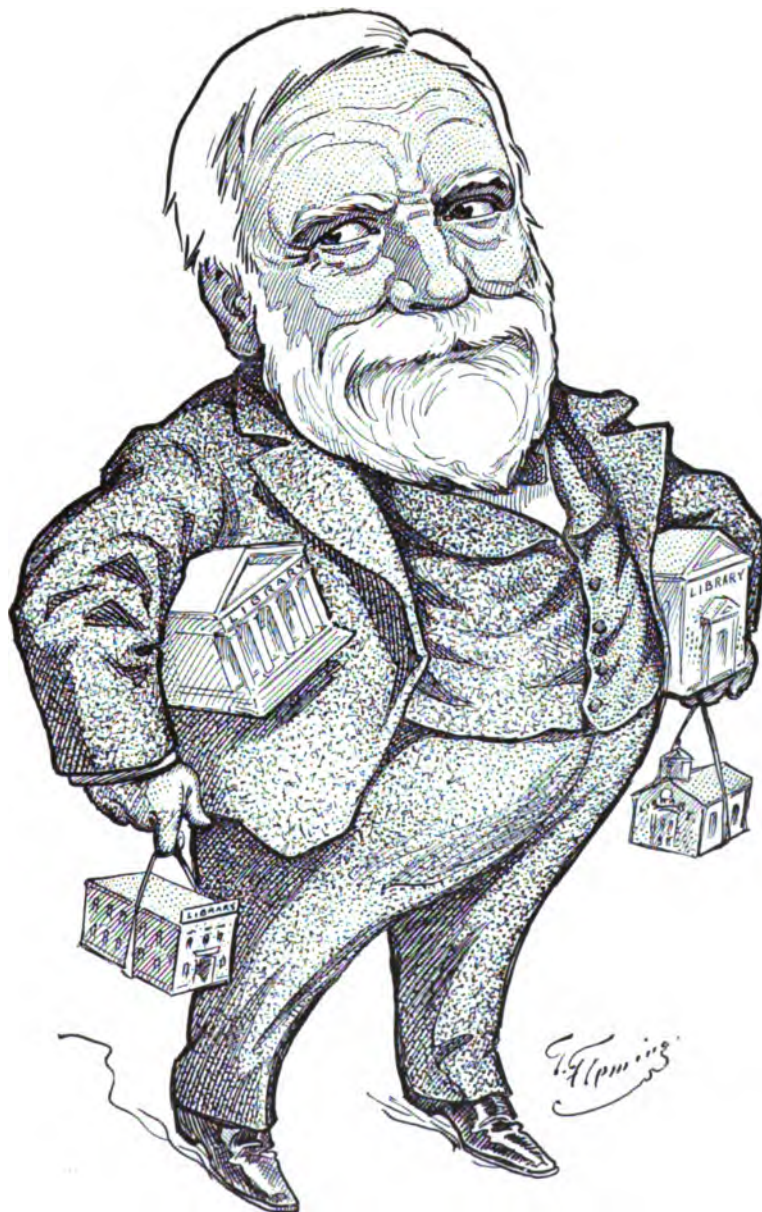
"Now, I propose to take you down to the Reading Room for the Blind," said Harry, as they passed out of the periodical room into the corridor. Uncle Hank incidentally examined the beautiful decorative paintings as they walked along, stopping occasionally to examine those that appealed to his taste.



CHIEF JUSTICE MELVILLE W. FULLER.



JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE.



ANDREW CARNEGIE, L.L.D. (lavish library distributor), who believes it a great disgrace to die rich. This sentiment is, however, not taken seriously by his old associates who are earnestly striving to be disgraced.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

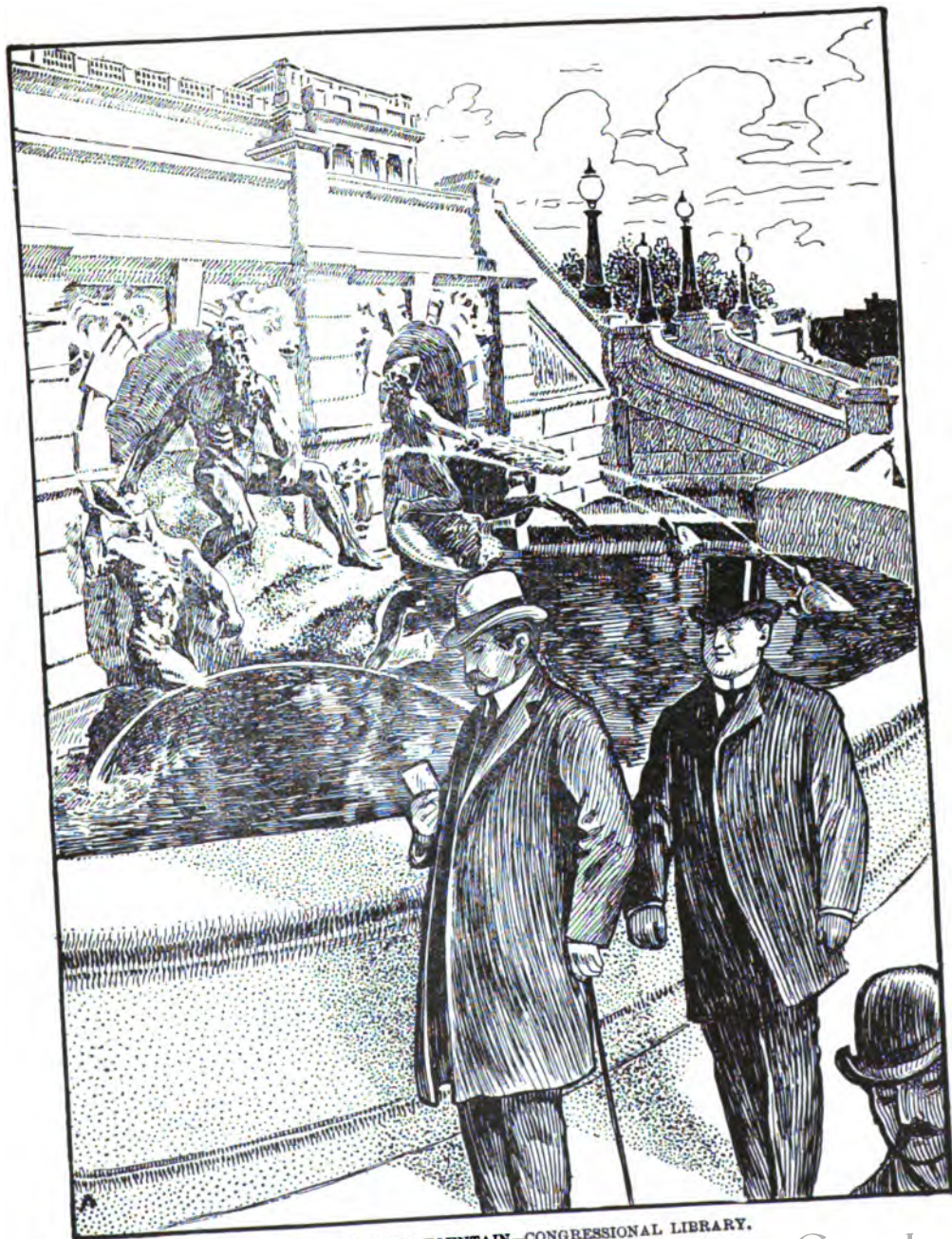


Wm. M. Robbins, Ex-M.C.
N.C.
NOW CUSTODIAN OF NAT'L CEM'TY.
GETTYSBURG, PA.

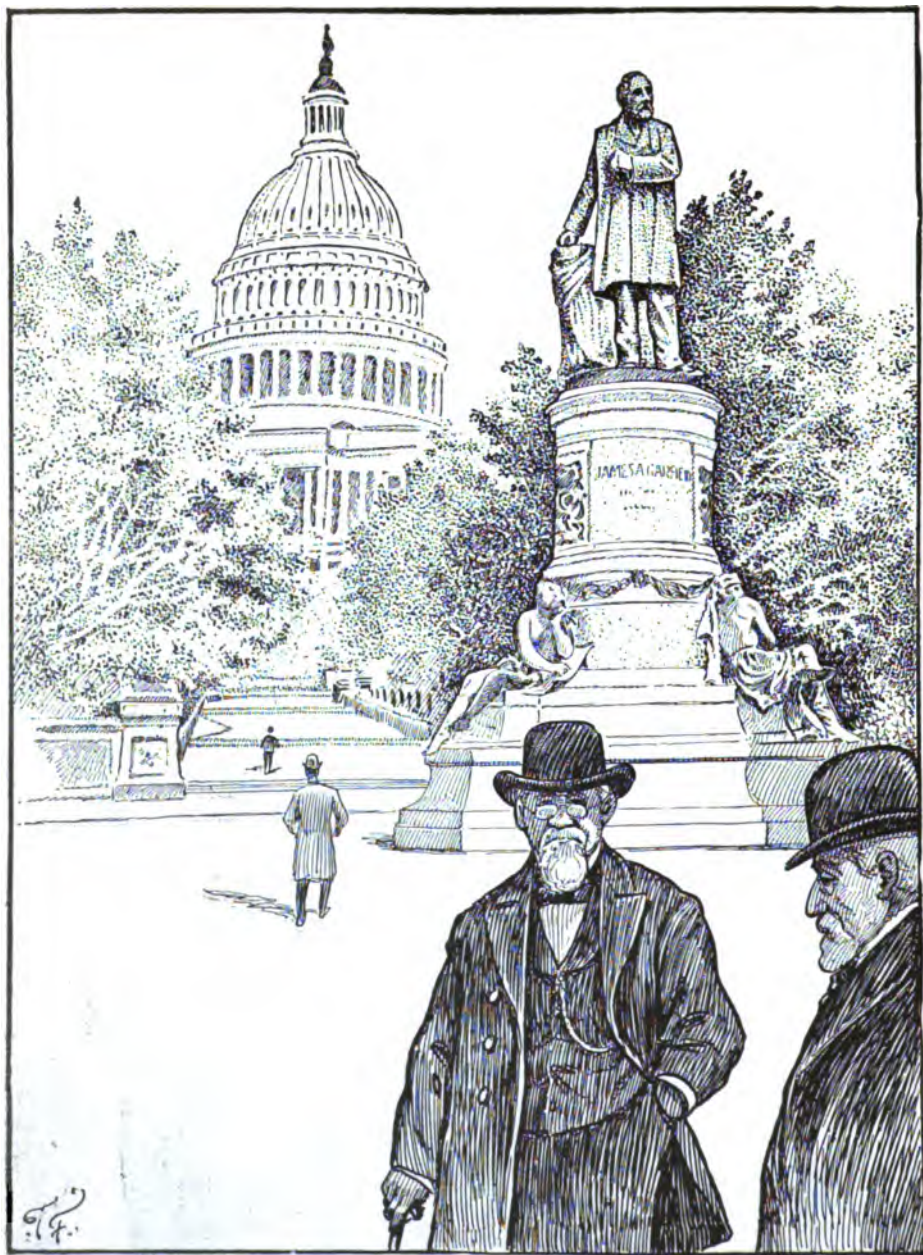
"Harry!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I've notised thet ev'ry one ov them paintin's hez th' words 'copyrighted' painted en the corner; thet shows haow much smarter aour American artists air then them old masters like Michael Angelo, Rubins, Raphyel, an' thet craowd—aour artists air bizness men." And the old man grinned at the thought.

Soon they reached the room in the basement devoted to the "Blind Library." Here they found books printed in raised letters so that those unfortunates who are bereft of sight can read with marvelous facility by running their sensitive fingers over the raised letters. There was also a number of periodicals for the blind, printed in a like manner. Uncle Hank examined these works with extreme interest.

"Even th' blind air made tew see naow days. Et's a marvellus age we're livin' en. En this library, naow thet I've hed a good look et et, ez a marvellus affair, an ag'in' brings tew mind what th' great Scotchman, Thomas Carlyle, sed: 'Th' true university ez a collection ov books.'"



AT PERRY'S FOUNTAIN—CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.



SENATOR MORGAN AND HIS INTIMATE FRIEND, SENATOR MCENERY TAKING A STROLL
ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XIII.

A WALK UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

ALL roads lead to Rome," was a Roman proverb. A modern rendition of that sentiment, as applied to Washington, would read: "All trolley cars run to the Capitol." No matter in what part of the city you may happen to board a trolley car, it will eventually land you at the majestic Corinthian edifice on Capitol Hill, and in the vicinity of Pennsylvania Avenue.

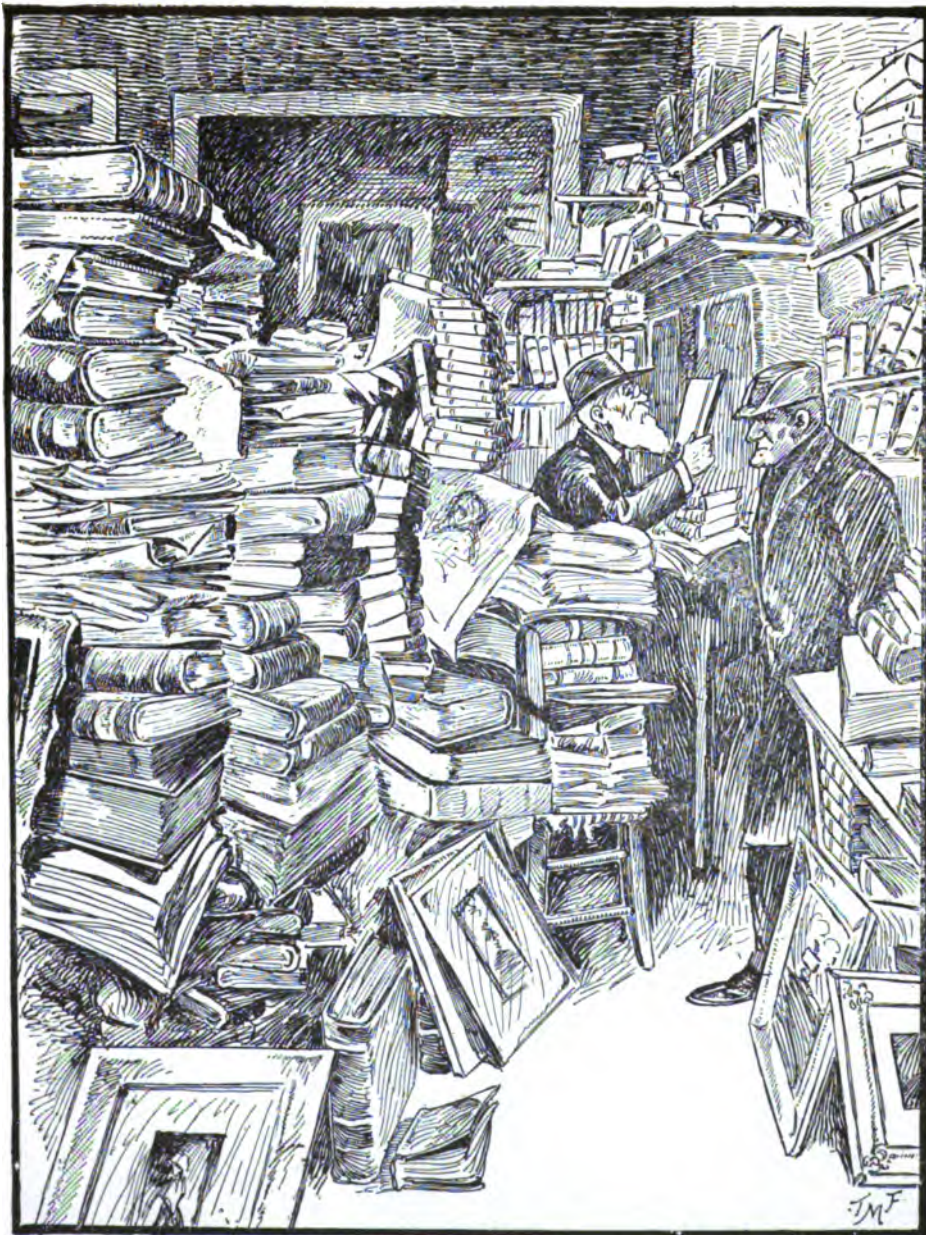
It is safe to say that no person ever visited the city without taking a stroll on this historic avenue. Wander as you will, up one street and down another, you will find that eventually you will land on the "Avenue."

The streets are beautifully puzzling to the stranger, who finds it exceedingly difficult to disentangle "northwest" from "southwest"; and the best advice in such a dilemma is—to jump on a trolley car and get back to the Capitol, to start all over again.

Washingtonians will tell you that the system of dividing the city into the four sections of the compass is a beautiful one—when you understand it; but the difficulty is in understanding it.

If you are so constituted as to be able to see a joke in





THE OLD BOOK SHOP ON PENNSYLVANIA AVE.
(Opposite the Capitol.)

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

everything, it is very amusing to find that upon arriving in the city, and wishing to locate an address given you, and after spending considerable time in reaching the street and number, you discover yourself miles from your destination because you failed to notice the talismanic N. W. or S. W. attached to the end of your address. If you are humorously inclined you will laugh at your predicament—but the chances are very great the other way.

There is no street in all the world like Pennsylvania Avenue. It is so wide that only skyscrapers on both sides could give it a definite sky line. On a bright morning it affords a most entertaining promenade, with its hurrying crowd bent upon reaching the Capitol to secure points of vantage in the galleries of Congress, or to meet members in the committee rooms, or perhaps to wander aimlessly about the great structure, peering into its numberless recesses and corridors, and admiring its grand proportions and its historical chambers rich in reminiscence.

Leaving the Capitol grounds, the first thing to catch the eye is a quaint old second-hand book store on the right hand side of the street, the proprietor of which stands in his cave of volumes like a hibernating bear. Here you will often see statesmen stop on their way to the Capitol to examine some rare book which has accidentally caught the eye, and then to bargain with the dealer for its possession. But if the volume in question should be found to possess any merit, rest assured it will not be secured without a payment fully equal to its value, for, however unassuming



J. M. H. Rumpke, M.C.
12.



M. R. PATTERSON, M.C. TENN.



SENATOR DANIELS OF VIRGINIA.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the old bookdealer may seem, he is quite an adept in price-listing his wares.

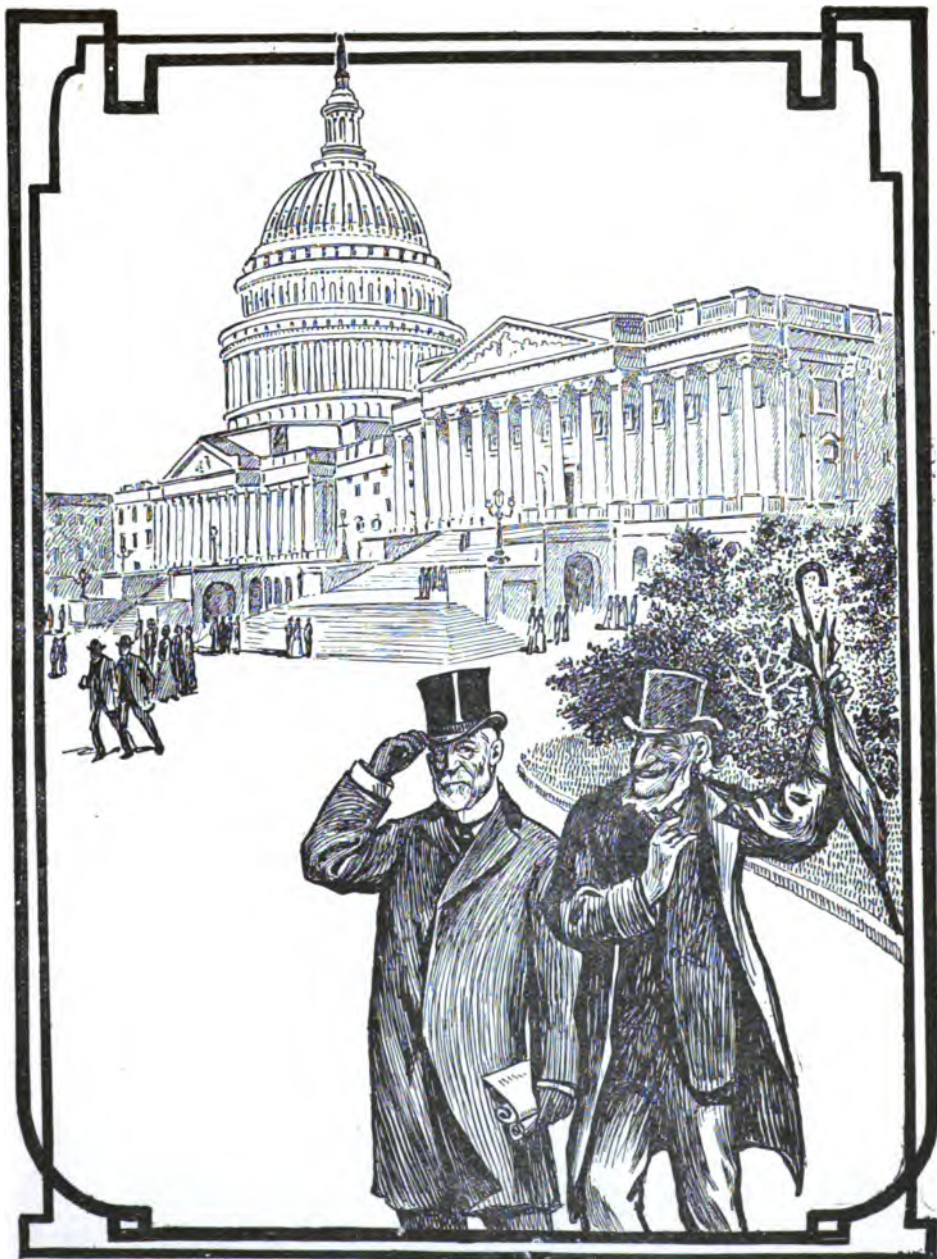
Across the street are the Botanical Gardens, where the Congressman and his lady friends frequently stop to secure the charming little boutonnières with which to adorn a lapel or a corsage before entering the Halls of Legislation on the Hill.

It will be noticed that this part of the avenue looks somewhat run down at the heel. Small shops with cheap signs abound. Shoe-shining "parlors," souvenir stores, five cent barber shops and three cent lunch rooms monopolize this section. A well conducted barber shop in this vicinity gives a shave for a nickel with a "clean" towel to every customer. The proprietor explains to his patrons that in consequence of a powerful rival in the Capitol—the free barber shop for Senators—he is forced to do business on a five cent basis. (Another glaring example of monopoly crushing industry.)

A little further along the street is the "Official Photographer of Washington," or rather the photographer of the officials at Washington, for his windows seem to contain portraits of all the notabilities at the Capitol. This is one of the places where the new member gets even with the old members—for his picture, it will be observed, is just as large as those of his most influential colleagues. Strangers in the city never pass these attractive windows without endeavoring to pick out their respective representatives in Congress.

We now come to the National Hotel, at the corner of





UNCLE HANK INTERVIEWS SENATOR PLATT.

UNCLE HANK—"Senator, when ye put 'Teddy' on th' shelf, ye should hev selected one that was not so
nigh tew th' Presidential chair."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Sixth Street, the resort of the Southern member of Congress and his many friends. On the opposite corner, across the avenue, is another equally well known hotel—the St. James.

Sixth Street at this point, is a sort of port of entry for the Capital. Crowds of travelers are constantly passing in both directions, for closely adjacent is the Baltimore and Potomac depot, which is the Union Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Southern Railway, the Seaboard Air Line, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Norfolk and Western.

This edifice has become historic, and will always be of interest to visitors to the Capital, for here occurred the assassination of President Garfield. The assassin watched from a window to the right of the ladies' entrance for the approach of the President, and, standing in the corner formed by the vestibule and the window, fired the shot that robbed the American people of the beloved Garfield.

The President fell directly in front of the door in the ladies' waiting room. The spot is marked by a small brown stone set in the tiled floor.

Colored porters throng about the entrance to this depot, importuning travelers, and a picturesque lot they are, clad in all sorts of cast-off raiment. The Washington negro is in a class by himself—light-hearted and good-natured, shooting craps when there are no customers in sight, or shrilly whistling some ragtime ditty. They freely call each other "nigger," and if they ever disagree, never come to blows in their quarrels.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

As one walks up the avenue from this point a multitude of signs designating cut-rate ticket offices are noticed.

A skylarking Congressman one night removed one of these signs and placed it carefully in front of one of the five cent barber shops in the vicinity, to the great detriment to the business of the aforesaid barber shop, whose customers hesitated at taking chances in a tonsorial establishment where cut rates were in vogue.



On reaching Seventh Street a procession of heavily laden boarding-house keepers will usually be seen coming from Center Market, formerly called the Old Marsh Market, the ground here once having been a marsh or bog. Many famous men have come here in person to do their marketing, among the more notable are mentioned the names of Daniel Webster, Chief Justice Marshall and William Henry Harrison—but times have changed wonderfully since then. Imagine, if you can, Secretary Root, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, or Chief Justice Fuller wandering through the Market House looking for bargains in scrapple, or sampling choice print butter, or poking a forefinger into a sirloin steak to test its tenderness.

A large open square is here formed by the intersection of Louisiana Avenue, where is afforded the first glimpse of the Washington Monument half a mile away to the southwest, its long white shaft piercing the sky like a tireless sentinel. The Hancock Statue adorns this square, to the right of which is to be found a number of department stores.



BOIES' PENROSE, Senator from Pennsylvania, is one of Papa Quay's favorite little boies, or boys, as it is usually spelled outside of Philadelphia. He is a very obedient son, always obeying his papa without question as a dutiful child should.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Passing along this square may be seen coming from the market place every conceivable style of ramshackle vehicle known to the farmers of the adjacent country--conveyances that look as if they were about to tumble to pieces in the street, but withal, very picturesque. Many a fine old barouche or family carriage, that in ante-bellum days was the aristocratic means of conveyance from the old plantation to church on Sabbath Day, is now doing service for some truck farmer, enabling him to conveniently transport his garden "sass" to market.

Just beyond the market house stands a little theatre devoted to vaudeville. This place of amusement is usually well patronized, as time often hangs heavily on the hands of the Congressman after nightfall, and as smoking is allowed during the entertainment, it is very popular with the masculine element, which seems to predominate in this city of lawmakers.

In crossing Eighth Street, to the right will be noticed, a couple of blocks distant, the white pillars of the old Post Office building, which is now an annex to the Interior Department.

Nearing Tenth Street you will come within sight of the Salvation Army building. Whenever you see a building devoted to the uses of the Salvation Army, rest assured you will also find in the same locality all sorts of questionable resorts, which undoubtedly need its purifying influences; and here, clustered about, are to be found pool rooms, gambling resorts, burlesque variety shows, and the like.





The Norwegians and Swedes who have settled in Minnesota swear by their little Senator, KNUTE NELSON, who was born in Norway. CHARLES HENRY DIETRICH, Senator from Nebraska, is also the staunch friend of the same class, as well as of the Germans in his State. Although a great German leader, he is no society man.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

The Lyceum Theatre is on this block, and here nightly can be seen peroxide blonde burlesque troupes in astonishing displays of female nether extremities. It is quite needless to state that this place of amusement is also well patronized.

Harvey's famous oyster and chop house, a great resort for gentlemen with sporting proclivities, adjoins this theatre on the corner. Directly opposite is the beautiful building of the Post Office Department, to the rear of which is located Washington's "red light" district. At night the streets in this locality are conveniently dark—possibly to enable "statesmen" to prowling about without too much publicity.

Crossing the avenue at Eleventh Street you will come to the handsome home of "The Evening Star."

At the lower end of this open square can be seen the Franklin Statue, and right back of it "The Times" building, the home of Stilson Hutchins' newspaper, which was recently purchased by Frank A. Munsey.

A close scrutiny would now disclose the fact that a decided change had come over the character of this famous avenue. The stores present a more prosperous appearance—"barber shops" are no longer to be seen—but "tonsorial palaces" abound. The "saloon" has given place to the more pretentious "café," which much abused word is usually used to designate drinking places where everything in the drinking line is dispensed to the thirsty, but—coffee.

No greater evidence of the improvement in the character of the avenue can be adduced than in contrasting the frowsy





COLORED ARISTOCRACY.

"De cullud folks am bon-ton sence Bookah Wash.n'ton dined at de White House."

Digitized by Google

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



old second-hand book store opposite the Capitol with the elegant "book shop" of Brentano's, on the corner of Eleventh Street. Here you will find the true lover of books (and every true statesman is to be found in this category), browsing among the stacks of newly issued volumes.

The elegant Raleigh Hotel now claims attention. If the fastidious "Sir Walter" were living he would be astonished at the elegance of this "Inn" which bears his famous name.

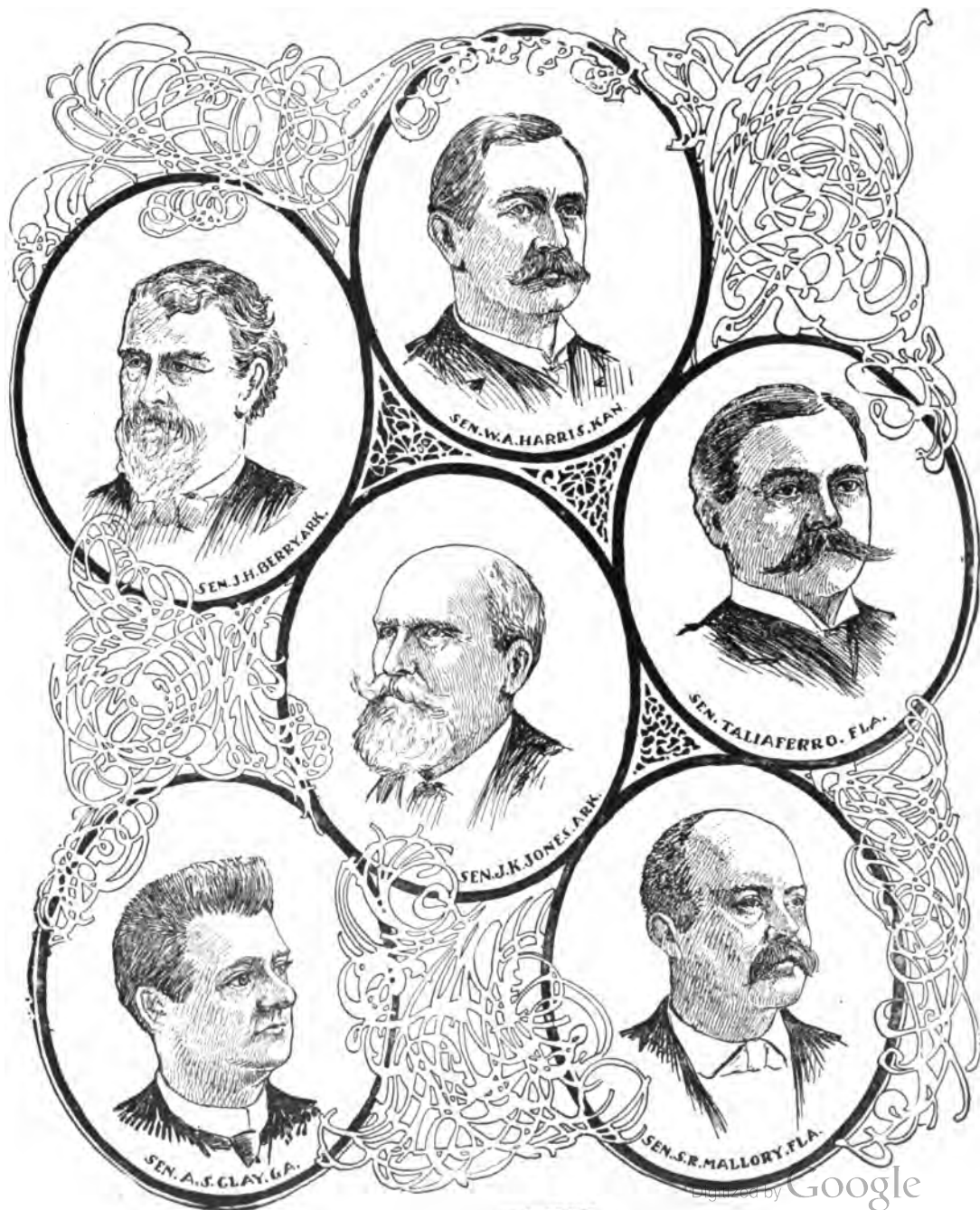
Midway on the next block is Hancock's old restaurant, established in 1840. The "oldest inhabitant" never tires of telling of the great men who have partaken of the wonderful meals of this well-seasoned old chop house.

On Thirteenth Street's corner the Southern Railway Company has erected a handsome office building, which is a credit to the avenue and J. Pierpont Morgan, the great organizer, as well.

Another open square now intervenes. These open squares are a regular thing in Washington, and sometimes lead strangers to suspect that the city is a wide open town. Such is, however, not the case. The only things allowed to remain wide open being the Capitol restaurant and visitors' pocketbooks.

A conspicuous feature of this open square is the handsome edifice of the new National Theatre, one of the city's finest amusement enterprises; although the Capital City is not known very favorably as a theatrical town; possibly because of the many counter attractions present, as Congress is a sort of continuous circus-performance most of





A SOUTHERN GROUP.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the time; and as society takes up where Congress leaves off, it can readily be seen that legitimate amusement enterprises are seriously handicapped.

Closely adjacent to the theatre is the "Washington Post" building. Strangers asking to be directed to the Post Office are frequently directed to this building.

The next corner is occupied by the magnificent two million dollar New Willard Hotel, the finest in Washington. It justly rates very high in the esteem of its patrons, and as a natural consequence its rates are correspondingly high.

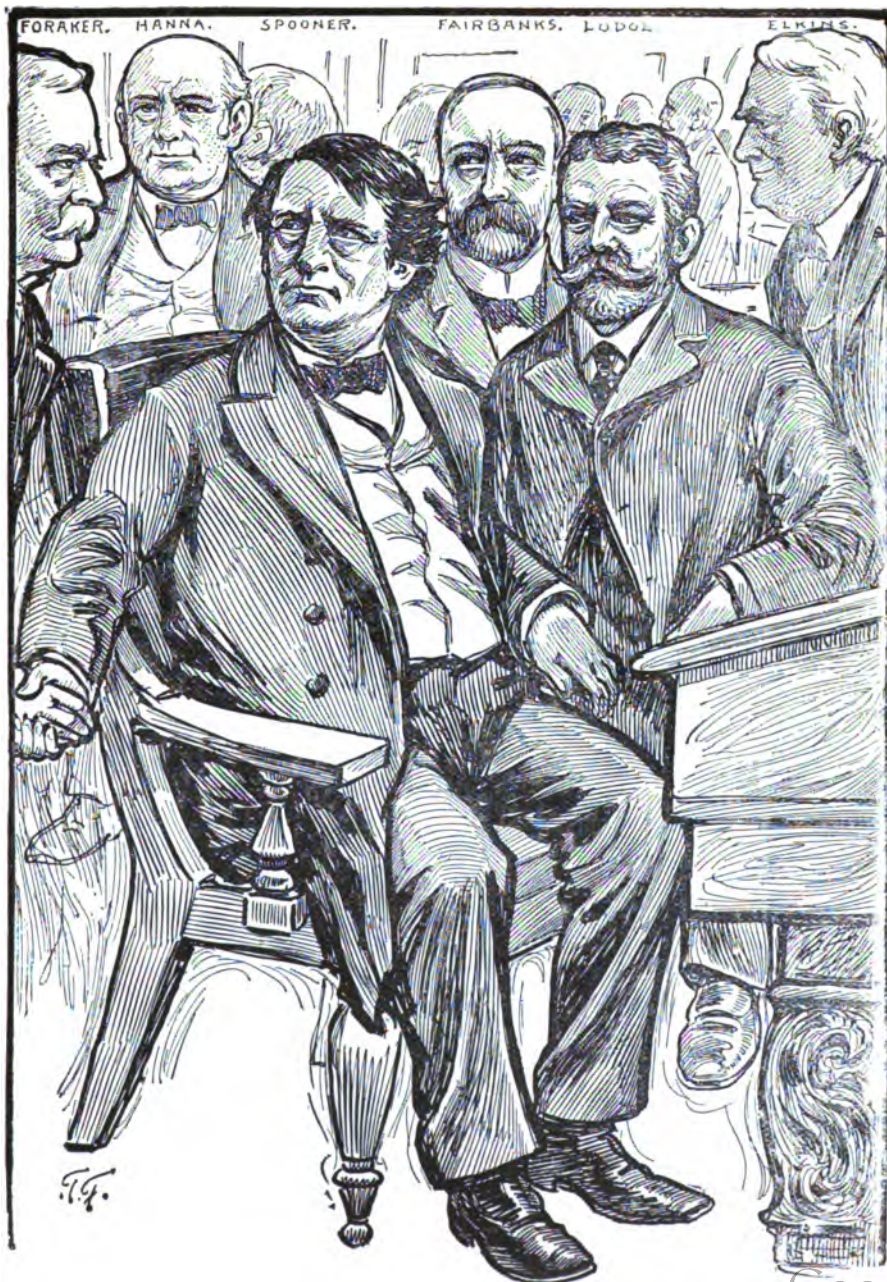
Our readers knowing full well the thrifty character of the Yankee farmer, Uncle Hank, might be astonished at being told that he stopped at the New Willard; but such is the fact—he stopped to admire the beautiful structure that cost such a huge fortune to build.

The flaring bill-boards on the opposite side of the avenue proclaim Chase's Family Vaudeville Theatre a model of its kind, which is undoubtedly the fact; and, as a result, is very popular.

The Treasury Building now looms up, apparently ending the avenue. This edifice which appropriately typifies the prevailing American worship of money, is constructed in the Ionic-Greek style of temple. It is second only to the Capitol itself in architectural importance. The architect, Robert Mills, wished to have the building erected on grounds commensurate with its importance, instead of obstructing the thoroughfare, but President Jackson—so the story goes—impatient at the delay in selecting a suitable site, finally



S.B. COOPER. M.C.T.E.X.



SENATOR SPOONER RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS AT THE CONCLUSION OF HIS GR AT SPEECH.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

stuck his cane in the ground one day, and exclaimed, "Build it here!" And so it was built.

The result is that all traffic is turned to the north at this point.

Just in the rear of the Treasury Building stands the pedestal of what is to be the Sherman statue—that much "cussed" and discussed work, which artists claim was awarded solely through political influence, and without properly considering the designs submitted by the committee of artists selected to construct the statue.

Turning the corner of Fifteenth Street, F Street, the fashionable shopping thoroughfare, is next reached. A glance at this thoroughfare, with its sidewalks crowded with handsomely gowned women and its myriads of elegant equipages, will soon convince one that Washington is a wealthy city. There is no truer test of the affluence of a city's people than is afforded by an inspection of its principal shopping thoroughfare.

The famous Riggs House occupies the next corner. This notable hostelry has long been endeared to visitors to the Capitol, its "registers" containing the names of the most prominent men in the country for many years past.

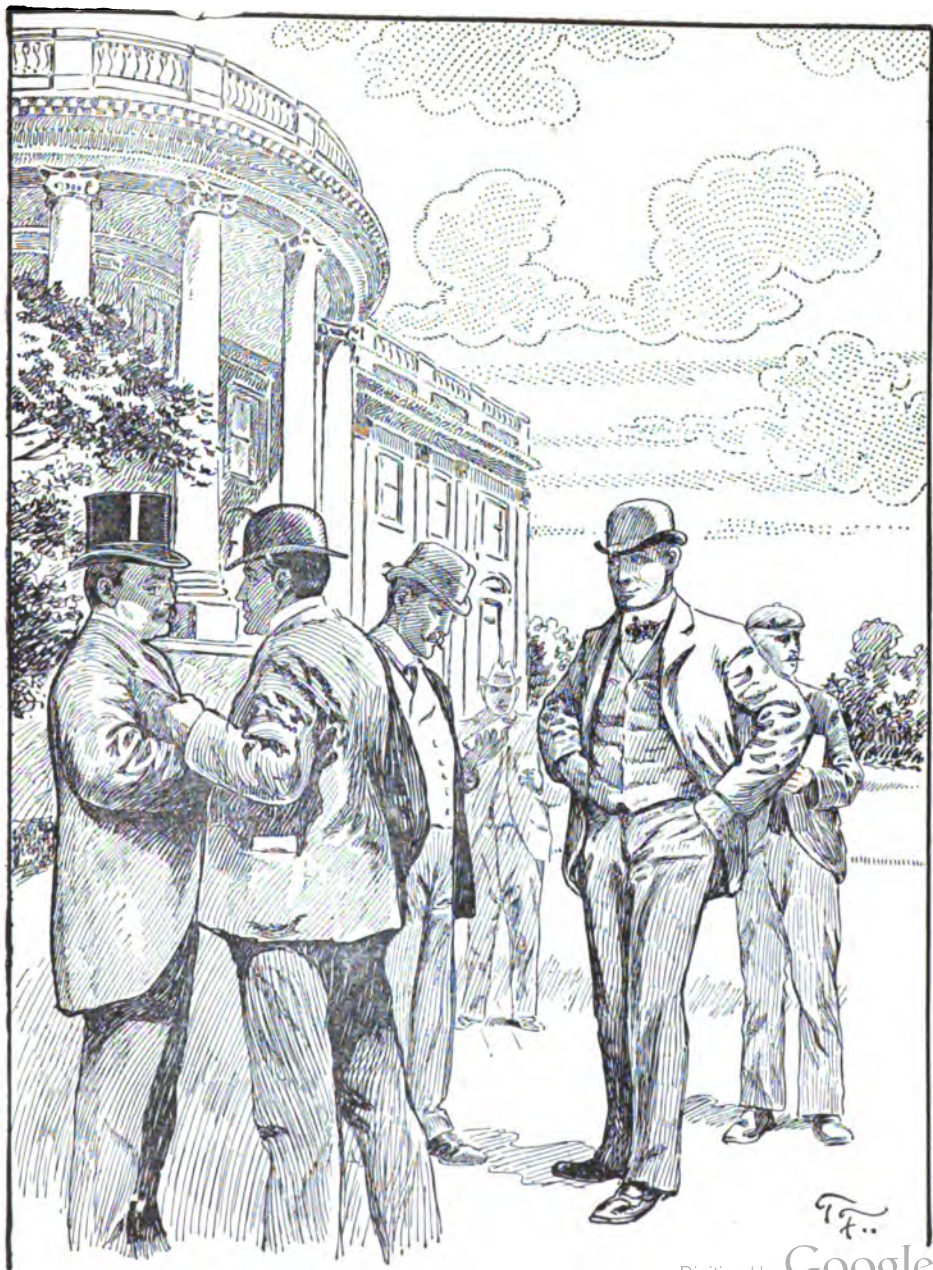
Pennsylvania Avenue is now again reached, and the White House is to be seen in the distance. Walking along the broad pavement in front of the Treasury Building, the stately edifice of the State, War and Navy building is next encountered. This is the largest and most magnificent office building in the world.



MC.
IOWA



Nev.



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SUBMITTING TO AN IMPROMPTU INTERVIEW.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Lafayette Park, with its Lafayette statue at one corner and the newly erected Rochambeau statue at the other, is just opposite. Through the trees can be discerned the "Arlington," one of Washington's best hotels; the scene of many of the "swellest" entertainments given during the "session."

The White House is now reached—just step inside and pay your respects to the President, who will be glad to see you—provided you are not an office-seeker.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

INAUGURATION DAY.

THE day of days in Washington is Inauguration Day. When a new President is to be installed; a new régime to be established; new faces and new factors to be introduced, and often a complete change to take place in the personnel of the Administration, then Washington puts on its best "bib and tucker" to greet the occasion as it fitly deserves.

About the first day of March the well-to-do people commence to pour in, endeavoring to get ahead of the delegations. On the second day their majesties—the People—begin to put in an appearance—about thirty thousand of them. The next day about seventy thousand will choke the railway stations till well past midnight. The morning of Inauguration Day will find them coming—coming—coming. The streets are now thronged. The souvenir peddlers are doing a "land office" business (as they say in the West). The hotel corridors are crowded with men who look like statesmen—or what we imagine statesmen should look like.

The Governor of a big State gives a reception to the visitors from his State. The Congressional delegation from his State attend in a body, and also the political "Boss," who



Gen. Miles playing Golf.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

holds the political destinies of the aforesaid Governor in the palm of his hand. The "Boss" wears an expansive smile. He has just landed one of his henchmen in a snug cabinet position under the incoming Administration.

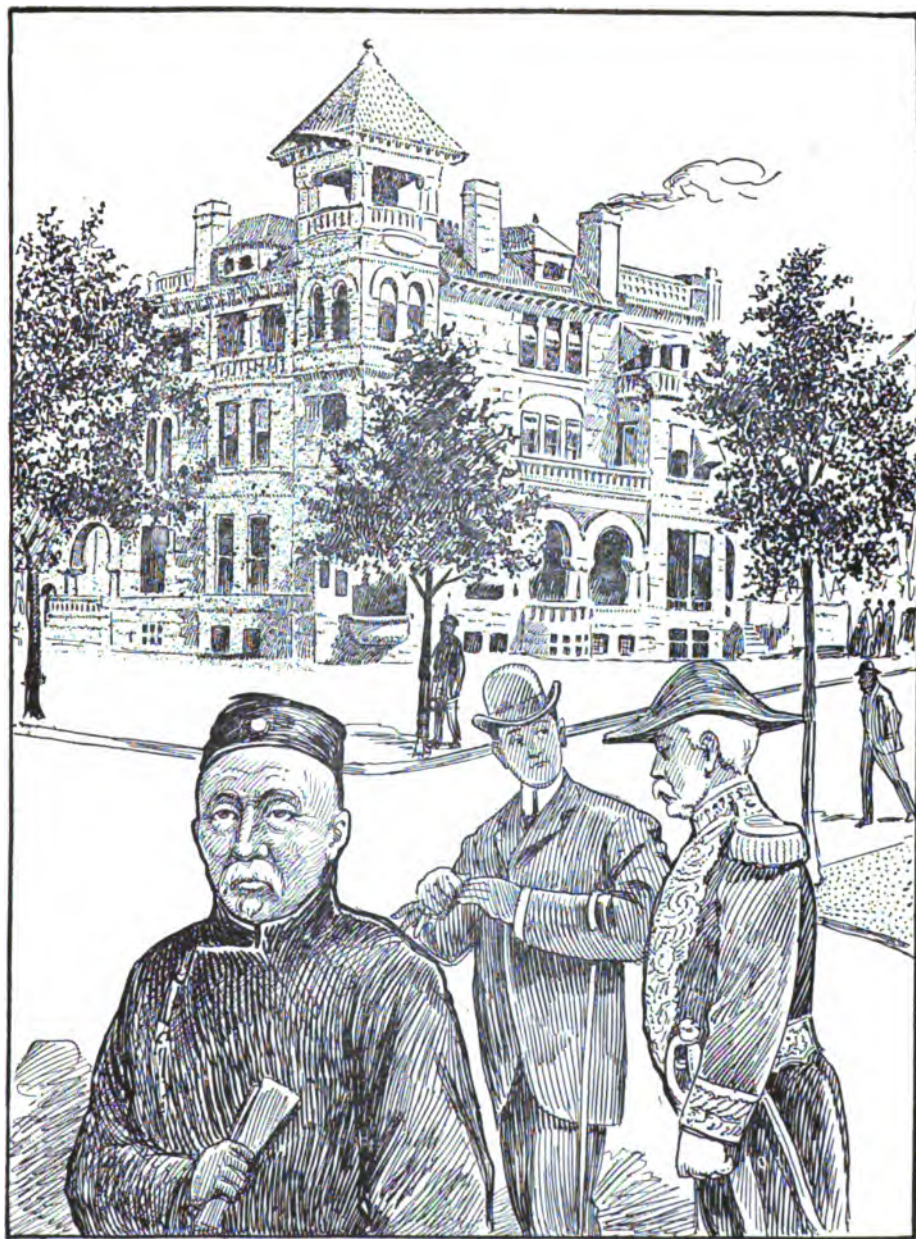
As is usually the case in Washington City on Inauguration Day—it is raining. But the rain does not last long. It clears away in the middle of the forenoon, and umbrellas are carefully folded up and used as canes.

Pennsylvania Avenue is jammed with people moving towards the Capitol. The "Avenue," as it is called by Washingtonians, does not lend itself very readily to decoration. Its private buildings are insignificant and the great width of the thoroughfare tends to make them appear more so. The public buildings are magnificent, notably the grand Treasury building—the finest model of modern Greek architecture in the world. But its noble Doric pillars are never successfully decorated with cheap bunting. The State, War and Navy building, being of the Renaissance style, lends itself somewhat better to the decorator's art.

Vast numbers of gaily decorated stands line the avenue. It is scarcely ten o'clock and they are already filled; likewise all the windows along the line of march. At ten-thirty an automobile rolls into the White House grounds and arriving at the entrance of the Executive Mansion, a well-known Senator steps out and hurries within, followed by several well-known statesmen. Shortly after an imposing pair of closely-clipped bay horses appear. Inside is the President-elect, accompanied by a rotund Senator and a



Frederick J. Kim M.C.
ILL.



WU TING FANG CHINESE MINISTER

SEC.

SEÑOR D. M. DE AZPIROZ.
MEXICAN AMBASSADOR.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



Clayton W. Dayton M.C.

State Governor. Also a well-groomed gentleman who appears to be a stranger to all but the President-elect. He knows him to be a secret service detective.

The party at once proceeds to the Blue Room, where they are greeted by the President.

The President's landau, with four gaily caparisoned horses, soon draws up before the door.

The President, according to custom, enters the carriage first and takes the place of honor, followed immediately by the President-elect.

At eleven-thirty the Presidential party arrives at the Capitol, the great bronze doors are opened to permit the entrance of the President, his successor and their escort. As they enter the Senate Chamber the entire audience in the galleries and on the floor arise and remain standing. The scene is one calculated to impress. The Senate Chamber, flooded with softened sunlight that comes through the ground glass roof above, the dignified officers of state in their respective places, the diplomatic corps, resplendent in their showy uniforms, the eager and expectant assemblage, all tend to make the occasion one of more than ordinary impressiveness.

The ceremonies are brief but dignified. The President's address is most felicitous, while that of the President-elect is singularly happy.

After the Chaplain concludes his invocation, the throng of officials, preceded by the Supreme Court in an array of silken robes, observing the customary rules of precedence,



**F.C. TATE. M. C.
GA.**



EDMUND WINSTON PETTUS, the venerable Senator from Alabama, is the patriarch of the Democratic side of the Senate Chamber. Born in 1821, he has been a distinguished warrior nearly all his long life; serving with valor in the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the war on the Administration.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

file out into the corridor, thence to the rotunda and to the Presidential stand.

The President, the President that is to be, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court occupy the center of the stand, facing the vast multitude which stands looking towards the Capitol, eager with expectancy.

A Bible is handed to the Chief Justice, who, in a clear, ringing voice, administers the oath of office to the new President. A salvo of cheers mingled with the roar of cannon follows, during which the new President advances to the rail and commences the delivery of his inaugural address, after which the President and the ex-President enter their carriage and the parade to the White House begins. Cheer after cheer greets the new Executive as the procession slowly makes its way up Pennsylvania Avenue.

"The King is Dead—Long Live the King!" is the sentiment, though the words used are more fitting to express the exuberance of patriotism of the hordes of free-born American citizens that greet their choice of a ruler as he passes triumphantly on his way to the White House.

After a grand display of fireworks on the White Lot, during which the Government buildings are illuminated, cannon salutes fired and patriotic airs are played by the bands, the Presidential party proceeds to the Pension building, where the Inaugural Ball is in progress. Escorted by the Chairman of the Ball Committee, the party makes a tour of the immense hall. Here the utmost enthusiasm prevails. Everyone is eager to see the new President, and a general





ADMIRAL WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, Hero of Santiago and inventor of the Loup de Loup. Early in the Spanish-American War he discovered that the Brooklyn Bridge was unsafe in cannon-ball-rush hours. His most celebrated battle was the desperate engagement with Maclay's History, in which the latter was riddled fore and aft with hot shot and compelled to surrender.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



hand-shaking takes place. After undergoing this ordeal he realizes for the first time what is in store for him for the next four years.

About midnight the Presidential party leaves the hall, leaving the revelers to continue their revelries, which they do until the wee small hours of morning.

It is generally dawn of the next day and the sharp point of the Washington Monument is tipped with the gold of the rising sun when the last carriage is called and Washington's big spree is over, till another four years have rolled around.

*Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight;
'And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.*

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

AROUND THE CAPITAL

CHAPTER XV.

UNCLE HANK GETS SHAVED IN THE SENATE BARBER SHOP.

T SWAN tew goodness, I never see sech a lot of rooms with funny names!" exclaimed Uncle Hank, as he wandered through the corridors in the basement of the Capitol. "Stationery Room!—wall, et looks stationary enuff; I don't reckon et's goin' tew move off with th' weight ov this big buildin' on top ov et. En look et thet—Foreign Relashuns!—th' idee ov settin' off a leetle room like thet tew receive furrin relashuns! Ef sum ov Uncle Sam's furrin relashuns shud visit him,—'Zar ov Rooshy, fur instance—et'd be a disgrace tew put him en a room like thet. Thar's anuther—Five Civilized Tribes ov Injuns!—didn't know thar waz eny. General Sheridan sed th' only good Injun waz a ded Injun, an' I s'posed thet waz th' only way th' Gov'mint hed ov civilizin' 'em."

A little further down the corridor his eye caught another sign attached to a door. "Relashuns with Canady," he read. "We hev a lot ov relashuns with Canady, but ther mostly runaway bank officers an' defaulters, an' I can't see what good thet room ez. What's this?" he exclaimed. "Pertecshun ov Game! Thet room ought tew be over in Noo York. Thar's whar ther pertectin' games right along."





AROUND THE CAPITAL.

And so he rattled on as he walked along. Finally, coming to a large, conspicuous room with a prominent gilt sign over the door he readjusted his glasses as he read, "Invalid Penshuns! They ain't no sech a thing! Et's th' healthiest department under th' Gov'mint, an' I don't believe ther's a single penshun thet's an envalid. Th' sooner they abolish thet room th' better."

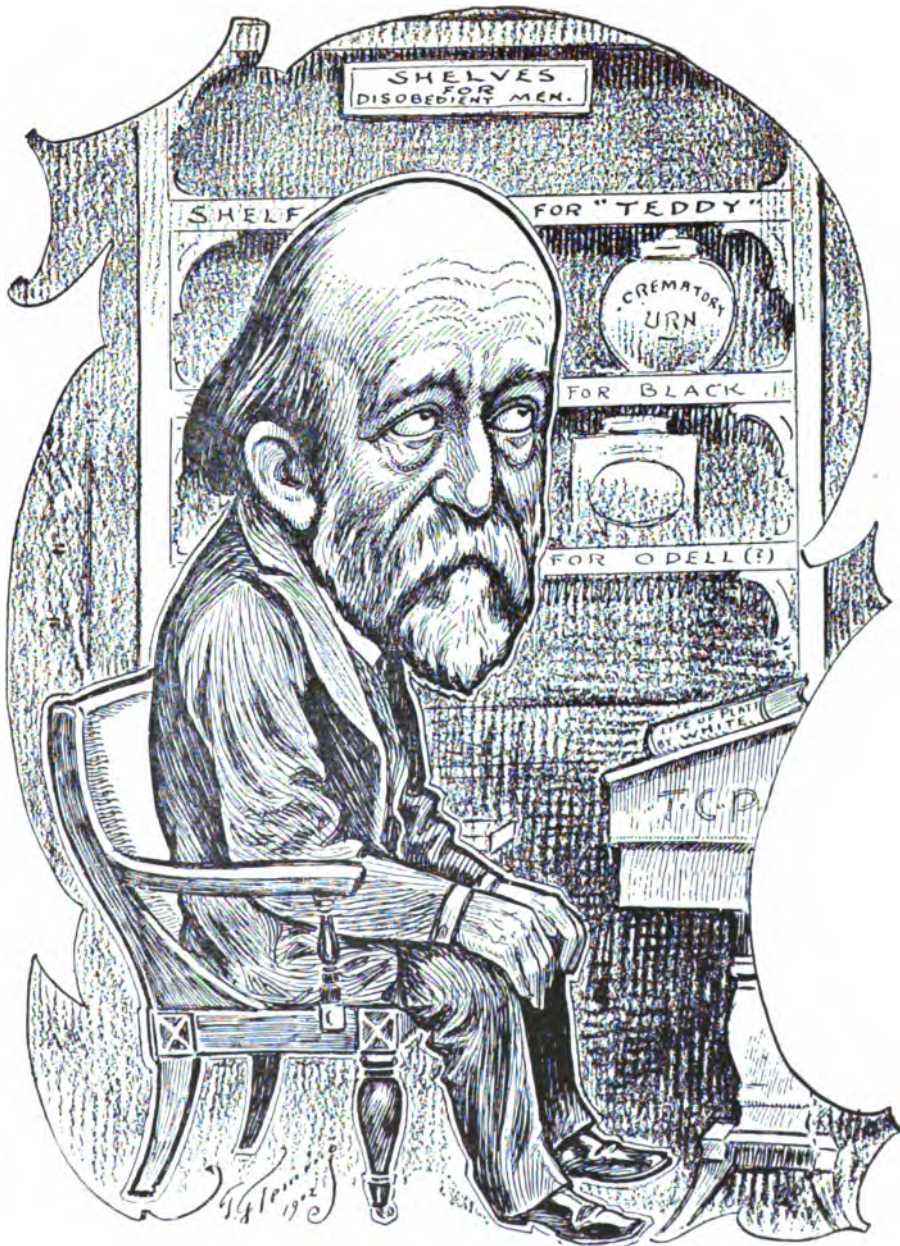
The old man was in a facetious mood, and as he passed down the passage-way he saw only its humorous side. Finally he reached the Senatorial Barber Shop, where Uncle Sam has provided free shaves for his law-makers.

This Senatorial tonsorial establishment is a very exclusive affair. Its "artists" receive salaries of one thousand dollars per year each, and the Government furnishes the shaving materials—razors, strops, bay rum, soap, powder and witch-hazel—in fact, everything that is required in a first-class tonsorial establishment.

Uncle Hank did not know of its exclusive character when he arrived at its door, and, passing h's hand over his stubby chin, suddenly concluded he needed a shave.

Walking boldly in with a self-satisfied air of assurance he proceeded to divest himself of his hat and coat and plumped himself into an empty chair, ready for the more or less pleasant operation of shaving.

The ebony-hued barber who at first appeared undecided as to the identity of this particular "Senator," upon witnessing the complacency and self-assurance of the old man, concluded that this "Senator" was one of the new batch that



SENATOR THOMAS COLLIER PLATT, Elephant trainer, has rendered perfectly docile and tractable the wild pachyderm known as the N. Y. G. O. P., which being correctly interpreted signifies New York Government of Platt. Maintains sundry convenient shelves for the retiring of fractious office holders, on one of which he placed the self-willed Teddy. This shelf, however, being in close proximity to the Presidential Chair, its occupant rolled off at the first opportunity.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



had just arrived out of the far Northwest. The other barbers were too busy with their respective tasks to notice the new arrival, and if they had they would most likely have come to the same conclusion that Uncle Hank's barber had—that the old man was one of the newly elected lot and had come in for his first shave.

"Gwine ter hab a busy sesshun, Sen'tor?" remarked the barber for a feeler, as he tucked the towel close between the neckband of the old man's shirt and his neck.

"I'm lookin' fer a lively sesshun an' a long one," replied the old man, grinning at the title of "Senator."

"These Washin'ton folks ez very free with titles," he thought to himself.

"Sen'tor, did yo git on to any ob dem good committees?" pursued the barber, accidentally jabbing the lather brush in the old man's mouth as he opened it to reply.

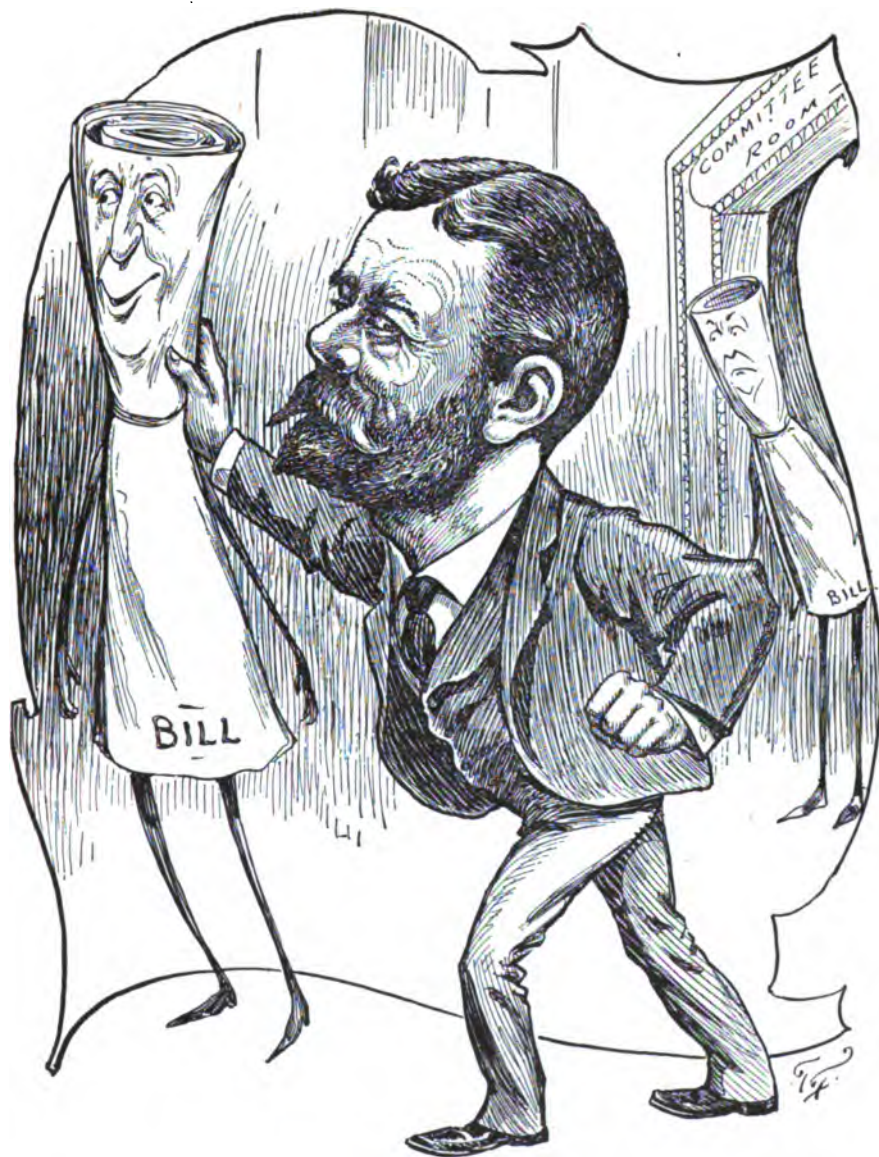
"Oh, yas," replied the Yankee, after good naturedly clearing his mouth of the lather. "I got on tew 'em all right! They're th' funniest lot I ever see." And he grinned from ear to ear at the memory of the names he had seen on the committee room doors.

"Got much 'quainted wid de Sen'tors yit?" queried the barber, who was very loquacious, after the manner of barbers in general.

"Oh, yas; I've met a few. Hed a talk with Mark Hanna tother day."

"Haid Sen'tor frum Souf Carliny in dis mo'nin'?"

"Tillman?"



HENRY CABOT LODGE, Senator and Scholar from Massachusetts. An acknowledged master of lodge-ic in debate. Coming from Boston he is naturally a very highly educated man. Can recite the History of the United States backwards. His speeches are models of erudition, fairly bristling with classical allusions that drive his opponents to despair—and the Senate restaurant.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"No, sah—McLa'rin—fixed him up aftah dat scrap wid Tillman—gits in mah cheer ebery mo'nin' now." And the talkative darky started in to give the new "Senator" (as he regarded Uncle Hank) a detailed account of his familiarity with the great men of the Senate. "Now, dar's Sen'tor Bacon," continued he, "hit doan take long t' cut his har—cos he hain't got much ha'r to cut—yah—yah!" And he laughed as he made this allusion to the Senator's bald head.

"Wall, when yew come tew consider," replied the old man, "baldness ez a merciful dispensashun ov Proverdencc thet lessens th' number ov gray hairs thet cum with increasin' age."

"Den Proverdens am berry merciful to Sen'tor Bacon, fer I nebber see sech a bald haid," retorted the black knight of the razor.

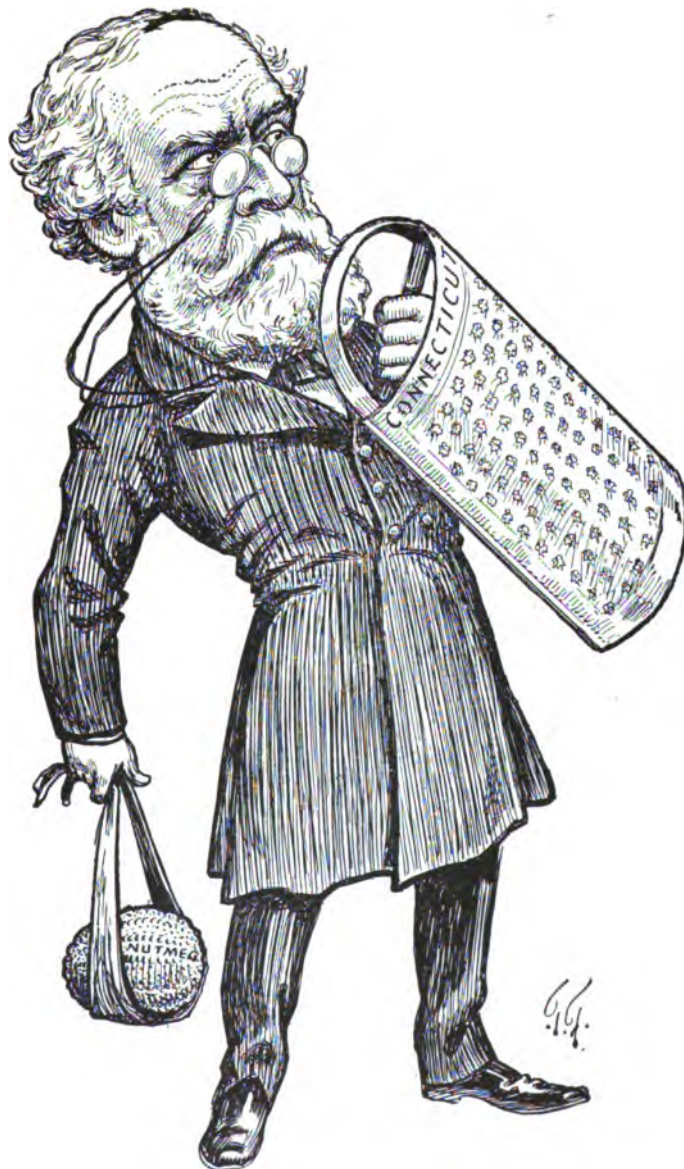
"Sum ov them Senitors don't hev much shavin', I reckon," remarked the old man as the barber left his chin for a moment to strop his razor. "Thar's Senitor Allison, fer instance."

"I use ter shave his upper lip, but now he lets he's mustash grow an' he nebber cums in 'ceptin' when he wants er ha'r-cut," replied the barber as he proceeded to strop the razor again.

"Powerful stiff beard, sah!" exclaimed he, as he again tackled the bristles on the old man's chin.

"I reckon they be rayther stiff on th' upper lip—ye see I've kep' rayther a stiff upper lip all my life, an' I reckon





ORVILLE H. PLATT, Senator from Connecticut, the State made famous by the ingenious manufacture of wooden nutmegs—the original “Conn game.” The Senator is no relative of his namesake from New York—he is a greater statesman.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

et's stiffened th' beard tew." And his jaw so suddenly expanded into a grin that the barber's razor cut his chin.

"Thar, naow!" exclaimed the old man, "ther razor ketched me thet time; 'tain't th' fust time a man's got en trouble by not holdin' his jaw."

"Dat's jes whad I thot when dat Sen'tor McLa'rin cum in h'yar aftah dat scrap wid Tillman," replied the dusky barber as he flourished the razor in dangerous proximity to the old man's nose. He had now completed his great task of removing the stubble and there was but one more operation needed to complete the job. Reaching for the witch-hazel bottle he drenched his victim in the peculiar smelling liquid, then having, by a vigorous use of the towel, dried his face, with a dab of powder on his chin and the tip of his nose, he was told to sit up. This gave the old man a chance to look around and when he did so he observed that the other chairs were empty.

"Sen'tor, yo'll be lait for de sesshun ef yo' doan hurry," remarked one of the other barbers.

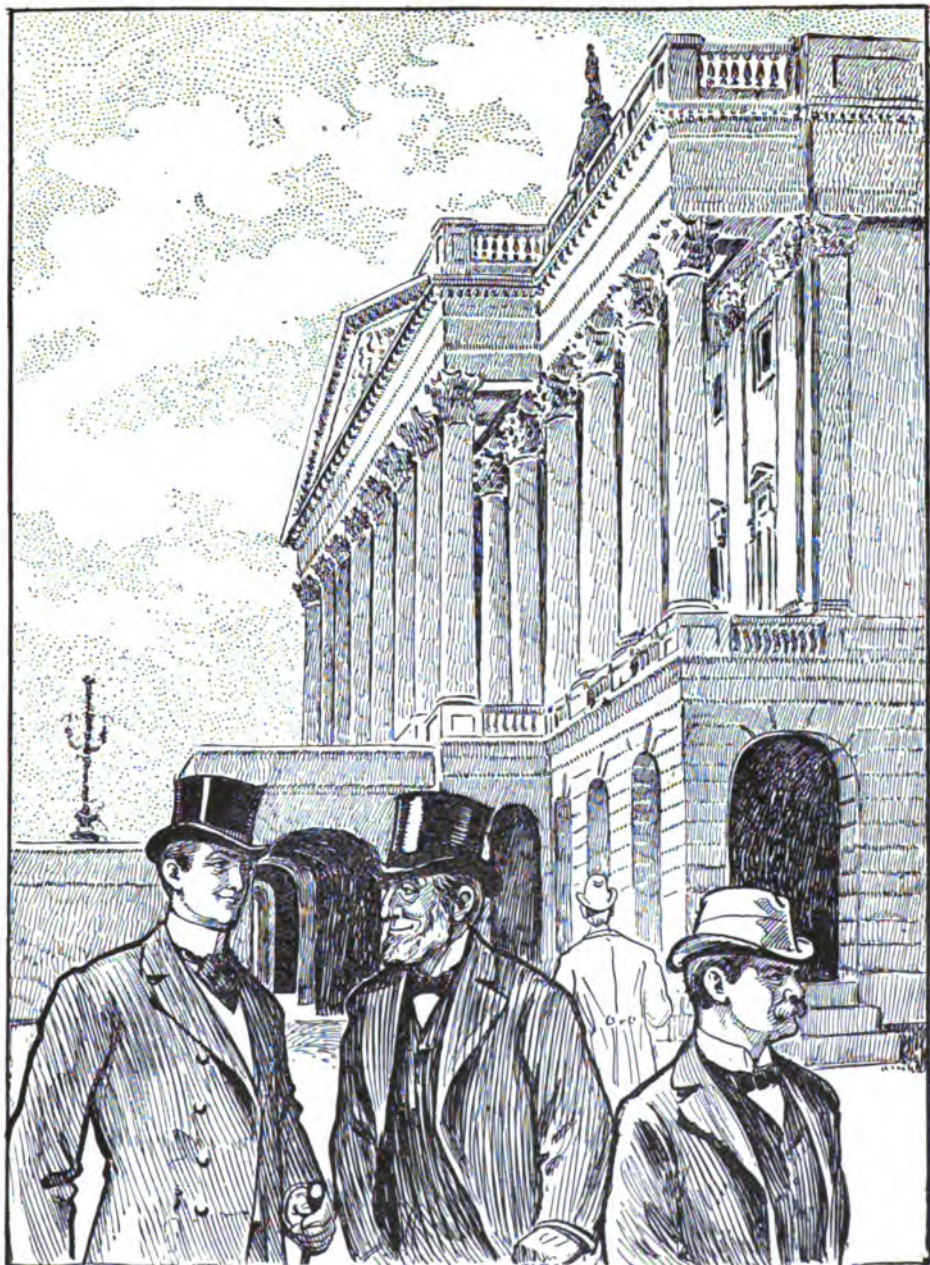
"Wall, I reckon they kin run th' Senit 'thout yer Uncle Hank," replied the old man thinking he had detected a little joke at his expense.

"Unkel Hark!!" exclaimed the barbers in chorus. "Den yo' ain't r .n'tor?" demanded his shaver as he whipped the towel off his customer.

"Never sed I waz!" replied the old man as he drew on his coat. "I thought this waz a publik barber shop. Haow much dew I owe ye?"



William Richardson
ALA. MC



**REPRESENTATIVE COUSINS, SENATOR CULLOM AND REPRESENTATIVE LITTLEFIELD, LEAVING
THE CAPITOL**

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Yo' owe nothin' but a' apology, sah!" indignantly replied the barber.

"Durn ef I'll pay sech a high price fer a shave," he exclaimed as he strode from the shop. As he walked down the corridor rubbing his hand over his nicely shaved chin he laughed again and again at the thought of being taken for a United States Senator in the most exclusive barber shop in the country.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PENSION BUILDING.

I HAIN'T gwine no funder."
"Wha's d' mattah wid yo'?"
"I hain't gwine ter be no voucher."
"Yo' pròmis' dat lawyer yo'd vouch fo' me!"
"Yes, niggah, I know I did, but ef yo' cud read dat sine yo'd see why I kain't be no voucher."
"I kin read, niggah."
"Well, read dat sine, den."
"I hain't got mah glasses."
"Niggah, you kain't read, dat's a fac'; else yo' read on dat sine P-E-N-S-I-O-N—penshun, V-O-U-C-H-E-R-S—vouchers, E-X-E-C-U-T-E-D, ex'cuted! Heah dat, niggah? Penshun, vouchers, ex'cuted! I hain't gwine t' run no risk bein' ex'cuted fo' bein' a voucher fo' dat measly penshun."

The speakers were two picturesque specimens of sable humanity standing in front of a Pension Agent's window. in which hung suspended a large sign with the announcement as deciphered by the more learned of the pair.

While this animated debate was in progress Uncle Hank turned the corner of the block on his way to the Pension



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

building. As he approached the disputants they instinctively appealed to him for information respecting the ominous sign.

"Marsa," exclaimed the elder of the pair, bowing very low, with his old, tattered hat in his hand, "kin ye tole us what dat sine means?"

"Why, sartinly," replied Uncle Hank, taking in the situation at a glance. "Et means that they'll hang ye ef ye don't tell th' truth when ye 'pply fer a penshun."

The two old darkies looked significantly at one another for a minute, then the elder, after scratching the bald spot on his head, blurted out:

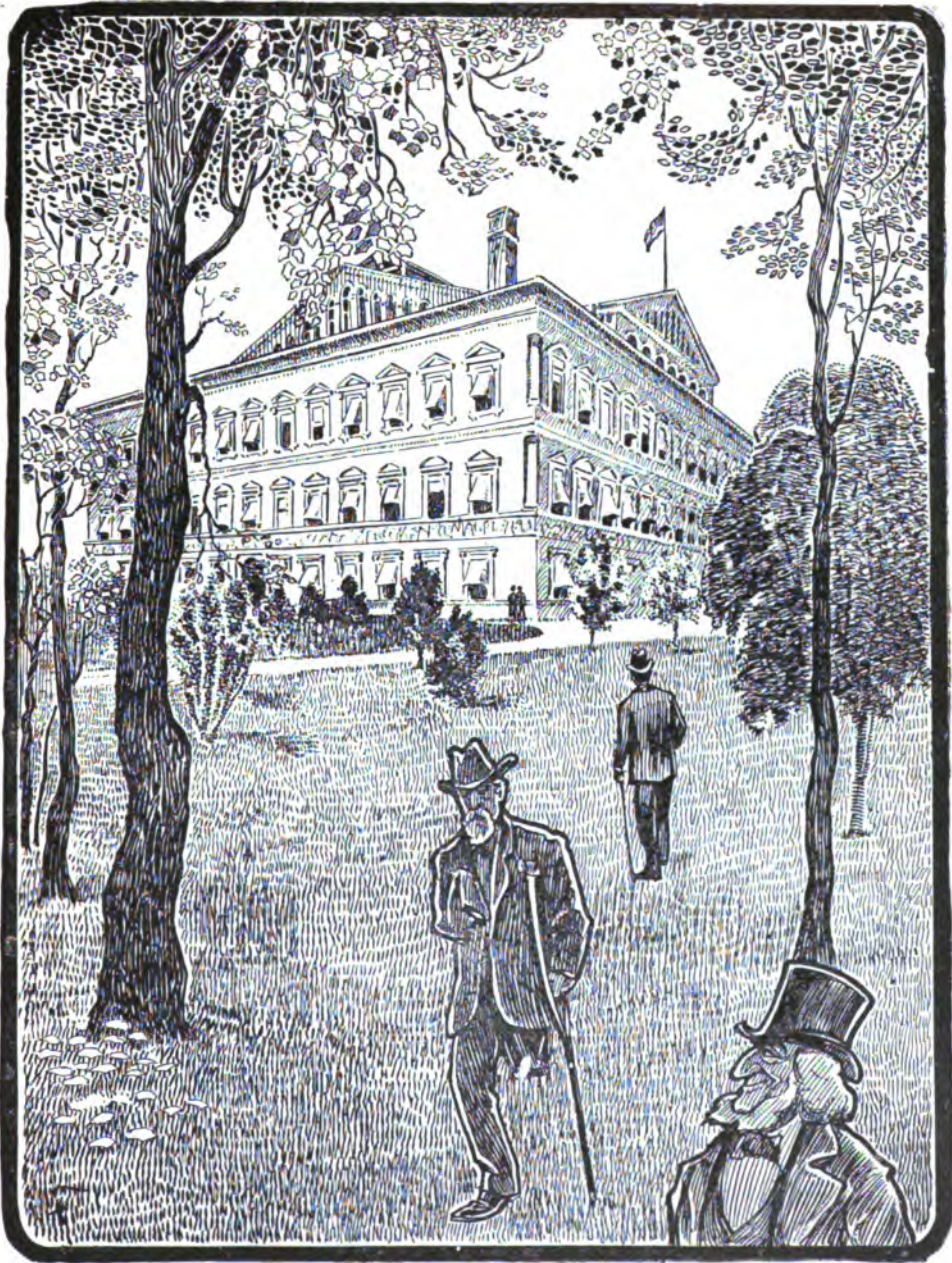
"Fo' de Lawd, I done told no lies!"

"'Stonishin' what simple minded folks them colored people air," soliloquized the old man as he walked along to the big brick structure known as the Pension building.

Soon he came to the park adjoining, through which were passing groups of war veterans. It is easy to tell the veteran of a war. He never fails to display some insignia of his service in bygone days, be it an army blouse, an army hat, or a button.

"Beats all how good fat penshuns perlongs life," exclaimed the old man on observing the remarkable number of old men issuing from the building in the distance. "Et beats life insoorance. Reminds me ov what Si Progett, th' postmaster up aour way sed tew th' agent thet insoored hiz life. Sez he, 'Naow, I'll bet I'll live fifty years! ye kain't git th' best ov them life insoorance cumpanies, by ginger!'"





THE PENSION BUILDING.

"Nothin'll perlong a sojer's life like a good fat pen-shun."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

And he chuckled to himself at the memory of the humorous episode.

As he entered the enormous structure he took a keen survey of its spacious interior, then walking over to the center of the vast court he closely inspected one of the eight colossal columns which form the most conspicuous feature of the great building. Turning to an attendant standing near he questioned him in regard to the history of the building.

"A lot of fun has been poked at this building," said the attendant, who was palpably an old soldier, and who was very accommodating in the matter of giving information, "but it is a grand old structure. It is the largest brick building in the world, and those columns have no equal in the world's architecture—they are seventy-five feet high and eight feet in diameter and contain fifty-six thousand bricks each."

"Whew!" exclaimed the old man at this recital, "they must hev thot them penshuners waz never goin' tew die when they built sech a substantial buildin'."

"Twenty thousand people assemble here on the night of the Inaugural Ball," continued the attendant without noticing his comment.

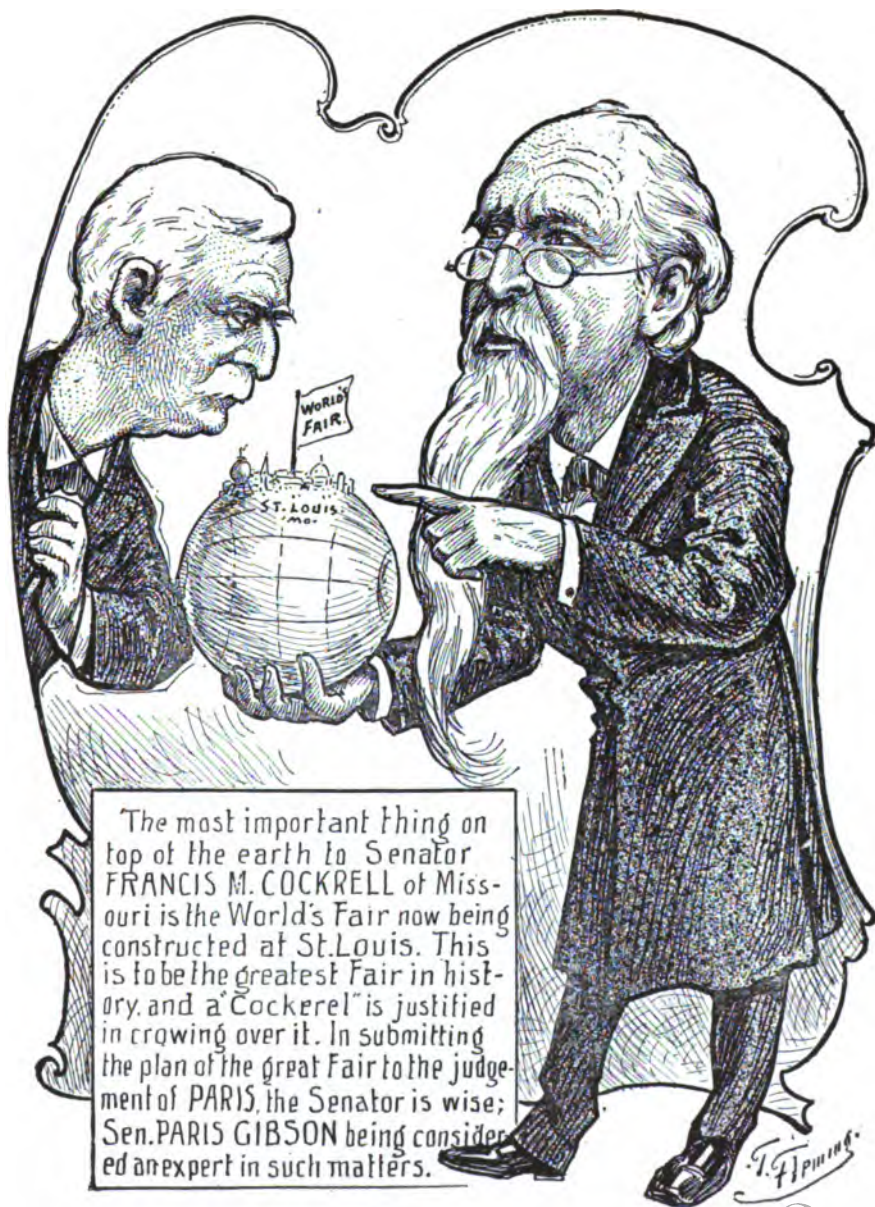
"Et's a great dance en a barn," remarked the old man.

"In a barn?" inquiringly asked the attendant in a somewhat puzzled manner.

"Yas," replied the Yankee, laughing, "they call et Gineral Meigs' barn."

"Well, sir, it's a noble edifice, devoted to a noble purpose,





The most important thing on top of the earth to Senator FRANCIS M. COCKRELL of Missouri is the World's Fair now being constructed at St. Louis. This is to be the greatest Fair in history, and a "Cockerel" is justified in crowing over it. In submitting the plan of the great Fair to the judgment of PARIS, the Senator is wise; Sen. PARIS GIBSON being considered an expert in such matters.

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sir," and the soldierly attendant drew himself up to his full height with a slight show of indignation that "the haven of the old soldier" should be spoken of with such seeming levity.

"He's kinder crotchety abaout et," cried the old man as the attendant walked off. "I reckon he wouldn't hev bin so high strung ef he'd know'd thet yer Uncle Hank hed bin all thru th' War—en never 'plied fer a penshun nuther." And the old man stiffened up as he looked about.

Undaunted, however, he soon tackled another attendant for more information respecting the great bureau.

"What d'ye keep en them pigeon holes?" inquired he of an officer standing by.

"Those are the repositories of hundreds of thousands of documents relating to pensions," replied the officer politely. "So perfect is the system that within five minutes after inquiry the entire record of a pension case may be ascertained."

As Uncle Hank cast his eye along the long rows of cabinets he remarked that the delay in securing pensions was not due to any delay in this part of the governmental machinery.

Thinking he could get a better view of the interior by ascending to the galleries he proceeded to the stairway, which, he noticed as he climbed, was constructed entirely of brick. As he reached the top tier of galleries which completely surround the interior of the building, he was much impressed by the magnitude of the vast court with its lofty roof of iron and ground glass.





EUGENE FITCH WARE, Commissioner of Pensions, is a poet, but this should not be held to his detriment, as he makes a very efficient Pension Commissioner notwithstanding. Under the nom de plume of "Ironquill," he has composed some very fetching poems, one of the most beautiful of which is entitled, "He'll never be broke while his Mother draws her Pension."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Et's like a bit ov aout-o'-doors 'tween four walls," he exclaimed as he surveyed the scene.

It was the noon hour, and hundreds of clerks were hurrying towards the eastern end of the court, where several long tables were standing spread with a miscellaneous variety of sandwiches, pies, cakes, fruit, etc., which formed the staple much of the employees of the building. Those who boarded near by (everybody seems to "board" in Washington) hurriedly left the building, as Uncle Sam is a strict disciplinarian and punishes severely all infractions of rules in his "Departments;" consequently they know that being "late" in returning from lunch means a fine for the culprit.

There are two thousand clerks employed in this building, and many an armless sleeve worn by an old soldier is among the lot.

Uncle Hank made a tour of the galleries, examining everything of interest as he went along. Finally, coming to an old man leaning on a pair of crutches, he stopped to look down on the rows upon rows of cabinets below.

"Those cabinets contain the records of thousands of deeds of heroism," remarked the old man, who was evidently an old soldier.

"En they also contain thousan's ov argyments ag'in war," replied the Yankee, philosophically.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XVII.

INVENTION'S HOME.

EF necessity's th' mother ov envenshun, then th' daddy must live en th' United States, en th' Patent Offis ez ther cradle; en jedgin' by the number ov children en th' cradle th' pair must be runnin' en in-coobator on full time en' over!" Thus spoke Uncle Hank as he surveyed the wonderful collection of models displayed in the Patent Office.

Uncle Sam's Patent Office is indeed a cradle of invention, offering as it does the fullest protection to the offspring of the inventor's brain. In granting an application our government undertakes to be the protector of the inventor, and before granting "letters patent," ascertains for him whether his invention is absolutely new, thus establishing his right to priority. If his application is granted he can be reasonably sure of having acquired rights which can be sustained in the courts. European nations do not render any such service to their inventors. Their patent offices only record inventions, issuing certificates for patents. The government does not lend its assistance to the inventor to ascertain his right of priority, as does the United States.

Many American inventors, not knowing foreign patent



Mrs. DeWarrant.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



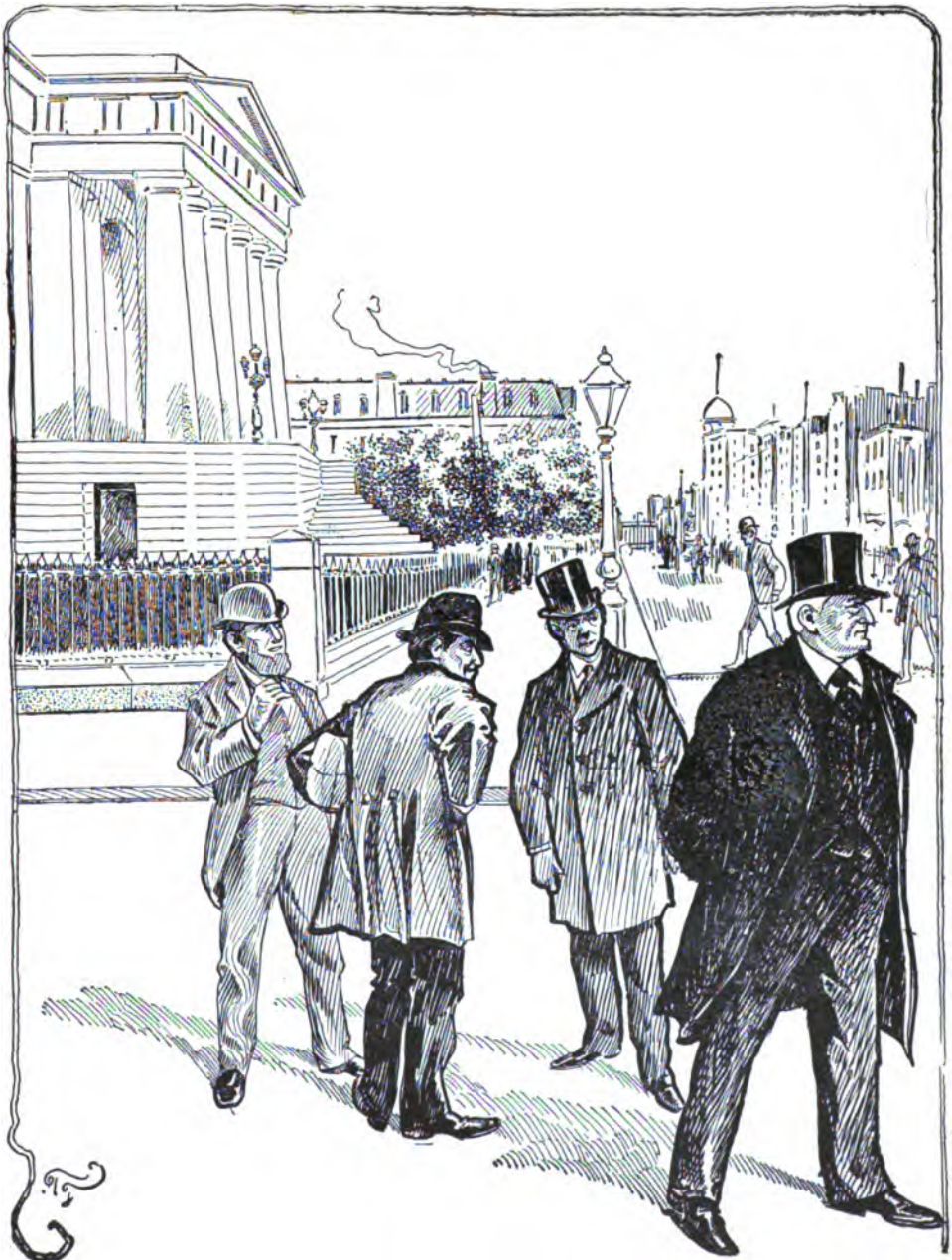
laws, make haste to take out patents in Europe, and when their certificates reach them fondly imagine that they are fully as well protected as under the American system, when the fact is, instead of a foreign patent certificate being a protection it is frequently a source of danger, as unscrupulous men seize upon all new ideas of evident value and re-patent them.

Uncle Sam's patent is a very different affair, being to all intents and purposes a warranty deed to the inventor who can feel secure that his ideas are not pirated from him and incorporated in a later patent, and that he will not be under the necessity of prosecuting expensive law suits to prove title to his own property.

As a result of this perfect system the Patent Office Building is a bewildering maze of patented devices. It would seem from a cursory examination of the thousands upon thousands of models exhibited in this building that the field of invention was well-nigh exhausted and that there was nothing left to patent, but the stream seems to be inexhaustible.

The rows of glass covered cases containing the more valuable models proved a source of infinite delight to Uncle Hank, who being a true Yankee was himself ingeniously inclined and ever ready to admire the inventive efforts of others.

"Thar's millyuns en et!" he ejaculated half aloud to himself as he gazed long and curiously at a small model about four and one-half inches in length. The small insignificant



WASHINGTON CURIOSITY.
"There goes Senator Hiking!"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

looking object that excited this remark was the original model of the Bell Telephone, which was patented by Alexander Graham Bell, 1876. "Yas, ther's millyuns en thet leetle telephone," he continued, "but 'tain't often th' enventor gits th' millyuns though."

Walking over to another glass enclosed case he stopped to examine the original model of the famous Whitney Cotton Gin which an affixed card announced as having been patented in 1794.

"Naow, thar's a leetle envenshun thet didn't make so many dollars fer et's enventor, but et's jest ez valooable—P'raps cos 'twan't th' right kind ov gin," remarked the old man addressing an attendant standing by.

"Gin mills as a rule are very profitable," laughingly replied the official, who took great pleasure in showing the many curious exhibits among the models.

"If you will come with me," he continued, "I will show you our greatest fighters." Then proceeding to two conspicuous cases he directed the old man's attention to the famous combatants, the National Cash Register and the Hallwood Register.

"Wall, they don't look quarrelsum en thar," said the old man whose face showed something of disappointmnet as he evidently expected to see a model of Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Tillman or Bailey after such an announcement.

"There has been more litigation over those Cash Registers than any other patent that has been granted for many years."





SENATOR CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS of Indiana, is known familiarly as the Fairbanks of the Wabash. The Senator is a tall man from a State distinguished for such tall timber as Ben Hur Wallace, Monsieur Beaucare Tarkington and others, including the answer to the famous query—Hoosier (whose ycr?) Post-Riley.

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"Anythin' consarnin' cash ez liable tew cause a ruction any time," rejoined the old man with a grin.

After showing him the original Elias Howe Sewing Machine and the McCormick Reaper the pair proceeded to make a tour of the galleries.

"This building contains upward of four hundred thousand patented articles," continued the accommodating attendant as they walked along, "and they accumulate so rapidly that it has become a serious question as to the best means of storing them."

"En what a lot ov thinkin' et must hev took tew prodooce sech a lot ov idees," replied the old man thoughtfully.

"And there seems to be no limit to the range of inventive fancy. Here is a human hand, submitted as a model to secure a patent for an embalming process in 1860," continued the guide, opening one of the cases and handing Uncle Hank a perfectly preserved anatomical specimen which he examined with great curiosity.

"When th' Angel Gabriel blows his trumpet on th' last day this hand'll hev a great advantage over ets mate," dryly remarked the old man.

"This was deposited here in 1875," continued the attendant, as he placed a large ham in the old man's hands. "As you can plainly see it is perfectly preserved."

"Ye hev'n't got no eggs tew go with et, hev ye?"

"No; inventive genius hasn't reached that stage yet," laughingly replied the attendant.



HERR VON HOLLEBEN, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary from Germany, in a grand tableau entitled "Under Two Flags," is very much attached to the flag in his right hand. Since the termination of the Spanish-American War he sings "Die Wacht am Rhein" to the tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner" on all public occasions.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Et th' rate th' envenshuns ez pilin' en ye soon will," said the old man as his eye swept the galleries.

"There seems to be no end to the stream of ideas that flow in here," pursued the attendant. "Over twenty-five thousand patents were issued last year. During the Civil War the number of patents fell off materially, but immediately after, when the volunteer troops had returned to their homes, a remarkable fertility of invention was displayed. The dull routine of camp life seemed to develop the ideas of the soldiers, and as soon as home was reached these ideas were put into models and sent to the Patent Office. In 1865 the number of patents issued was six thousand six hundred and twenty-six, while in 1867 it had increased to thirteen thousand one hundred and twenty-five. The Centennial Exhibition also seemed to stimulate inventive genius; the number of patents granted during 1876 was seventeen thousand and twenty-five, the highest yet attained. The coming year, however, promises to eclipse all records."

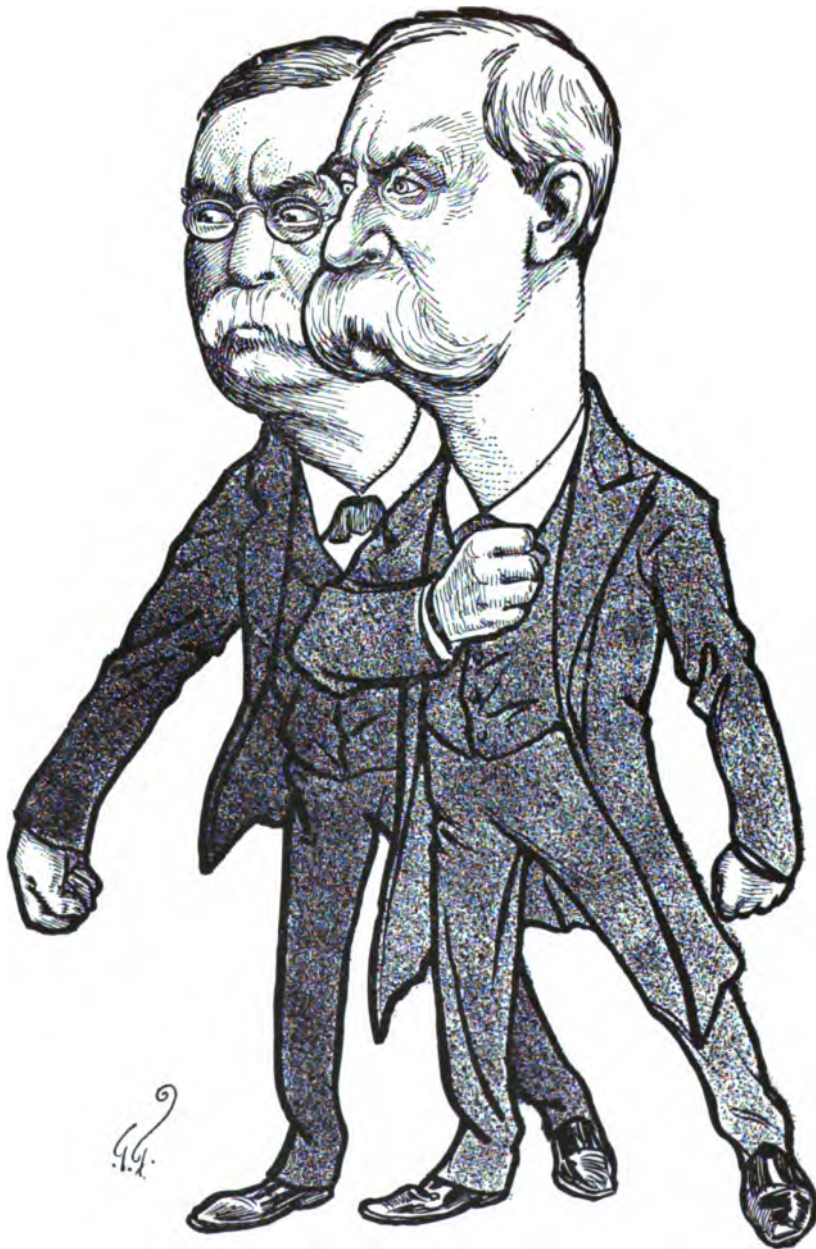
"Thet's strange tew when ye cum tew consider et. These air prosperous times en th' wail ov necessity ain't hearn thruout th' land," remarked Uncle Hank.

"What's that got to do with it?" sharply demanded the attendant.

"Necessity's th' mother ov envenshun, hain't she?"

"Oh," laughingly rejoined the attendant, "old mother Necessity is always with us, only you are not apt to hear her wail during good times."





SENATOR THOMAS MACDONALD PATTERSON, of Colorado, and SENATOR JOSEPH CLAY STILES BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, are two Democratic statesmen who stand together on all public questions. Senator Patterson is a fighter by birth; having been born in Ireland, the land where all the good fighters come from. Senator Blackburn is not, (as might be inferred by his name) in favor of burning blacks, but is a true-blue grass statesman.



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"En I s'pose enventors envent becos they must, jest ez artists paint en poets 'rite."

"Yes, the creative impulse must be satisfied," continued the official. "There are many inventors known to the Patent Office accountants who develop ideas with marked regularity every year, but never take the trouble to introduce them to the public. The Patent Office is burdened with inventions that have never got further than the model room."

"Like en old hen leavin' her nest afore th' eggs ez hatched aout," suggested the old man.

The official laughed at the homely illustration as he continued.

"These inventors," he said, "are not usually so dilatory. We frequently have applicants who never rest until their claims are passed upon and their patents are secured."

"I s'pose ye hear all sorts ov stories about th' profits ov enventors?" inquired the old man who was getting tired of dry detail.

"Oh, yes," replied the obliging official who seemed to be as full of information as an encyclopedia is of facts, "the rubber tip on lead-pencils is said to have yielded the inventor a big fortune, and the man that devised the gimlet-pointed screw is reported to have cleared one million dollars for the company that manufactured it; yet he was so poor that he was compelled to walk from Philadelphia to Washington to secure his patent."

"En et wouldn't hev bin so hard ef he hed met th' enventor



SENATORS DEPEW AND LODGE ON THEIR WAY TO THE CAPITOL

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

ov th' roller-skate on his way," interposed the old man with a smile.

"The roller-skate man had troubles of his own," replied the guide. "After he had spent a long time in perfecting his idea it cost him one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in England to defend his claim from pirates, but he eventually cleared over a million dollars. There is a great amount of gossip around the Patent Office in regard to the amount of money made in small patented articles; for instance, the toy called the returning-ball, a small wooden ball attached to an elastic string, is reported to have netted fifty thousand dollars to its deviser. Another toy, the Dancing Jim Crow, is reputed to have cleared eighty thousand dollars, and the spring-roller for window shades yields over one hundred thousand dollars a year, while the copper tip for children's shoes is credited with a profit of two million dollars and the drive-well struck a gold mine containing three million dollars.

"These are only a few examples of great profits accruing from small ideas."

"Them's th' successes—haow abaout th' failures?" interrogated the old man.

"About one invention in twenty-five is counted a success," answered the guide.

Uncle Hank now directed his attention to the different departments engaged in classifying and recording applications for patents.

"Et takes a powerful sight ov lock-keepin' tew keep track



H. D. Clayton m.c.
ALA.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN DALZELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA.
A Sketch from Life.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



ov all th' idees that's hatched aout en this wonderful country," he mused, as he contemplated the busy clerks filing voluminous papers, making entries in bulky registers, and classifying applications.

"An application passes through the hands of fifty-four persons in the course of its progress through the office," replied the official, "and the applicant pays for this service fifteen dollars to have a claim examined, and when a patent is granted an additional fee of twenty dollars is required."

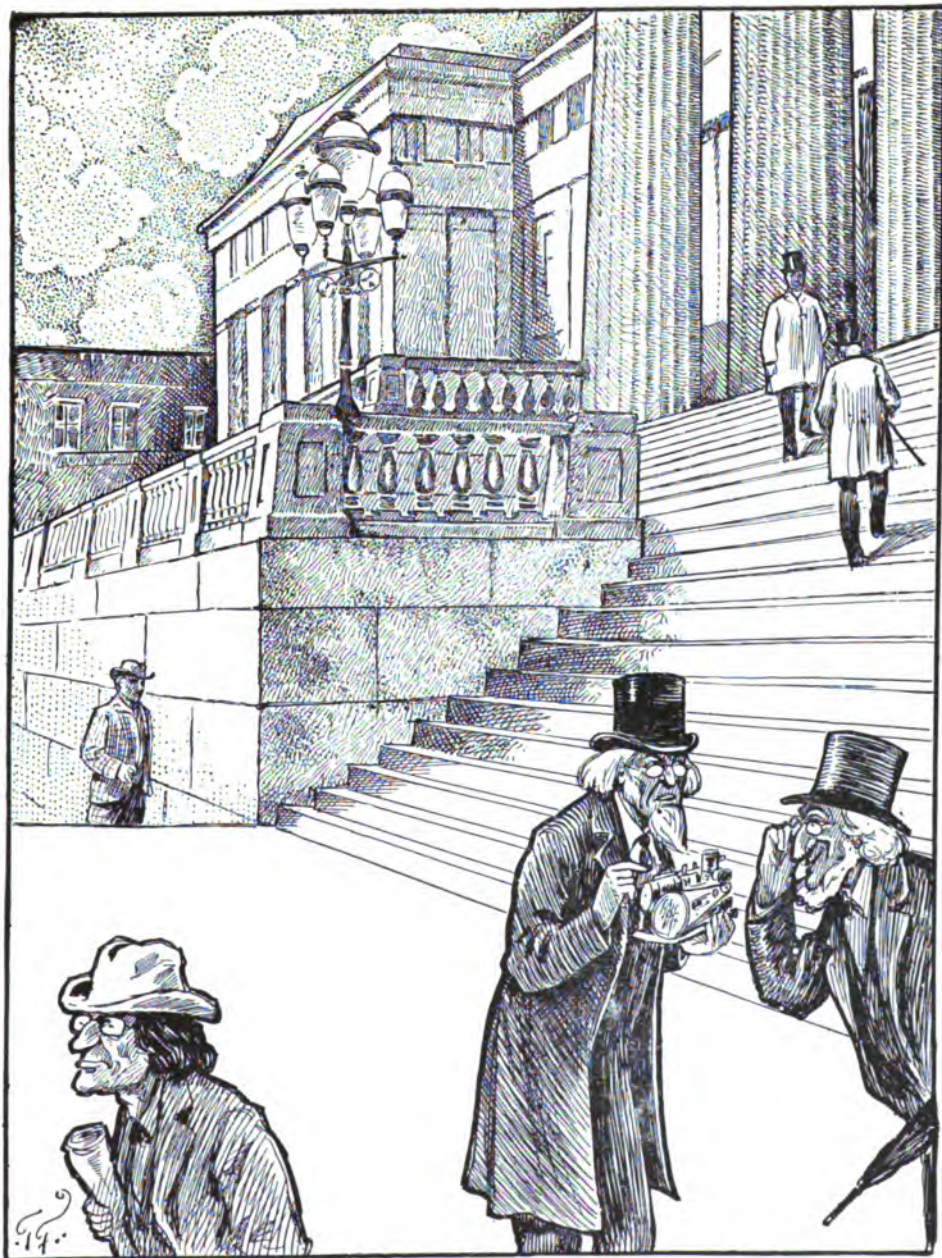
"Haow about th' lawyer's fee?" inquired the old man.

"An inventor is not required to employ an attorney, but probably nine out of ten do," responded the official. "In simple cases where there is no infringement on prior claims, an applicant can almost as well deal direct with the government, for every facility is offered to the ambitious inventor by the perfect system employed in examining and recording ideas."

"Haow long does a patent run?" queried the inquisitive Yankee, thirsty for information.

"Seventeen years," replied he. "Extensions are now seldom granted, and only by special acts of Congress, when it can be shown that an adequate money return has been impossible."

Uncle Hank was intensely interested in all the information the accommodating official had to impart, and when he departed from the building he thanked him profusely. As he passed down the long flight of granite steps leading to the building he encountered a wild-eyed individual with long



"IT'S THE ONLY PERFECT PERPETUAL MOTION MACHINE EVER DEvised."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

flowing locks of hair that fell about the collar of his threadbare coat. In his hand he held a large sheet of crumpled paper, on which he intently gazed, examining minutely the diagram depicted thereon. As the old man approached he evinced a desire to enter into conversation.

"It's an outrage!" he exclaimed. "Here I have the most wonderful device ever conceived by man, and they refuse to entertain its claim."

"What's et fer?" exclaimed the old man, examining the chart curiously.

"It is the only perfect Perpetual Motion Machine ever devised," he said. And then followed a confused technical description of its complex mechanism which was all Greek to Uncle Hank.

After listening patiently to the description of this wonderful machine, nodding affirmatively at intervals to indicate his acquiescence in its inventor's claims, he remarked:

"Ef ye'll jest run a concentrick journal with a leever ettachmint geered up tew receive a belt runnin' tew th' jaw ov a life ensoorance agint jist tacklin' his first victim, ye'll git nearer tew accomplishin' perpetooal moshun then anythin' I kin think ov." And the old man looked over the rims of his spectacles at the plan held in the inventor's hands.

But a look of disgust as he folded up his precious plan choked off all further negotiations on the part of Uncle Hank to perfect the invention of the "Jack o' Lantern" of inventors—the Perpetual Motion Machine.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY FACTORY.

AS Uncle Hank was striding along through the Mall on his way to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, he encountered an old colored man closely examining a tattered piece of paper on which there had once been some writing done in lead pencil, but which was now almost entirely undecipherable. First he would turn it one way and then upside down apparently. Finally, as Uncle Hank approached, he deferentially touched his hand to his hat as he exclaimed: "Marsa, k'n I ax yo' a questshun?"

"Sartinly ye kin, what ez et?" responded the Yankee in the most agreeable manner.

"Well, den, whar's dat Senseless Burow ob 'gravin'?" he inquired, in the tone of one who had tried to guess a particularly hard conundrum and given it up.

"Wall, naow ye hev me," replied the old man, somewhat nonplused at this double-barrelled query. "Ef ye kin de-tarmin' whether ye want tew go tew th' Census Burow, er ye want tew go tew th' Burow ov Ingravin', I reckon I kin direct ye, but tew send ye tew diff'rent places far apart—ye've got me stumped."



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Dat's a fac', Boss!" exclaimed the old darky, as he perceived the truth of Uncle Hank's remark. "Yo' kain't go to two diff'rent plaices at de same time, nohow."

"Wall, et's sech a dern sens'less questshun thet I guess I'll send ye tew th' Sens'less Burow fust, an' then ef ye find thet hain't th' right place, ye kin hop over tew t'other." And he directed the puzzled old darky to the Census Bureau, and then proceeded on his way.

"Them Burows, en Institoots, en Departmints ez puzzlin' sumtimes en et's hard tew keep track ov 'em," he mused to himself as he walked along.

"En thar's Unkel Sam's Money Fact'ry whar he many-factur's th' root ov all evil," he continued as he approached the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

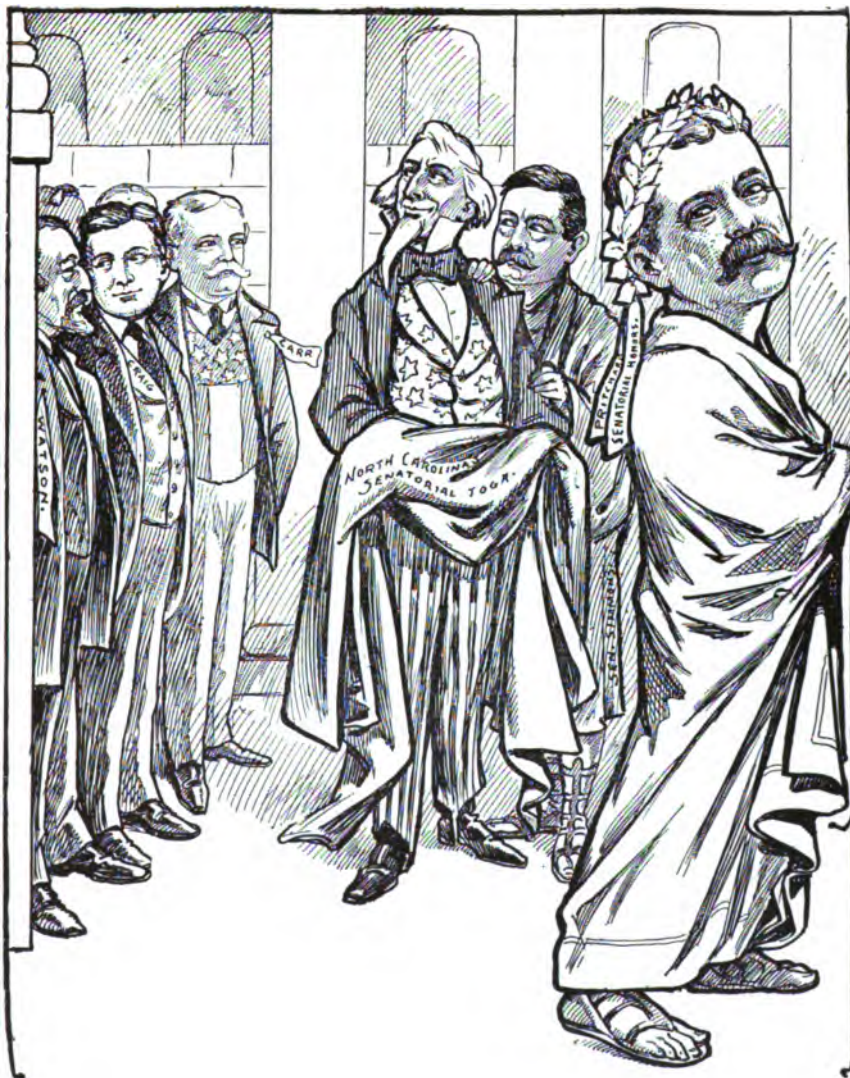
As he ascended the steps leading to the entrance of the building he nodded familiarly to an official standing at the door to whom he directed his request to be allowed to inspect the interior of the "Money Factory," as he termed it.

As is usually the case in all the public buildings in Washington, there was a party waiting to be shown about the structure.

"Yes, we show you how to make money here," replied the official to the old man's facetious query, then turning to the young lady who was to guide the party through the building, he said:

"This gentleman wishes to know all about the making of money—afford him every facility for learning the art, and then furnish the secret service bureau with a perfect descrip-





SENATOR JETER CONNELLY PRITCHARD, who is about to gracefully retire from the list of senatorial warriors, has proven himself a worthy successor to North Carolina's most famous Senator, Zeb. Vance. It will be observed that SENATOR SIMMONS is directing Uncle Sam's attention to candidates, from any one of whose shoulders the toga would fall with exceptional grace.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



tion of him, together with as good a snap-shot photograph as you can get of his suspicious looking countenance." As the official got off this little pleasantry at Uncle Hank's expense he grinned broadly.

But the old man took this bit of raillery good-humoredly; he was always ready to appreciate a joke, be it at his own expense or not.

"There are twenty-eight hundred employees in this building, two-thirds of whom are women," began the guide as a preliminary. This guide, by the way, was a very pretty young lady who, when she smiled, as she frequently did, showed a gleam of perfect teeth.

"This room," she continued with a wave of the hand over the room the party had just entered, "contains five hundred employees engaged in the printing of the notes."

The large, spacious room seemed a perfect forest of hand-presses. The operation of printing seemed to be very simple. A printer stood on one side of the press with a small hand-roller covered with a black, sticky looking ink, which he rolled thoroughly over the steel plate lying in the bed of his press, then he would wipe off all the surplus ink with a cloth, completing the operation finally with his bare arm, which he dexterously used to remove the smallest particles of unnecessary ink remaining on the plate. Opposite to him, on the other side of the press, stood a young girl holding a thoroughly dampened sheet of paper which she carefully placed on the now ready plate. With a quick movement the printer adjusted the tympan or cover, and with a



WHEN SEN. JOSEPH B. FORAKER RISES TO SPEAK IN THE SENATE CHAMBER, HIS COLLEAGUE, SENATOR HANNA, SMILES UNTIL SOME SARCASTIC FLING IS AIMED AT HIM—AND THEN—HE CONTINUES TO SMILE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



**J.S. BARNEY. M.C.
WIS.**

turn of the plate was run through the press and the printed sheet closely inspected by the girl while the printer prepared the plate for another impression.

"These printers are expert in their work and get from six to ten dollars a day," explained the guide.

"Et's good pay," remarks the old man.

"You see, it is very difficult work," said the guide. "The printer has to perfectly remove all the surplus ink with his bare arm and the palm of his hand; and if this is not done accurately, too much or too little ink will be left in the engraved lines and a spoiled impression will be the result."

"Then et's all en th' touch?" remarked Uncle Hank.

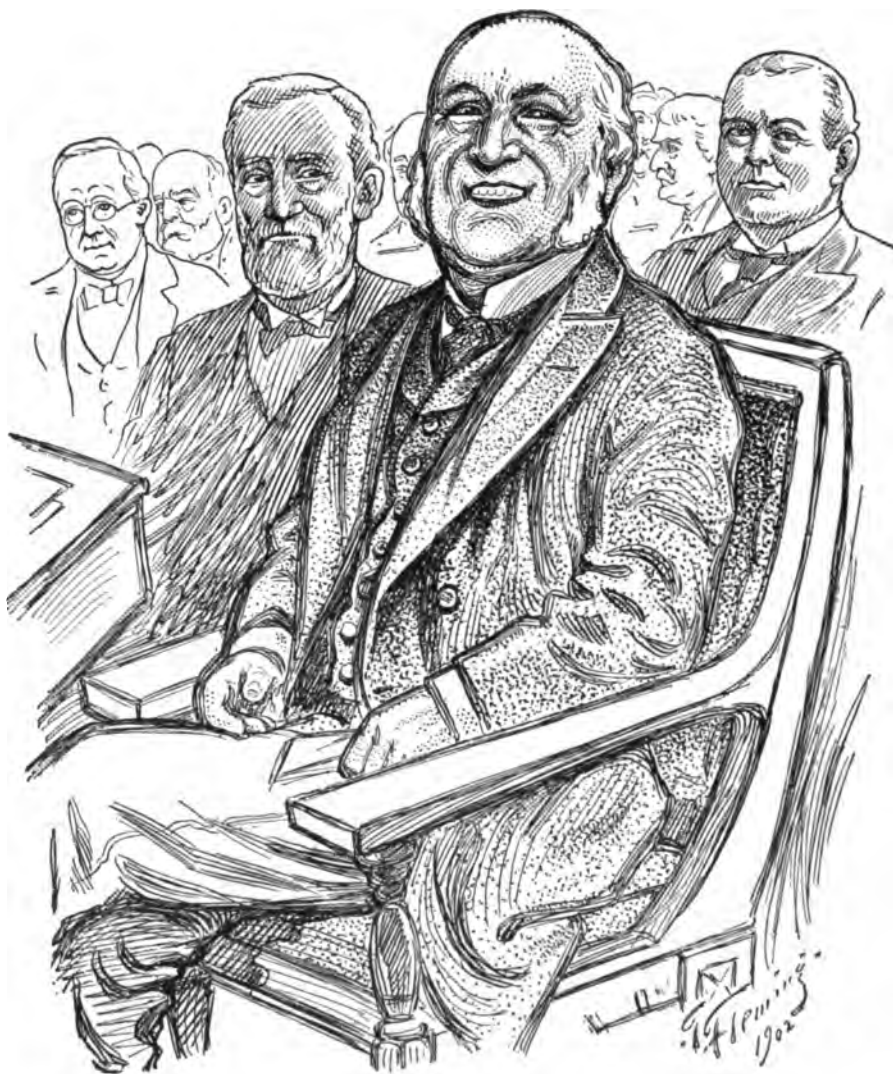
"Precisely," responded the guide with a smile.

"Thet's th' fust touch th' notes git—but I reckon 'tain't th' last," rejoined the old man with a wink.

"The silk-fibred paper used in the printing of these notes," continued the young lady, "is made at the Crane Mills at Dalton, Massachusetts, and is a closely guarded trade secret, and the law forbids any one to have such paper in their possession. It is received at the Bureau in packages containing one thousand sheets each, and to each of these pressmen, one package is given at a time.

"I notis ye hev sum pretty gals workin' en this departmint," remarked Uncle Hank.

"Handsome is as handsome does,—the notes turned out here are considered the handsomest in the world," replied the young lady as she now directed the party to another



SENATOR DEPEW'S SMILE IS CONTAGIOUS.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

room, where the numbering machines were automatically printing numbers on the notes.

"There are fourteen departments in this Bureau," explained she, "and each piece of work passes through the hands of thirty different people. A perfect system of receipting and checking is in vogue, and at the close of the day everything is delivered into the hands of the officials of the Bureau, and every count is verified before the employees are allowed to leave the building.

"This place reminds me ov one ov th' courts ov Europ'," exclaimed the old man.

"How so?" inquired the guide.

"Ye hev so many Caounts," said he.

"But our 'counts' as a rule are more reliable," retorted the guide.

"Ye hev'n't showed us haow they ingrave th' plates yit," suggested the inquisitive Yankee.

"The engraving room is never shown to visitors. The utmost care is taken to guard against the loss of the plates; they are closely watched day and night. The original plate itself is never used in printing, a transfer is made to another plate of softened steel, which is afterward hardened and printed from. This is done to guard against the possibility of accident to the original plate." When the guide completed this little lecture she conducted the party to a glass case, which contained a sample plate and roller used to make a transfer from an original to a replica, from which the notes are printed. And this ended the tour.



**W. C. LOVERING, M. C.
MASS.**



A GROUP OF FOREIGN MINISTERS.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Wall, this money fact'ry ez a great ins'titooshun," remarked Uncle Hank as he left the building. "En et's a heap sight more pertickler work printin' them notes then I thought et waz—et kinder brings tew 'mind th' words ov Bobby Burns:

*"'A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!"*

"Not eggxactly th' same kind ov notes—en what's more ef thet chap hed bin caught takin' notes en th' Burow ov Ingravin' en Printin' I reckon 'twouldn't be long afore he waz behind th' bars." And the old man chuckled at the idea.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TREASURY BUILDING.



UNKEL SAM'S got a fine buildin' fer his Treasury," exclaimed Uncle Hank to an elderly gentleman who stood on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fifteenth Street, his head bent down apparently in deep thought.

"Yes," replied he without looking up, "but not too fine for the purpose intended. That building, sir, contains the heart of the Republic; its veins and arteries extend to every part of the body politic, and if you interfere in the slightest with its perfect action you are liable to paralyze the entire system."

The speaker was a spare man with shoulders rounded, and form bent as if it had for years sustained a load too heavy for its slight frame to sustain.

"I don't know but what yer abaout right," replied the Yankee, meaning to sound this apparently well-informed individual with the object of ascertaining some particulars of the building he was about to inspect.

"The Treasury Department is a complicated system that is liable to get out of order very easily, and when it does there are always quacks ready with remedies for its relief."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Et's dangerous tew fool with quacks," ventured Uncle Hank as a suggestion.

"Well, it's enjoying remarkably good health just now, and I trust the financial charlatans will remain in seclusion."

"Th' pulse ez beatin' reg'ler en Wall Street," suggested the old man.

"Which is an indication that the system is in good condition," retorted his companion with asperity.

"En th' Trusts ez payin' ther dividends reg'ler?" pursued the old man with a chuckle.

"I believe so," was the reply.

"En th' American Eagle ez screamin' with delight et th' good times he's hevin'—even ef his corn ez cornered once en a while."

"Good times invariably induce wild speculation," was the answer.

"Th' Treasury's full?" interrogated the old man.

"Never so full as now," assented the stranger.

"En th' Cuban sugar tariff en all t'other tariffs'll make et fuller?" still further inquired Uncle Hank.

"Yes, I believe that will be the tendency," was the reply.

"Wall—right here I'd like tew remark thet yer Unkel Sam'll git so full-blooded thet he'll be en danger ov a stroke ov apperplexy, ef he don't look aout." And the old man grinned broadly as he gazed over the rims of his spectacles at his companion, who, without replying, suddenly remembered he had an important engagement to fill and hastened towards the entrance of the big building.



E.S. HOLLIDAY M.C. IND.



LESLIE M. SHAW, Secretary of the Treasury, is from "Ioway," the Hawkeye State, which probably accounts for the sharp eye he keeps on the Treasury Building where he is known as a strict disciplinarian. It is said that the Shah of Persia is no greater autocrat in his dominions than is this Shaw in the United States Treasury.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"I guess thet waz a clincher," chuckled the old man to himself on observing the departure of the stranger.

"Do you know who that gentleman was, you've just been talking to?" inquired a policeman who had stood within ear-shot and had been much entertained by the conversation.

"I don't reckon ez I do," replied the old man.

"That was Secretary Shaw."

"Oh, pshaw! I want tew kno'!" and the old man's eyebrows elevated as he directed his steps towards the big building he had come to inspect.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning and groups of tourists were beginning to arrive. As they ascended the granite steps they were directed to take seats on the settees in the corridor to await the arrival of a guide, who would take them through the building on a tour of inspection.

Uncle Hank joined one of these parties and soon was on intimate terms with the escort.

This guide was a colored man with a most accommodating air who had learned all the particulars of the Treasury building by heart and then reeled them off to the successive parties of sight-seers, whom it was his duty to show around.

The tour usually starts at the big vaults in what might be termed the basement of the building.

"Dese h'yar vaults contains eight hundred en sixty-seben millyuns ob dollahs!" explained the guide with a wave of the hand in the direction of a row of substantial looking stone vaults. The money, however, was not in sight; the



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"ET'S A PILE OV WEALTH THET'S STORED EN THAR—BUT ROCKYFELLER'S GOT MORE."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

only evidence of anything valuable was the sight of some silver bullion being transferred from one vault to another.

"Et's a pile ov wealth thet's stored en thar—but Rockyfeller's got more," remarked Uncle Hank.

The colored guide looked incredulous.

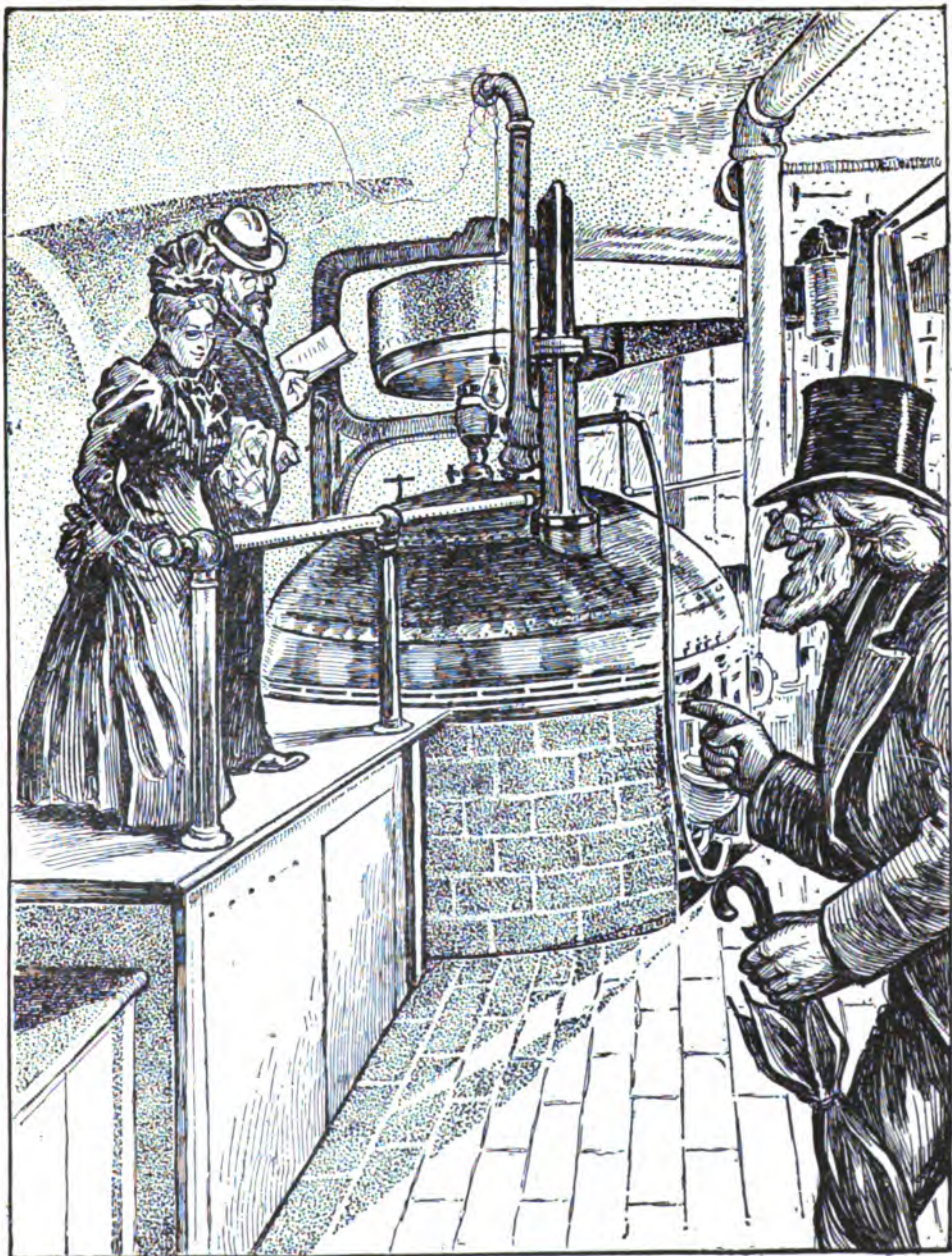
"Dese yar gurls am còuntin' an' errangin' notes after dey has de seals printed on em by dat press yo' sees ober dar in de corner." As he spoke he halted the party before a closely grated door. Through the grating could be seen great quantities of bank notes which were being counted with marvelous dexterity.

"Et looks ez ef everyone waz behind bars en jail," remarked the old man as he pointed to the iron barred doors and windows that lined the corridor.

"Dem bars ez tu keep vistahs out, sah," retorted the guide, and a laugh followed at Uncle Hank's expense.

The macerator was the next thing to attract attention, to the room containing which the party was now conducted by the guide. This machine for the destruction of mutilated currency consists of a huge spherical receptacle of steel, containing water and fitted interiorly with one hundred and fifty-six keen edged knives, which as they revolve cut the enclosed notes into exceedingly minute particles. The lid is securely fastened with strong locks, each with an individual key, one of which is held by the Secretary, one by the Trëasurer, and the third by the Controller of the Currency. Every day at one o'clock deputies of these officials with a fourth one appointed by the Secretary to represent the banks





THE MACERATOR.
"Dust Tew Dust-on Pulp Tew Pulp."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



and the people meet at the macerator to deposit the money to be destroyed. Each lock is opened by its respective keyholder, the cover is raised and the various packages of currency are thrust in. The cover is then securely fastened down and as the multitude of knives revolve the work of destruction begins. When this is finally accomplished the committee unlocks a valve, the liquid pulp flows out, is then screened into a pit below and transferred to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to be rolled out into sheets. This is afterward sold for forty dollars per ton.

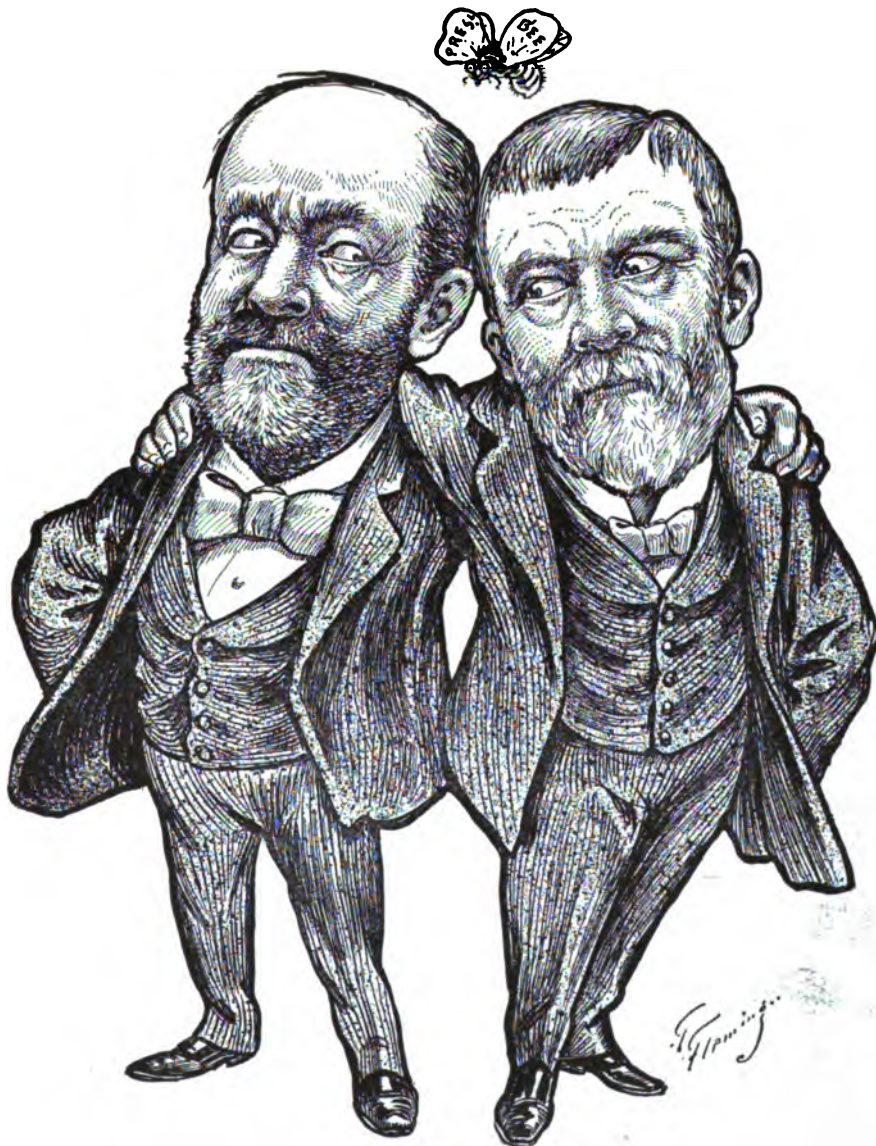
The capacity of the macerator is over one ton of pulp, but it is rarely put to this test; the largest amount ever destroyed at one operation was in 1894, when one hundred and fifty-one million dollars was rendered into pulp.

The colored guide described, in his sing-song dialect, a few of the foregoing facts concerning the macerator, and when he had concluded Uncle Hank remarked:

"Et's a verificashun ov th' scriptchurl enjunctshun—'Dust tew dust'—pulp tew pulp—don't ye see?"

As the party passed along the corridor the guide explained that one of the doors of the vault containing the silver coin is a solid sliding door of six tons' weight. Another has a time lock, which is wound up every afternoon at two o'clock, when the vault cannot be opened until eleven o'clock the next day, the time set.

"Ladies an' gemmen, dis am de Bon' Vault," explained the guide, as the party ranged up before the wire screen, through which could be seen the large steel vault containing



SENATOR GEORGE CLEMENT PERKINS and SENATOR EUGENE HALE, two sons of Maine, stand very close together on all public questions. The former having hied to California in his younger days is at present her senior Senator and her chief hope for Presidential honors. Senator Hale has thrashed the Democrats so often in Maine that three colleges have conferred the degree of L.L.D. upon him, which, being liberally interpreted, means, "Lay-Low-Democrats!"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

the United States Bonds deposited by the five thousand National Banks of the country to secure their circulation.

"Dis yere Bon' Vault contains two hundred an' fifty mill-yuns ob dollahs," cried the ebony guide, rolling the words over his tongue like a rich morsel. "Dat small pahsel dar," continued he, pointing to a small package placed temptingly just beyond reach, "contains foah millyun dollahs."

This package of bonds belonged to one of the National Banks of New York. It was deposited in accordance with the law that requires a national bank to deposit twenty-five per cent. of its capital in United States bonds with the Treasury.

"Thet shows haow th' banks make money—fust they draw int'rest on them bonds, en then they loan aout th' notes et a good rate ov int'rest, tew. By crackee, et seems like ez haow et ought tew be a good biz'ness."

"Dis am de cash room whar de notes am passed out fo circelashun," warbled the guide, as the party entered a large, handsome apartment on the main floor, walled with variegated marble and surrounded with a public gallery. Here, again, was the tantalizing wire screen that separated the visitors from the tempting packages of beautiful new bank notes that seemed to lie about in riotous confusion.

The guide now took leave of the party, allowing its members to wander at will over the big building, examining its seemingly endless array of offices, of which there are two hundred on each floor.

The Treasury Building is a most imposing structure, con-





AROUND THE CAPITAL.

structed after the style of the Temple of Minerva at Athens. Its colonnade of thirty-eight Ionic columns, fronting on Fifteenth Street, gives it an appearance of enduring solidity that is not equalled by any other public building in Washington, save that of the Capitol itself.

As Uncle Hank departed from the building he noticed in a large lunch room opposite, a number of girls eating their frugal noon-day lunch, whom he had witnessed a few minutes before handling millions of dollars of Uncle Sam's cash.

"Et must be quite a drop frum hevin' millyuns en yer possesshun, tew git daown tew eatin' a fifteen-cent lunch," exclaimed he as he requested the waiter to bring him "some beans—Bostin style, please?"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XX.

STATE, WAR AND NAVY.

UNCLE SAM has the largest and most pretentious office building in the world. Notwithstanding this fact, this building, large as it is, is not large enough to contain the pugnacious heads of departments without friction. •

The corridors are wide and spacious, so wide in fact that the Secretary of War and the General of the Army frequently pass each other without speaking, and on one occasion the Adjutant General of the Army did not recognize the Lieutenant General as he passed by in the spacious vestibule. Of course, this sort of thing has been variously misconstrued by evil-minded persons, who have gone so far as to suggest that the government should enlarge the building, and that this enlargement should take the form of a twenty-four-foot ring, such as is used by certain low-lived pugilists to settle their disputes.

There are two miles of corridors and over five hundred rooms in this colossal building. The granite stairways, bronze balusters and entire construction make it entirely fire-proof and well calculated to withstand the heated disputes that frequently break out between the departments.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



The Navy Department occupies the east wing, the War Department the west wing, and the State Department the south. At present General Miles and Admiral Dewey are allowed to communicate without restraint with their different offices throughout the building when the secretaries of their respective departments are present.

The Secretary of State occupies a sumptuous suite of offices on the second floor overlooking the park. The Diplomatic room, a long and stately room assigned to conferences with representatives of foreign governments, is, perhaps, the most interesting, as it contains many attractive features. Fine oil paintings of Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Hamilton Fish, and Lord Ashburton and others adorn its walls. This room is said to have been arranged by Secretary Hamilton Fish.

The State Library is the most entertaining room in this department, for it contains a precise fac simile of the Declaration of Independence, that much neglected document, which is slowly disintegrating and fading away, notwithstanding the efforts to preserve it by hermetically sealing it between heavy plates of glass.

Here may also be seen the sword of Washington (the Father of his country must have had an armory of swords) the identical sword he carried through all his campaigns, and also the desk on which Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Another curious exhibit of this room is a copy of the Pekin Gazette, the oldest newspaper in the world, having



JOHN HAY, Secretary of State and Poet, author of "Little Breeches," and a successful mender of little breeches in diplomatic relations with foreign governments—Private secretary to President Lincoln and principal secretary to Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Motto—"Make Hay while the sun shines."



J. A. TAWNEY M.C. MINN.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Thet's right!" he exclaimed, "put away th' sords en glass cases—ther relics ov past ages. Whar Ginerall Jackson drew his sord, Pierpint Morgan draws his check."

As he sauntered down the corridor, he occasionally stopped to examine the contents of the various glass cases that he encountered.

"Thet's haow them revolooshunary soljers hed ought tew hev looked," he mused, as he looked at some life-size figures in bright, continental army uniforms, "but jedgin' by sum ov th' duds thet's still presarved en Noo England, ov them days, I reckon they wore any old rags they cud git holt ov."

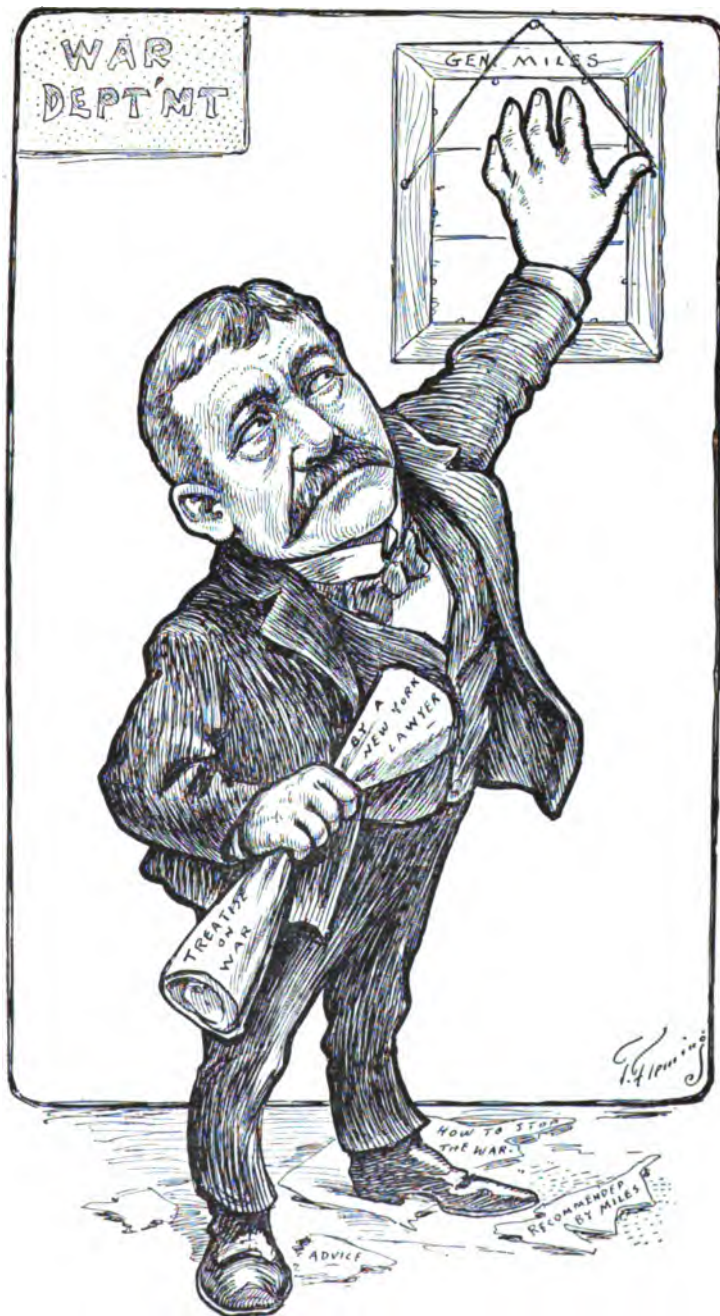
The old man now made his way over to the western part of the building, where the War Department is entrenched. Here he inspected the elegant offices of the Secretary of War and his assistant secretaries.

After spending some time in examining the interesting portraits that embellished the walls and admiring the handsome furniture with which these apartments were fitted up, he somewhat listlessly wandered out into the corridor again. Not looking particularly where he was going, he collided with a rather distinguished looking gentleman, with slightly gray hair and rather prominent nose.

Not wishing to appear rude, he hastily apologized.

"Ef I hain't mistaken, this ez th' Secretary ov War?" ejaculated the old man.

"Quite right—anything I can do for you?" inquired the gentleman, in a cheery tone.



SEC. OF WAR, ELIHU ROOT, one of the greatest military tacticians ever turned out by a law office, is actively engaged in planning campaigns to subdue the hostiles to the administration who are sequestered in sundry Senate Committee rooms under the command of Gen. Miles and others, to whom he is known as the "root" of all evil.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Wall, ye see, I've jest bin en yer offis admirin' yer beautiful furnitur'."

"Well, what did you admire most?"

"Thet big arm-cheer at yer desk."

"What led you to admire that in particular?"

"I calc'late et 'twas becos et waz th' Seat ov War."

"You didn't see the Dogs of War in there, did you?"

"No, I didn't. En I reckon, 'twas cos they hed caught th' hy'rofoby from th' water-cure en th' Phillypines." This shot settled the Secretary, who suddenly found he had urgent business to attend to. As he disappeared within his office, Uncle Hank noted that there was nothing very warlike in his appearance. But, perhaps, in the words of Byron:

*"Many a withering thought
Lies hid, not lost."*



H.A. COOPER, M.C.,
W.S.

The Navy Department, in the east of the building, next engaged the old man's attention. Beautiful models of war ships enclosed in glass cases, were to be seen in different parts of the passage ways.

"Fine leetle boats, them," he remarked to an official, who seemed to be taking life easy, and who, he rightly judged, would talk.

"Very fine models, indeed," was the reply. "A ship has to go through the ten bureaus presided over by the Secretary of the Navy, before it is a finished product."



SECRETARY MOODY, of the Navy, is as fine a Tar as ever spliced a rudder or reefed a Jib-boom. It is not true (as has been asserted by some of his friends) that he is taking lessons from a prominent pugilist, to learn how to Box the Compass.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"Thet's wuss then goin' thru a battle!" exclaimed Uncle Hank.

"Yes, she must have a good pilot to escape the reefs and submerged mines of those different bureaux."

"Wall, I reckon th' harder they cannonade her, th' stronger she'll be en battle."

"It is the most efficient system that could be devised to strengthen a navy."

"Aour navy hez never failed us yit, so I guess th' system's all right. Haow's th' new Secretary, Moody?"

"Moody?—not at all; he's the jolliest Secretary we ever had."

"Wall, thet speaks well fer th' new Secretary, considerin' he's not Secretary long."

As Uncle Hank proceeded on his way down the corridor, the official scratched his head in an endeavor to ascertain just what the old man meant.

After inspecting the Naval Library, and after facetiously inquiring for such national works as "Ships That Pass in the Night," "Three Men in a Boat," and similar books, he departed for pastures new, to the great relief of the mystified attendants.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE wind was blowing strenuously from the northwest; the great heavy boughs of the trees were bleeding in response, and clouds of dust filled the air when Uncle Hank reached the gate of the White House grounds.

It was a strenuous day. Even the songs of the birds seemed to be imbued with more than ordinary energy.

As the old man walked up the asphalt path that leads to the Executive Mansion, his tall hat was suddenly "ping-ponged" with a pebble, and went sailing over the lawn accompanied by a shrill war-whoop of exultation from a tree branch above.

As he started to recover his hat, he was suddenly startled by the swish of a rapidly moving bicycle that just escaped him, as he made a three-foot leap to one side. Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, was on his way to school.

As the old man stooped to reach for his hat, it took another bounce, as it was struck by another pebble; and another cry of exultation came from the youthful marksman, who proved to be Kermit, the President's second son,



MISS SIGBEE
DAUGHTER OF CAPT. SIGBEE

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

who was safely ensconced in the tree, and who was an adept in the use of his little sling-shot.

Uncle Hank, who was ever good natured, and ready for a joke at another's expense, and equally ready to take one at his own, looked up into the tree and shook his finger warningly at the youngster who shouted with great satisfaction and glee, at the success of his last shot.

When the old man recovered his hat, he lost no time in getting beyond the range of the youthful marksman, but he kept his eye wide open after this experience. It was well he did so, for just as he reached the steps, off came his hat again.

Quentin, the President's third son, had stretched a thread from one of the columns of the portico to an adjacent window, at such a height that it just intercepted the tall hat of the old man and sent it scurrying across the asphalt walk. Ethel, his sister, was standing close to the window, her little nose pressed against the pane, eagerly watching the outcome of Quentin's neatly set trap.

Once more the old man regained his hat, but this time he retained it in his hand, as he entered the portals of the mansion.

Although Uncle Hank was quite ready to forgive the pranks of the Roosevelt children, for he had heard all sorts of stories in regard to their strenuousness, he was not, however, prepared for the violent introduction to the President's private secretary, which he received shortly after he entered the spacious hall.



W.H. RYAN. M.C. N.Y.



It has been stated that when ATTORNEY GENERAL PHILANDER C. KNOX goes gunning for the Trusts he persistently turns his head in the wrong direction. General Knox being a very careful lawyer is also a very careful hunter, and if he is apparently looking in the wrong direction for his game it is because he is carefully surveying the field in search of other game that might be frightened off at the sound of his gun.

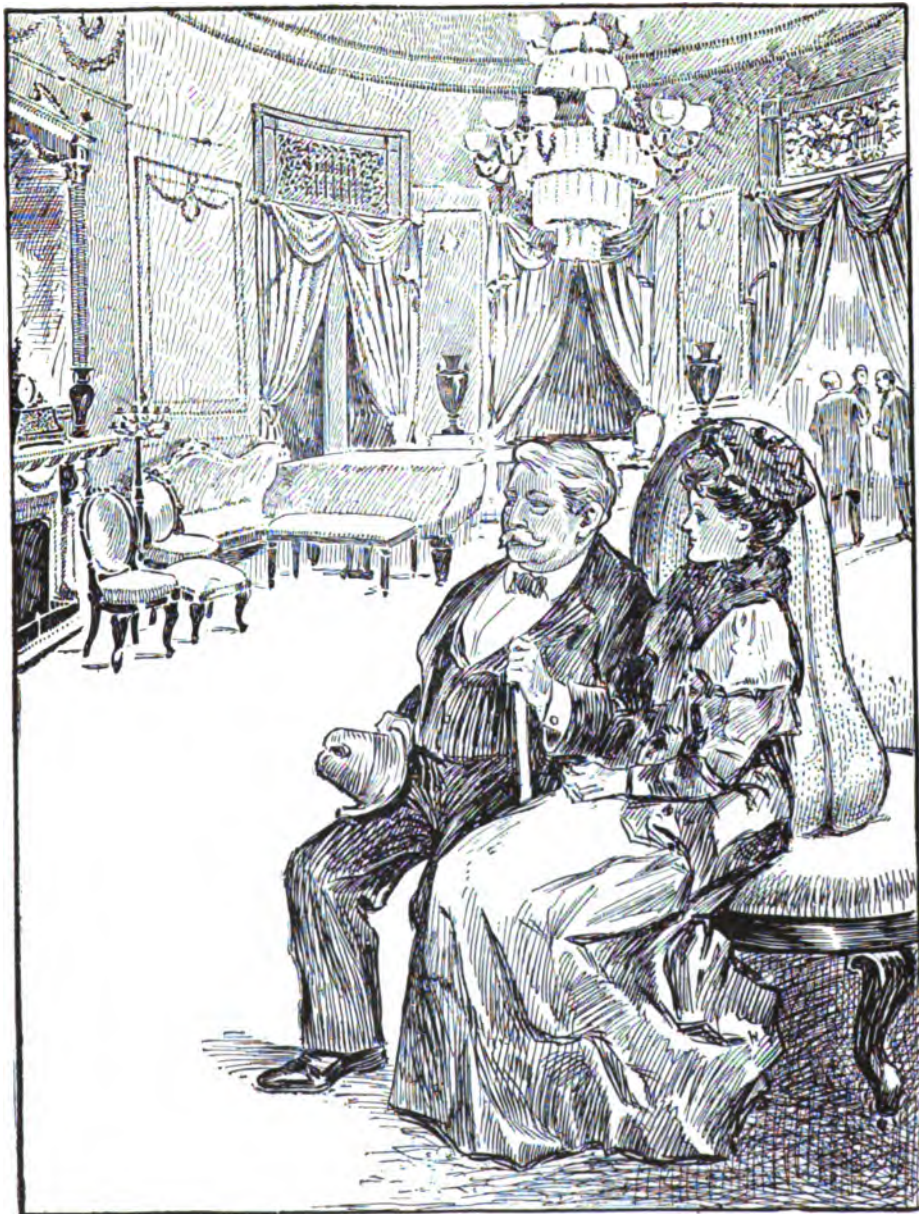
AROUND THE CAPITAL.



*Joel P. Hatwold M. C.
MINN.*

He stood with his back to the stairway leading to the floor above, with his hat in his hand, awaiting an opportunity to make inquiries of a gentleman who stood with his back to him, whom, he concluded, from the conversation which he inadvertently overheard between this gentleman and a rather neatly dressed colored gentleman, whom he recognized as Booker Washington—having met him before on another occasion—was the President's private secretary. Just as the latter was about to turn around, a wild screech pierced the air of the quiet hall-way, and the next instant the old man was hurled with great force against the secretary, who, in turn, caromed against the colored man, and the three, or rather four, were piled in a heap near the door. Archie, the President's youngest son, had slid down the banister, and had landed in the center of the old man's back. The Yankee farmer was the first to catch his breath; as he regained his feet after dusting off his coat and trousers with his umbrella, and punching out the dents in his tall hat, he remarked: "Tain't no use findin' fault with them kids; what's bred en th' bone'll cum aout en th' flesh." Then turning to the colored gentleman, he inquired if he was hurt, but that gentleman had struck the wall with his head, and a rub or two with his hand was all that was necessary to enable him to again recover his composure.

As for little Archie, no one seemed to think it necessary to inquire how he had come out of the concussion;



IN THE BLUE ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



AMOS L. ALLEN M.C.
ME.

he was like a rubber ball, and was soon scampering up the stairs again for another slide.

The private secretary was at first inclined to rebuke the youngster, but upon second thought, concluded to laugh it off. At this juncture a well built man with broad shoulders, surmounted by a large, well-shaped head, approached the old man with an extended hand.

"How d'ye do, Uncle!" exclaimed he, as he warmly greeted the old man.

"President Roosevelt! I'm right glad tew see ye," cried the old man, as he seized the extended hand and shook it warmly. "I haven't seen ye sence th' Pan-Ameriky Show. Haow d'ye like yer new job?"

"Oh, it doesn't differ materially from my life on the plains," replied the Chief Executive. "Turning down a Congressman is like 'throwing' a steer in the herd, while a political Boss often reminds me forcibly of a bucking broncho; if you go the right way about it, you can easily master him." This was said with no air of bravado, but with a most apparent air of conviction born of experience.

"Yer ranch ez enfested with road agints," remarked the old man, sardonically.

"How so?" inquired the President.

"The Trusts," replied he.

"Those obnoxious Trusts!" exclaimed the President, with a look of annoyance on his countenance.

"Ef Attorney Ginerall Knox'll roll up his sleeves en let



SEN. HANNA.

SEN. DEREW.

A SOCIETY EVENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE.
Uncle Hank—"I see th' senitors hev th' floor."

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

em hev a few hard nox, I reckon they won't be so tarnal noxshus," said the old man.

The President showed a double line of white teeth, as he laughed at this observation.

"I have a great multiplicity of matters to engage my attention this morning. See me after the reception. I want to walk out in the country with you!" said the President, in his quick, energetic style, as he bounced up the stairway three steps at a time, leaving Uncle Hank to mingle with the crowds that were constantly arriving for the public reception that was shortly to take place in the Blue Room.

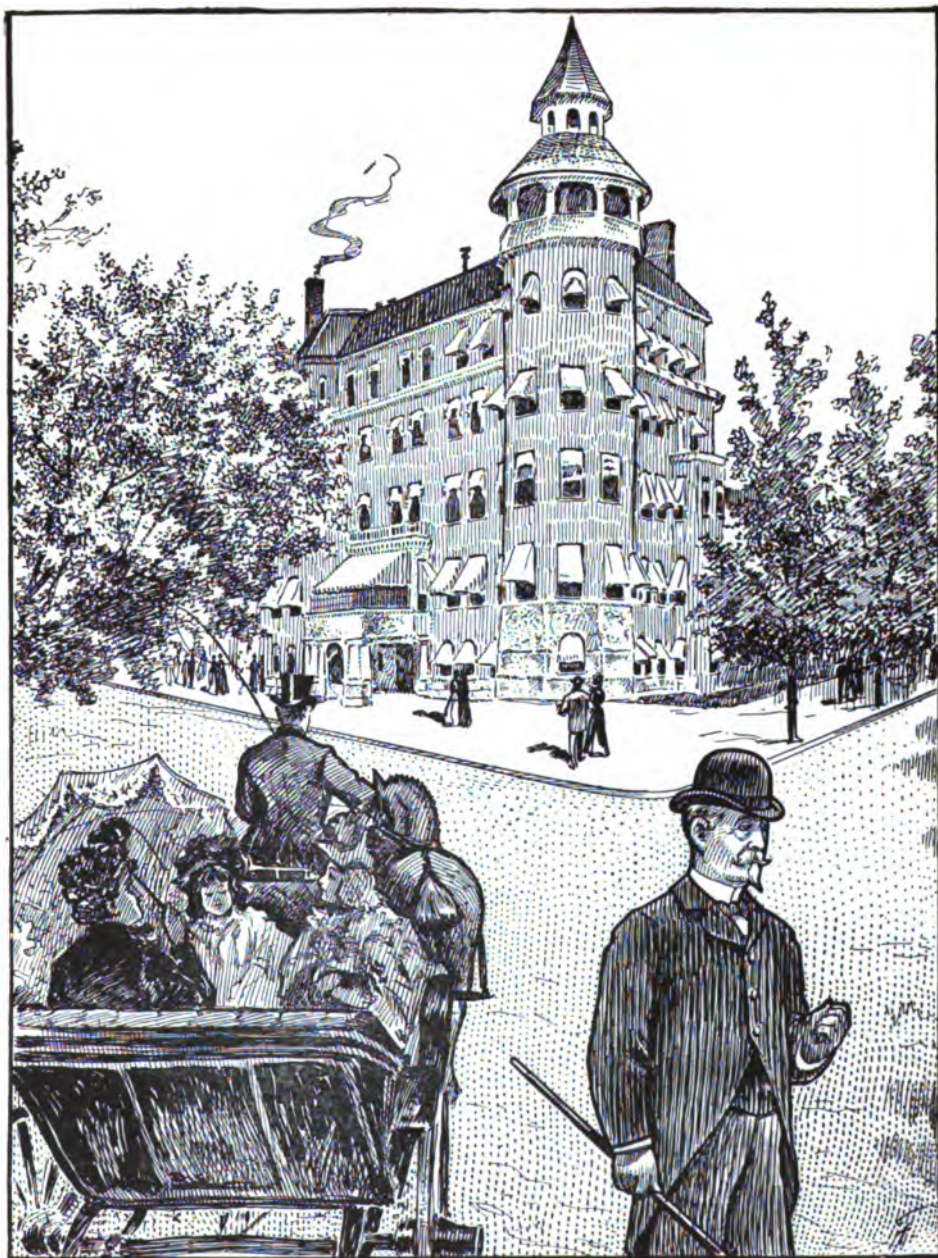
Visitors to the White House are divided by sharply drawn lines of distinction. For instance, if you occupy an exalted sphere in life and your name is prefixed with Sen. or Gen., or equally distinguished marks of importance, you may have access to the inner portals to the lair of the Chief Executive. But if, on the other hand, you are but one of the common herd, with nothing more distinguished than Mr. with which to prefix your name, the East Room is as far as you will likely get.

This is the great public room of the White House. Here crowds of visitors usually congregate as soon as they reach the mansion, and lose no time in proceeding to inspect its attractive features.

The first thing to attract the attention, is the large painting of George Washington, which was believed to have been painted by Gilbert Stuart; but it has since been dis-



J. H. GAINES. M.C. W. VA.



THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB.
Admiral Schley taking a stroll on Connecticut Avenue.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

covered to be the work of a comparatively obscure, English artist. This is the painting that was hastily removed from the White House, on the arrival of the British soldiers, in 1814, by Washington's nephew, Mr. Custis, who hastened over from Arlington for that purpose.

A fine full-length portrait of Mrs. Martha Washington, as well as portraits of Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, also adorns this room.

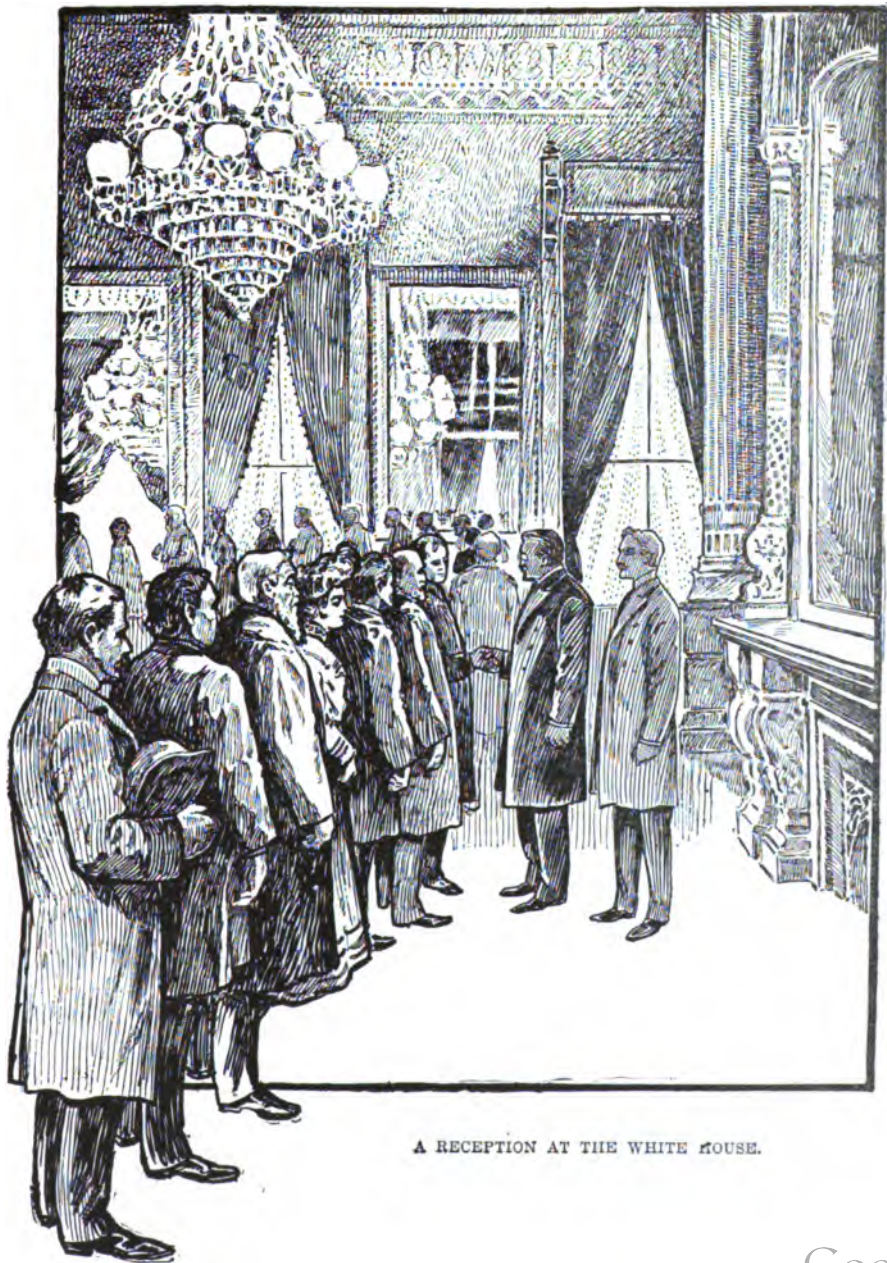
This East Room is probably the best known room in the White House, as no visitor thinks of leaving the city without seeing it. Here Maine rubs elbows with California, and plain Mrs. Oklahoma marvels at the wonderful elegance of the imported costume of Miss New York.

Adjoining this room is the Green Room, the prevailing tone of which is a pale green tint; and close by it the famous Blue Room, where the President's receptions are held.

At every large public reception the guests are received with appropriate style and dismissed with a "stilet," since the halls could not be cleared without passing the guests out by means of steps, with which the window-sill is bridged on such occasions.

These public receptions are notable affairs. A line is usually formed, extending as far as Seventeenth Street. After crossing the threshold of the White House, the line is single filed through the vestibule, the corridor and the Red Room to the Blue Room, where the President shakes hands with every visitor. A great many of these visit-





A RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

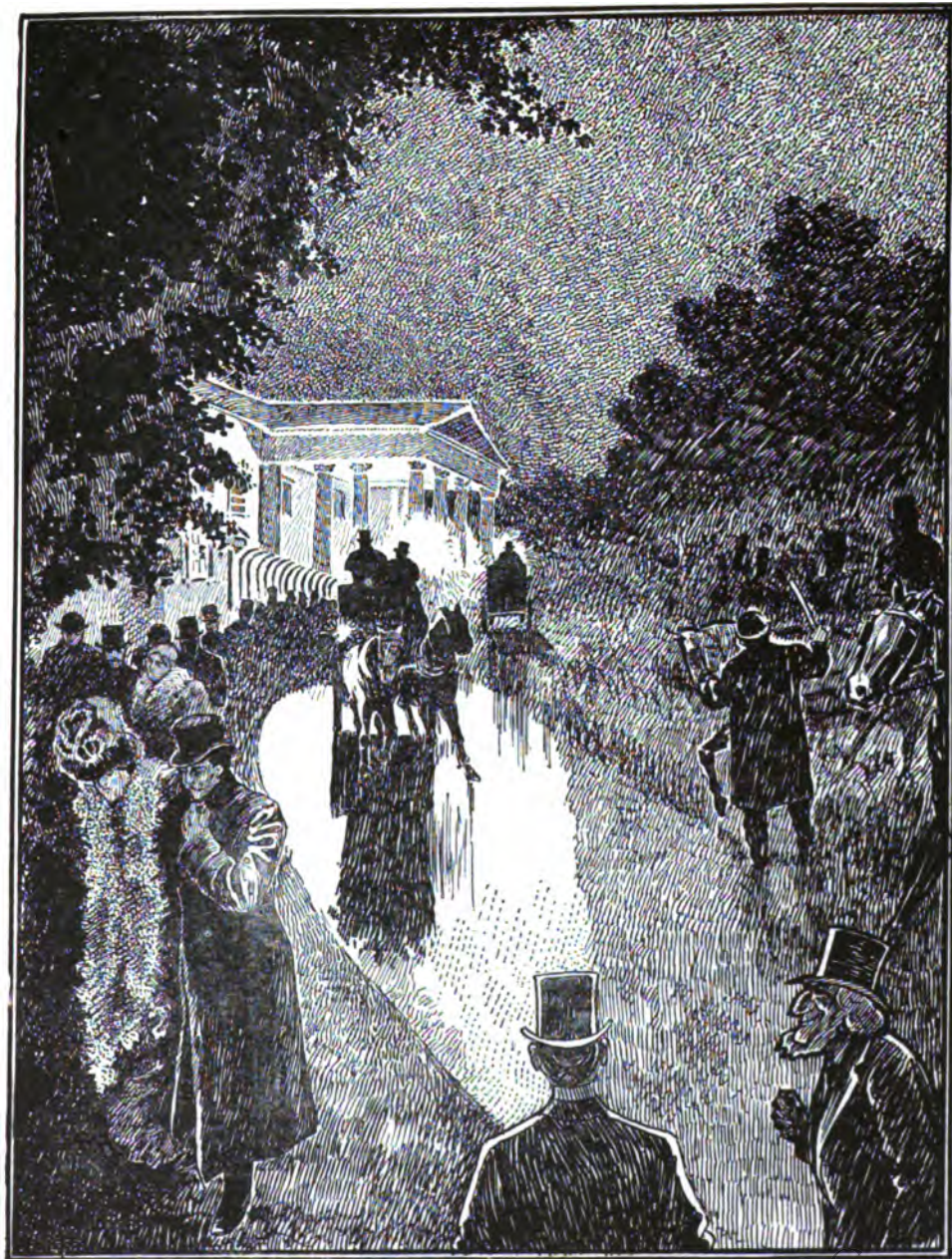


ors think this is the main function of a President and act accordingly.

Often the smile on the President's face will indicate more than his kindness of feeling, for the studied effort of the visitor to be impressive—(as in the case of a foreigner who bowed very low, before he deigned to take the proffered hand)—is often amusing. Occasionally a horny-handed Westerner will grip the President's hand with a vise-like grasp that will make him wince, but not often; for President Roosevelt has acquired a trick of getting "first hold," which precludes the possibility of a disastrous "squeeze."

From the small hall between the East Room and the vestibule, a stairway ascends to a wide middle hall, on either side of which are the offices of the President. At the head of these stairs is the Cabinet Room. Closely adjacent, is the room devoted to the private secretary. It is a narrow apartment and often crowded to the limit. It is a well-known fact that more accommodation for the President is a pressing necessity; but the historic White House, from the point of tradition, is one of the relics of our past, which should not be immolated upon the altar of progress.

The removal of the business offices from the White House will make it more truly a home for the President, but a new Executive Mansion is a necessity that cannot much longer be deferred. At present it is entirely inadequate to the necessities of an ordinary Chief Executive, not to mention a strenuous one.



THE WHITE HOUSE AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXII.

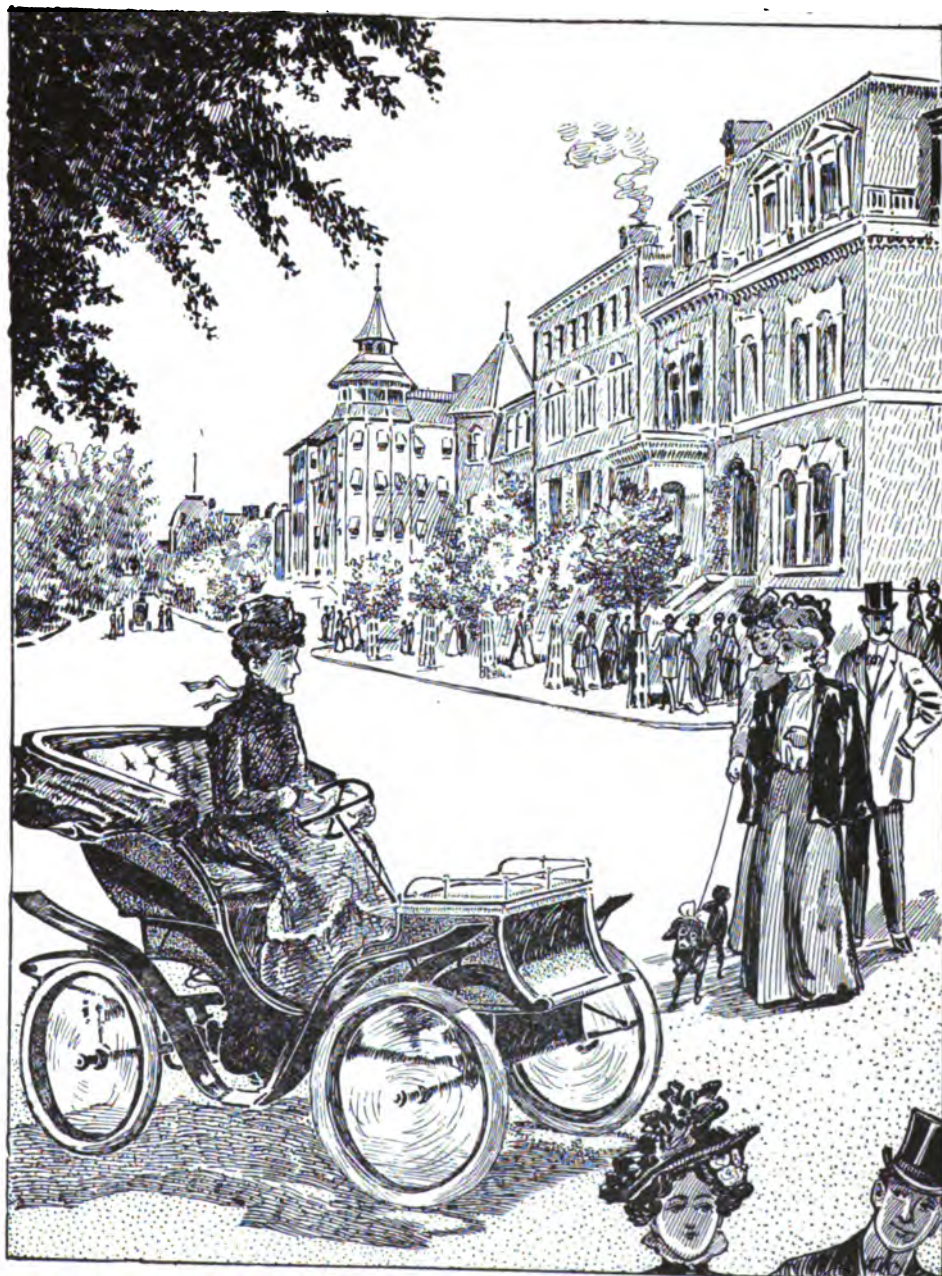
A STRENUOUS WALK.

HERE was a great crowd of sight-seers congested about the main entrance to the White House, bent upon gaining admittance to the building, to idly prowl about its interior in pursuance of idle curiosity. Suddenly there was a great commotion in the center of the mass, and immediately after a stalwart figure shot out, hurling them right and left after the manner of a Brooklynite making his way through the mass of humanity which usually congregates at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge during rush hours.

As the wellbuilt figure bounded along the asphalt, many were the exclamations of admiration that emanated from the crowd, as it proceeded to retrieve the various bits of head-gear that had been unceremoniously dislodged by the strenuous exit of the Chief Executive; for it was none other than he, who was about to **take** his regular walk into the bucolic regions, where the fields are broad and the vista is unobstructed.

Uncle Hank, mindful of the request of the President to take a walk with him into the country, was waiting in readiness for his advent, and as soon as he perceived the





A CABINET OFFICER'S DAUGHTER AUTOMOBILING ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



GEO. F. HOAR MASS.

athletic figure of the Chief Executive, he hastened to join him.

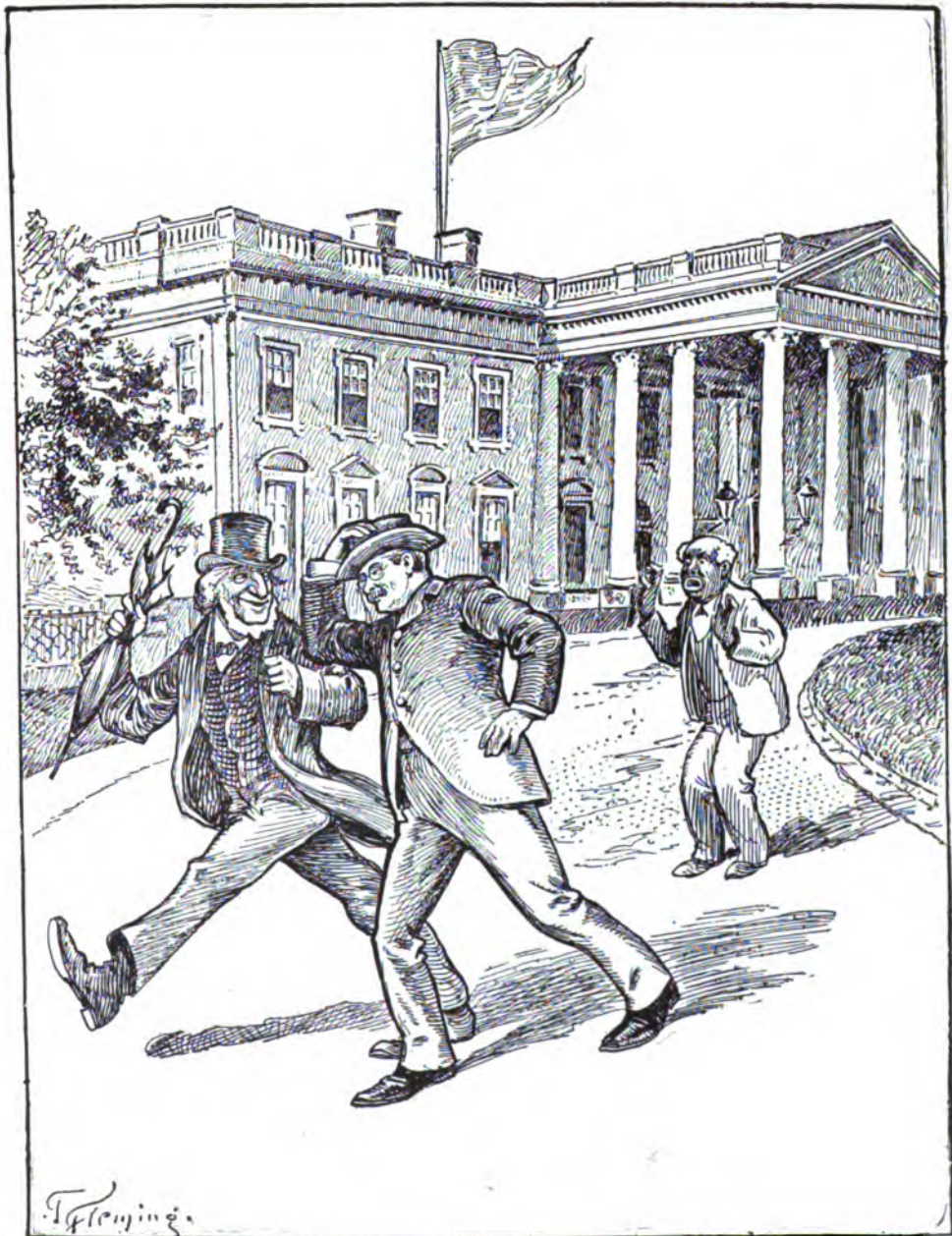
The wind was blowing sharply, so the old man took a firm grip at his tall hat and pulled it down tighter on his head to prevent it blowing off at the quick pace they were now moving.

The old man's gait was somewhat ungainly, when compared with the elastic and springy stride of his companion, and it was a rather difficult matter for him to keep step, as he had an awkward habit of throwing his heavily booted foot too high in the air, so that when it reached the ground it did so with a resounding whack on the extreme end of the heel, which seemed to jar the old man from stern to stern at every step.

As the pair reached the gate, the President leaped gracefully over the imbedded cannon that serves as a bulwark to encroaching carriage wheels. Uncle Hank endeavored to do likewise, but his effort ended in disaster; the heel of his boot catching on the rim of the cannon's mouth, threw him unceremoniously in a heap on the sidewalk.

He soon gathered himself up, however, and they were again on their way.

The President seemed to be in an abstracted mood: his eyes were focused on distant objects and he seemed oblivious to his surroundings. He was evidently thinking of some intricate matter of state. As for the old man, his mind was chiefly concerned with the idea of how long he would last if this gait was kept up.

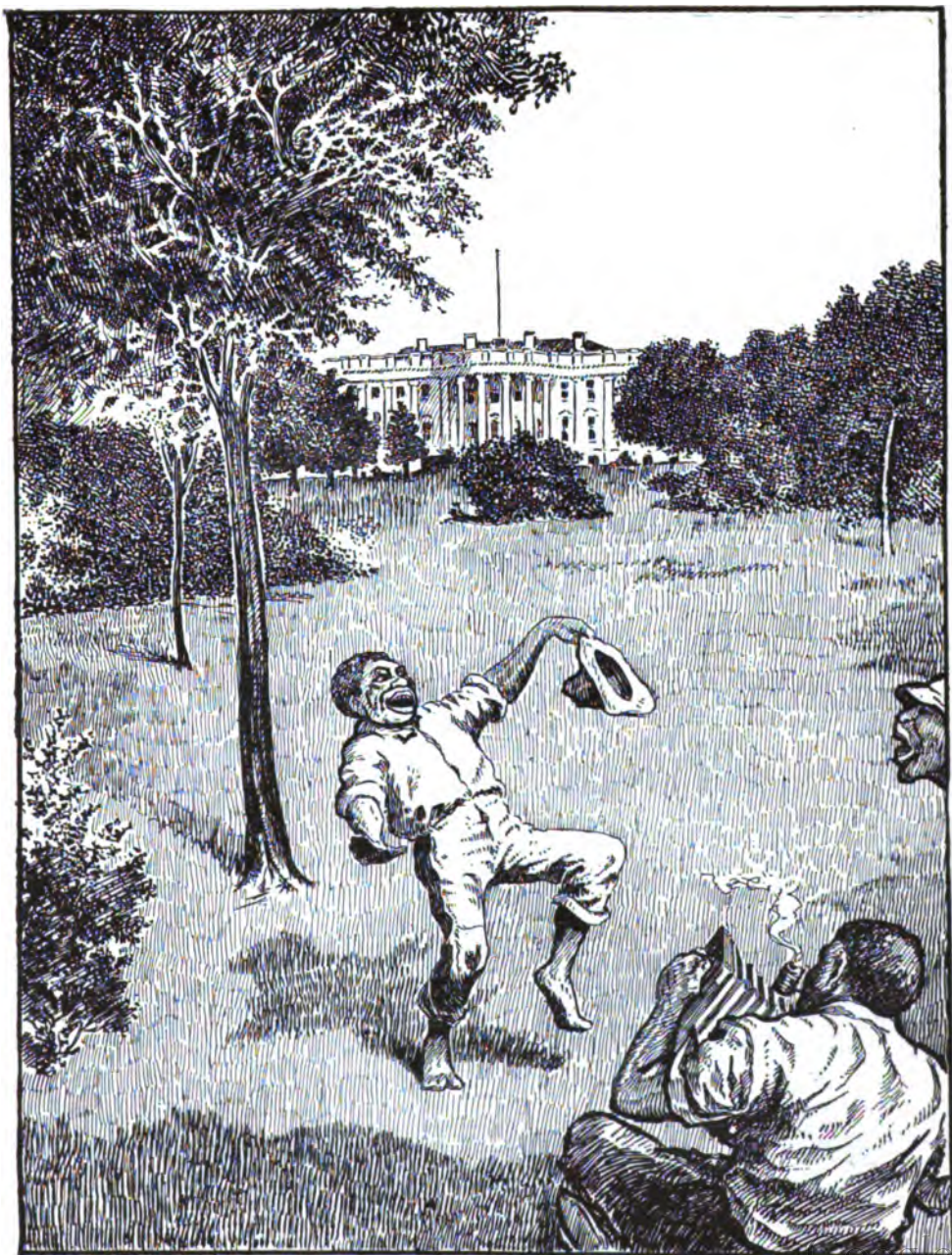


"HE HAD AN AWKWARD HABIT OF THROWING HIS HEAVILY BOOTED FOOT TOO HIGH IN THE AIR."

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THE CAPITOL IN 1814.
(From an old print.)



FROLICKING IN THE WHITE LOT.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Every one seemed to recognize the President as the pair rushed by, and on one occasion an over-zealous policeman tried to arrest Uncle Hank, thinking that he was following the Chief Magistrate for the purpose of doing him bodily harm. But he successfully explained, that being unable to keep up with his more lusty companion, he was merely putting on more steam to enable him to accelerate his pace.

The pedestrians were soon out in the country, and as they dashed along the dusty roads, the farmers would stop their work in the fields to watch them.

Suddenly, as they came to a bend in the road, the President's eye caught sight of a herd of cattle being driven to pasture. His eyes brightened perceptibly, as the lowing herd approached.

Redoubling his steps, he was soon in the midst of the scampering cows, and seizing the horns of one of the largest, he was soon astride of her back, yelling like an Indian boy on his first pony.

Into the pasture field the thoroughly frightened cow dashed with her unusual burden. After encircling the field several times, she quieted down, when her rider dismounted as gracefully as an expert circus equestrian would do on the completion of a particularly graceful performance in the ring.

This boyish prank seemed to please the President hugely, and he was all smiles when he regained the roadway.

"That's the best fun I've had since I was out in Yellow-





A REAR VIEW OF SENATOR MASON.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

stone Park, chasing the mountain lions!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"That's the way tew handle th' publick questshuns ov th' day—take em by th' horns en ride em daown till ye master 'em!" replied the old man, joining in the enthusiasm of the moment.

They now concluded to return to the city, as the clouds were lowering for a storm. As they sped down the avenue to the White House, it was all the old man could do to keep up with his distinguished companion, and he was thoroughly tired out, as their trip had extended several miles into the country.

Turning the corner of Seventeenth Street so as to enter the Executive Mansion at the rear, they passed the White Lot. Here they encountered a youthful equestrian on a beautiful piebald pony, riding furiously around the circular park. Occasionally he would stand erect in his stirrups and emit a war-whoop as he chased another youth on a bicycle.

"That boy, Quentin, is going to make a fine rider!" exclaimed the President in admiration at the fearless manner in which his little son managed the pony.

"Thar may be another San Juan Hill tew charge up when he gits tew be a man," remarked the old man.

"And another troop of Rough Riders to organize some day," rejoined the President.

"Like father, like son," commented the old man, as the President disappeared in the direction of the White House.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CLIMB OF NINE HUNDRED STEPS.

HE had come all the way from California to scatter his wife's ashes from the top of the Washington Monument.

He was tall and spare of frame and his prominent nose was bridged with antique spectacles, over the rims of which he had a curious habit of looking quizzically, when spoken to. His countenance was of the mournful kind, like unto one who saw naught but woe on this side of the grave. And he had come thousands of miles to carry out the dying wish of the partner of his life's joys—or was it woes?

As he approached the imposing shaft of white marble, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, towards which the obelisk eloquently pointed, he gave vent to a sigh that attracted the attention of Uncle Hank, who was standing at the base of the noble structure.

"My friend," exclaimed the old man after the manner of one who was about to render a favor, "they won't let ye carry yer lunch box tew th' top ov th' monnymint."

"My dear sir," replied the one from the Pacific slope, "this is not a lunch box. It is all that remains of my dear consort, who departed this life less than a month ago, and whose request, that after cremation, I should scatter



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



the resultant ashes to the four winds of heaven, from the top of the Washington Monument, I am about to comply with."

This was said with an elevation of the eyebrows that told more eloquently than his words expressed, the responsibility he felt for the faithful execution of his wife's dying petition.

"My friend, ye kan't do et," sententiously remarked the old man, shaking his head negatively.

"And why, might I ask?" he inquired, raising his eyebrows still higher.

"Ye see, et's agin th' rools," explained the old man.

"I was not aware there was any rule governing such a case," replied the mournful one.

"In th' fust place," said the old man, "et's agin th' law tew throw anythin' from th' top ov th' monnymint. En th' next place, thar's allus lots ov peepel lookin' up et th' monnymint, en ther so estonished et et, thet they allus hev ther mouths wide open; so thet ef ye shud throw yer wife's remains daown frum th' top——"

The man from California waited to hear no more, but grasping his precious box with a firmer grip, he hastened to the Potomac river, where he could throw his affectionately remembered wife's ashes into the water, and not risk the danger of having them swallowed by a lot of open-mouthed sight-seers.

As for Uncle Hank, after quietly smiling to himself at the man who wished to turn the park into a cemetery, he

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

proceeded to walk about the grounds to get a more complete view of the beautiful monument.

"Over five hundred en fifty-five feet high!" he said to himself, "en th' highest structur' en the land—a fittin' monnymint tew th' man thet stood higher en th' esteem ov hiz fellowmen then eny man b'fore."

"Admiring the monument, uncle?" said a voice at his elbow.

On turning around, he beheld his nephew, Harry, who had made an appointment with him to climb the stairs to the top of the structure, to more leisurely examine the interesting interior, which is lined with memorial stones from various sources, as tributes to the immortal Washington.

"I waz jest thinkin', Harry," said the old man, "thet et stands thar like a gauge tew measur' th' charactur' ov th' greatest man that ever lived."

"Quite right, uncle; and very fittingly expressed," replied his nephew. "Now for a climb to the top."

The pair then proceeded to the task of slowly mounting to the top of the monument, by means of the nine hundred steps within. As they passed through the entrance to the interior, they were looked upon with wonder, by the crowd in the elevator, as they started to laboriously climb the iron stairs, ignoring the more comfortable means of reaching the top.

"Forty States and sixteen cities are represented in these



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

memorial stones," said Harry, as they reached the first landing and commenced to scrutinize the inscriptions.

"Here is a stone contributed by a lodge of Odd-Fellows, and adjoining is one from a lodge of Free Masons."

"Wall, I don't know ez haow they could hev built et without them masons, seein' ez haow et's built ov stone en mortar," remarked the old man, jocosely.

On the second landing they stopped to examine some sculptured representations of antiquated machines donated by fire departments of forty years ago.

"Th' longer this monnymint lasts th' more curius them skulptur's'll look," remarked the old man, as he examined the old fire engines.

As they climbed from one landing to another, they came across numbers of curious stones. There were stones from Braddock's Field, the Battlefield of Long Island, Otter's Summit, (a lofty peak in Virginia,) the Temple of Æsculapius, the ruins of ancient Carthage, the Tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena, the Parthenon in Greece, and the Alexandrian Library in Egypt.

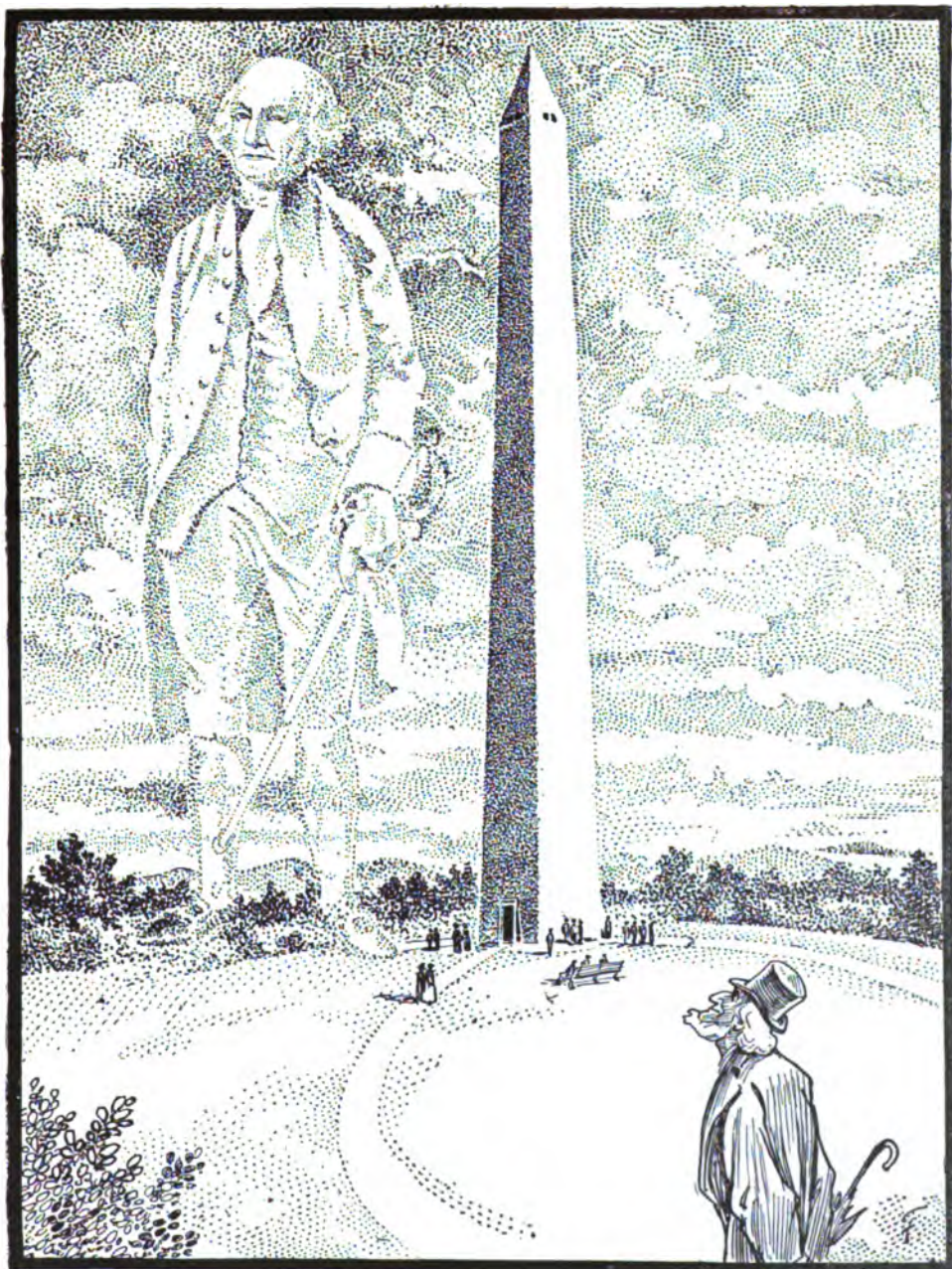
"Th' Sons ov Noo England en Canady," read Uncle Hank, on one of the stones. "Thet looks suspishus!" he exclaimed. "What did they go tew Canady fer?"

They had now reached an altitude of three hundred and ten feet, which they readily determined by the large figures which were painted at every landing in the stairway.

"We have now reached the height of the Capitol," said



A. B. Landis
M.C. 1890



"ET STANDS THAR LIKE A GAUGE TEW MEASUR' TH' CHARACTER OV TH' GREATEST MAN
THET EVER LIVED."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Harry, pointing to a sign painted on the wall, indicating that fact.

At different altitudes, as they ascended, they noticed signs marking the heights of various lofty structures throughout the world. For instance, when the five hundred and twenty foot mark was reached, a sign indicating this to be the height of St. Peter's Church at Rome, was painted immediately under it.

This was found to be a very vivid way of impressing upon visitors the magnitude of the monument.

After resting several times on convenient steps, Uncle Hank and his nephew at last found themselves at the top; a grateful discovery, as the lack of ventilation, combined with the physical exertion necessary to climb so many steps, served to make them over-heated and considerably exhausted, and when the free air above was reached, it proved to be very exhilarating.

It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful spectacle than the scene from the top of the monument on this occasion. The sun was shining brightly, and the atmosphere was singularly clear, rendering the most distant objects plainly perceptible.

"There is no city in the world that would look so well from so great an elevation," said Harry, who had traveled in every clime. "This is due to the fact that its large public buildings are constructed of marble or granite, and are usually surrounded by the rich green foliage of parks, which contrasts beautifully with the stone work; also there is an





ON VERMONT AVENUE.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



utter absence of the smoke and steam that pervades the atmosphere of all other cities."

"Thar's th' famous Potomac Flats—with all th' modern emproovmints," remarked Uncle Hank, as he looked out of the first port-opening, or window, which looked southward.

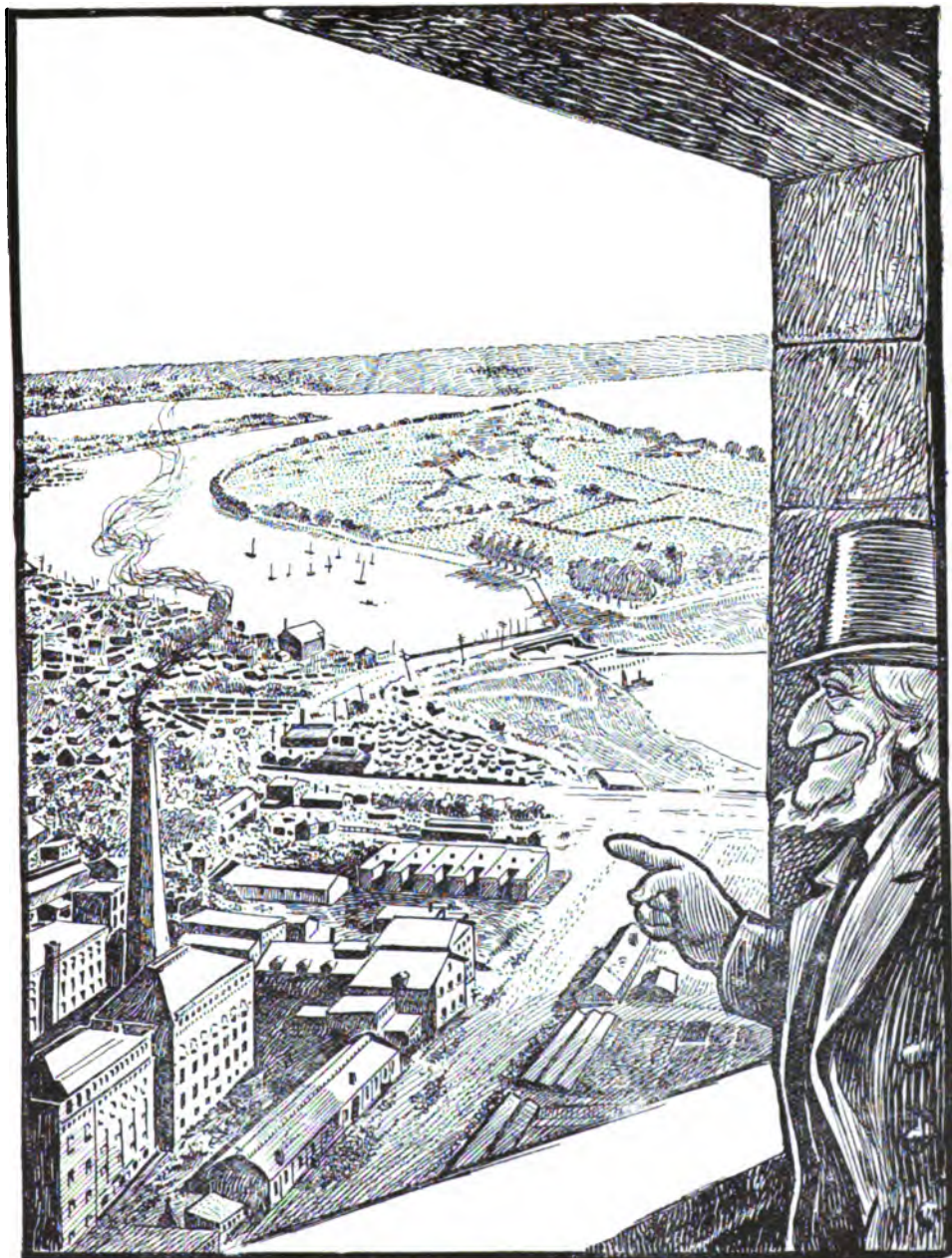
"That is the famous long bridge, constructed over sixty years ago," explained Harry, who, being familiar with the surrounding country, constituted himself a guide to his uncle.

"Right over there," he continued, "is a number of remains of fortifications that were hot places during the Civil War. A little farther along is the disastrous field of Manassas; those hills in the distance are in Virginia."

"Th' rebs got purty close tew Washin'ton," commented the old man, as he contemplated the scene.

"That prominent bridge you see yonder," pursued the nephew, "is called the Aqueduct bridge, and back of it lies the old town of Georgetown, while over on the Virginia side, is plainly seen the Arlington mansion, surrounding which is the National Cemetery with its many monuments, showing like little white specks among the foliage!" Then moving over to the next window, he continued:

"And there's the White House, easily the most conspicuous object from this window; on the left is the State, War and Navy building. A little nearer is the Corcoran Art Gallery. That distinctly marked avenue extending



'THAR'S TH' FAMOUS POTOMAC FLATS—WITH ALL TH' MODERN EMPROOVMENTS."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

beyond the White House, is Connecticut Avenue, Washington's most fashionable thoroughfare.

"We now come to the most beautiful view of all," remarked Harry, looking from the next window in line. "There is the beautiful, white Capitol nestling in a bed of green. I don't know where you can match that for beauty," said he, with the enthusiasm of an artist. "Over its right wing you can clearly discern the Congressional Library, with its gilt dome glistening against the distant Maryland hills. A little farther to the right is the Anacostia river;—follow the stream up with your eye and you will come to the Navy Yard."

And thus, every object of interest was discerned in the beautiful panorama that lay stretched below them like a huge painting by a master hand, but far more beautiful than any painting could be.

"Right above, is the capstone," further related he, "on the top of which is a tip, or point, of aluminum, selected because of its freedom from oxidation."

When the pair started to descend by way of the elevator, Harry recounted to his uncle some of the interesting details of construction connected with this wonderful pile of masonry.

"At the five hundred foot level," said he, as the elevator passed the mark, "the walls are only eighteen inches thick; at the base they measure fifteen feet."

Then dropping into the history of the structure, he continued.



J. DALZELL. M.C. PA.



SENATOR JOHN F. DRYDEN, of New Jersey, is the astute President of the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, N. J., which, it is claimed, is as solid as the rock at Gibraltar. As a consequence its President is well supplied with "Rocks." Early in life he was taught that "Honesty was the best Policy"—he believes differently now—"No Policy can equal the "Prudential's."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



"This monument is the realization of a popular sentiment for a memorial to Washington, which had its inception before his death, so that his wishes in regard to its site were known and acceded to," said he, reeling off his information like a walking encyclopedia. "But the corner-stone was not laid until 1845, and the monument was not completed until 1885. So you see they were not very energetic in building it."

As the elevator reached the bottom they took occasion to look up into the enormous shaft.

"This is said to be the finest and best piece of masonry in the world," pursued the nephew. "It has been found that a plumb line suspended from the top inside did not deflect three-eighths of an inch from a perpendicular line."

"Perfectly upright, like the character of our immortal George," said the old man, as he took a last look at the superb monument.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WORLD IN GLASS CASES.

"I bequeath the whole of my property to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."



SEN. GEO. TURNER, WASH.

CHUS read the bequest of James Smithson, a son of the English Duke of Northumberland, who died in 1829. By this legacy, which was brought to this country in gold sovereigns and recoinied into gold eagles, five hundred and eight thousand three hundred and eighteen dollars and forty-six cents was made available for the establishment of the now world famous Smithsonian Institution and National Museum.

Curious, indeed, has been the development of this wonderful museum. Containing, as it now does, over three million objects, it was at first merely a ragged collection of "curiosities" which had been given to the institution principally for want of a better place.

The Smithsonian building was completed in 1855, and step by step it has increased in scope and importance. The original bequest has increased to one million dollars.

The National Museum is under the direction of the

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Smithsonian Institution, but is supported by Uncle Sam. This museum is made, by law, the authorized place of deposit for "all objects of art, archæology, natural history, ethnology and geology belonging to the United States when no longer needed for investigation in progress."

Thus it happens that after every World's Fair, or Exposition, a considerable number of exhibits, for which there is no further use, finds its way to this unique collection which has become so great, that to attempt to mention in detail one in a hundred would be an almost impossible task.

The bulk of visitors are attracted to the museum building in preference to the older Smithsonian, which is poorly lighted and not so well fitted for exhibition purposes as its more commodious neighbor.

As Uncle Hank appeared early one morning at the main entrance to the museum, he deliberately surveyed the interior for some time. Running his eye rapidly over the multitude of objects to examine, he nonchalantly exclaimed:

"Ye kan't see this museum en five minutes!"

Walking over to the first glass case on the right he examined curiously the life and death masks of Lincoln. Reading carefully the appended card, which contained the words "MASK OF LINCOLN," he indignantly snorted:

"Huh! et's a mistake—he never wore a mask!"

A little farther along he came to some relics of President Madison carefully arranged in a large case, which he scrutinized closely. At length his face seemed to take on a serio-



J. H. SMALL. M.C.N.L.



THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

comic expression, as he gazed intently at one of the objects within.

"I allus hed a great respekt fer James Madison, but sum-times aour ideels git a rude shock. He waz a great statesman, a great skollar an' a man ov integritty, but—he played a flute!" And the old man walked off like one who had made a disagreeable discovery.

Several cases, devoted to the display of General Washington's uniform and camp outfit, next attracted his attention.

"George Washington! I'm ashamed ov ye," he exclaimed. "Pewter dishes en sech common knives, en them clothes! They wudden't bring much et a seckund-hand store."

He was, however, much better pleased at the showing made by General Grant's relics, which included some beautiful swords, presents and testimonials received by the General in his trip around the world.

Passing into the rotunda his attention was riveted to the colossal plaster model of Crawford's statue of "Armed Liberty," which adorns the top of the Capitol Dome. This statue is nineteen feet six inches high and looks very imposing under the subdued light of the rotunda.

"Liberty cums high, but we must hev et," said the old man, as he gazed up at the statue. "En they call et Armed Liberty? Wall, thet's right. Et's armed with money. En th' helmet hez a big dollar mark ontew et, en thet looks like a money bag en th' left hand—en, by ginger! she's winkin' with thet left eye! But p'r'aps et's all immaginashun, en my



**D.H. SMITH. M.C.
KY.**



"LIBERTY CUMS HIGH, BUT WE MUST HEV ET." Digitized by Google

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



**T.S. BUTLER, M.C.
PENN.**

old eyes ez deceivin' me." And the old man laughed at the idea. He then entered the hall devoted to mammals, some of which are so remarkably well mounted that they simulate life to an astonishing extent.

This department is also very rich in geological specimens, as it is the depository of the United States Geological Survey.

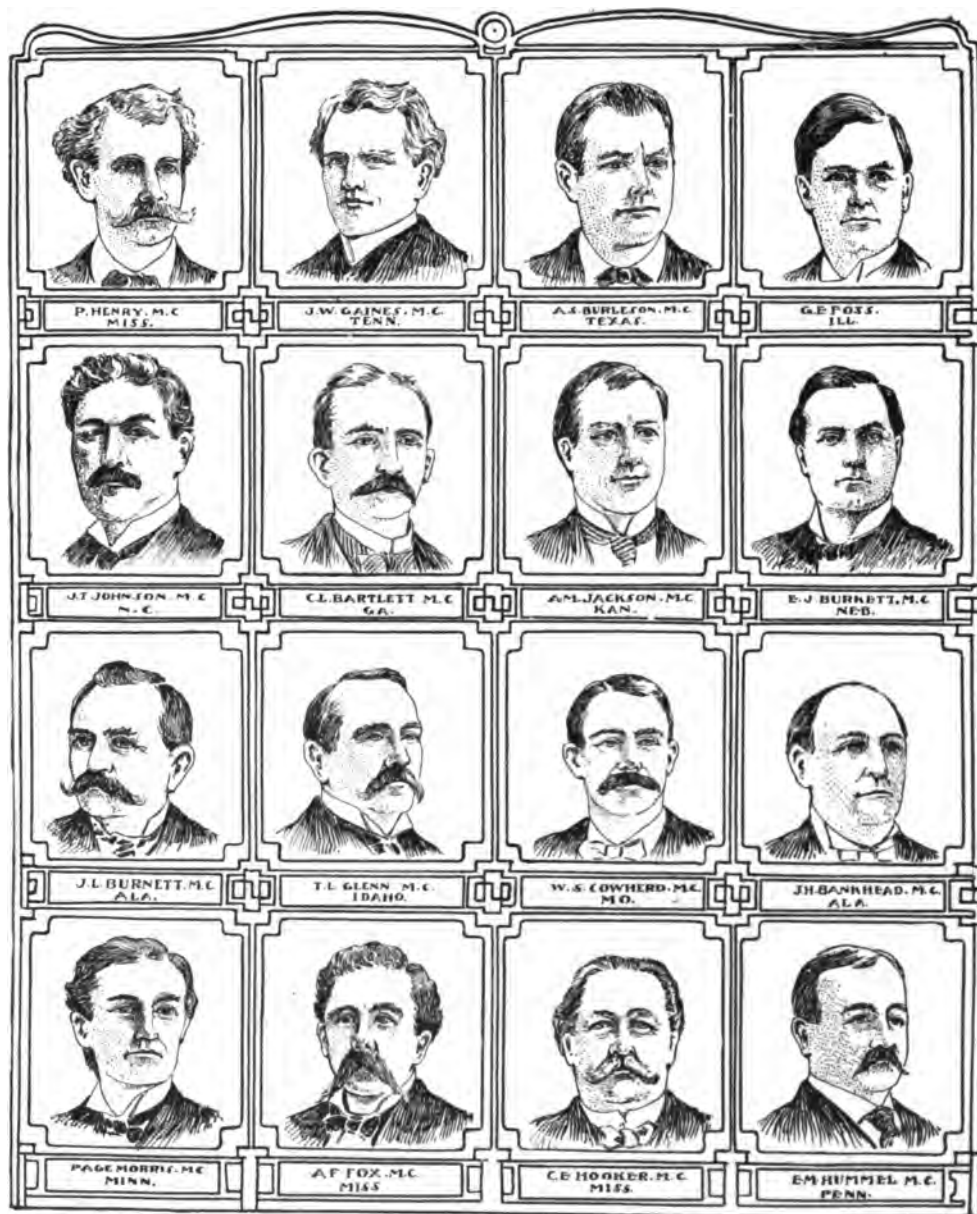
"Sermons en Stones!" remarked the old man as he stooped over a large rock on which were plainly to be discerned the footprints of birds that must have lived thousands of years ago. "We think we're livin' fer tew-day, only, en don't stop tew think we're leavin' aour tracks behind."

Wandering into the next hall he noted with curiosity the exhibition of cutting implements.

"Frum th' stone hatchit tew th' fine steel knife. Et's like followin' th' progress ov th' human race."

And then the Egyptian mummies claimed his attention. A long row of mummy cases, decorated with Egyptian hieroglyphics, painted in all sorts of fancy colors, presented anything but a funereal aspect. One particularly fine specimen was stood on its feet, propped up against the wall, with a small portion of its dried up visage showing through the bandages. As the old man peered into the face of the mummy, he pondered long as if in deep thought.

"Four thousand years ago," he said, "ye lived, en I reckon ye waz a good church member, fer I see they giv' ye what passed en them days fer a decent Christian burial. En I



SOME PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVES.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

hain't no doubt ye waz a deekon, fer ye look like old Deeken Snodgrass. En like ez not ye waz a member ov Congress them days, fer thet looks like one ov yer speeches they've buried 'long with ye."

So saying, he designated a roll of papyrus that was fastened to one side of the sarcophagus. And carefully adjusting his spectacles, he stooped over in an endeavor to decipher the hieroglyphics.

"Et looks tew me like a speech on th' Trust questshun: fer thar's a row ov figgers standin' b'fore a man with a lot er pots back ov him. Et's easy tew see thet means a strike of a Labor Union agin a Trust—fer I reckon them jars ez money jars, en th' man en front ez th' preserdent ov a Trust en them days." And the old man ruminated over what he considered the probable status of the man four thousand years ago.

Then slowly walking along, carefully noting everything of interest, occasionally stopping to examine some exhibit of more than ordinary importance from his point of view, he at length found himself in the midst of a fine display of nautical craft, embracing everything that would float on water, from a dugout canoe to the latest design of ocean steamship. Of particular interest to his ingenious Yankee mind was the display of models, showing the evolution of the propeller.

"Et's so simple en construcshun," said he, "thet et's hard tew realize thet et waz only discovered a few years ago, en thet th' world hed tew do so long withaout et." And lean-



D.H. ALLEN, M.C.,
KY.



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN, the Field Marshal of Industry. His wonderful grasp of public affairs is marvelous. His hand can be seen in schemes that reach around the globe. Like Alexander, his plans of conquest embrace the entire world, but where the Grecian conqueror drew his sword, the American draws his check. It is rumored that he is endeavoring to form the thrones of Europe into a Trust, with offices in a Broadway skyscraper.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



**R. L. HENRY. M.C.
TEX.**

ing over, he ran his fingers over the fin-like model of the first propeller. Then turning around, he espied a number of skeletons in another hall. It was not long before he was deeply immersed in the intricacies of skeleton lore.

"H'yars th' place fer bare facts. Thar's no conseelmint. Ye' kin git inside infermashun en this departmint!" he exclaimed, as he scanned the multitude of skeletons that filled the hall.

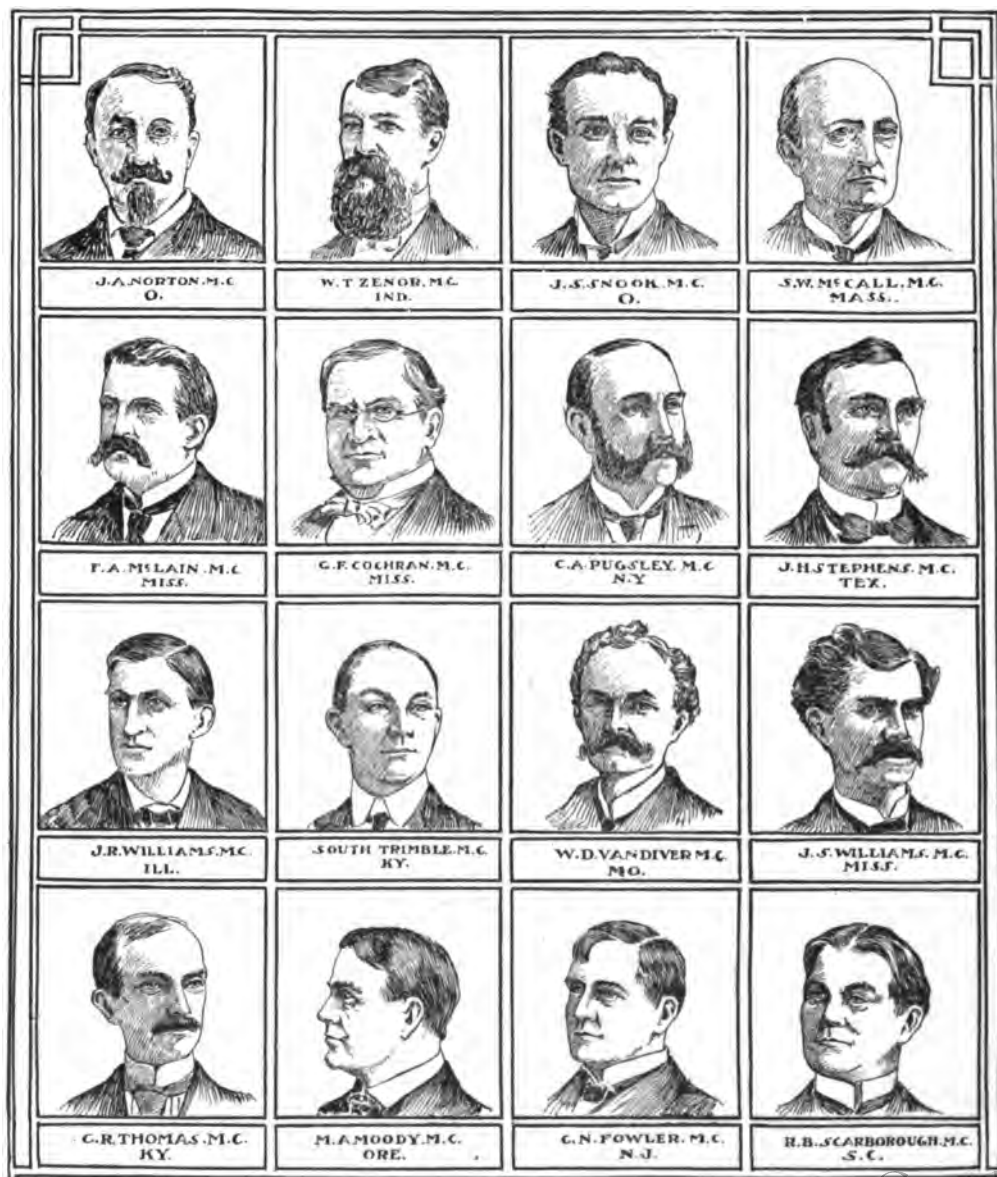
"V-E-R-T-E-B-R-A-T-E P-A-I-E-O-N-T-O-L-O-G-Y," read he, deciphering the large gilt sign designating the contents of the room.

"Vertybrat Palintology? I kan't say ez haow I kno what thet means—et's sun'thin' about 'brats' en palin'-fences, I reckon."

As he was about to leave this hall after having spent considerable time in examining the curious little bones that constitute the vertebræ of the reptile species, his attention was attracted to a series of skeletons ranging from the small monkey to the human being.

Scrutinizing each skeleton carefully, he finally came to the culminating example of the evolution of the species, man.

Standing before this product of the evolutionary scheme, with his arms folded and his chin resting on his hand, he gave vent to the train of thought that had been forming in his mind. "Th' lord ov creashun! Th' proud, hawty en arrygant master ov th' world!" soliloquized he. "When yer stripped tew th' bone, ye don't look tew hev sich a great advantage over th' rest ov th' animal creashun."



AN INFLUENTIAL GROUP OF CONGRESSMEN.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



J.J. FITZGERALD, M.C.
N.Y.

The more the inquisitive Yankee investigated, the more he found to interest him. There were cases filled with gems and precious stones, Alaskan relics, ores, meteorites, Indian pottery, idols, casts of reptiles and fishes, botanical specimens and geological curiosities.

After he had exhaustively searched through the mass, he repaired to the Smithsonian building close by. Here he found practically the same sort of exhibition, only on a much smaller scale.

It has, however, one feature that places it in the front rank of the scientific institutions of the world. This is its magnificent library of two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes.

As the old man had about concluded his tour, and was preparing to leave the building, a short fat man with a very heavy beard and a very bald head stopped him to inquire if he could direct him to the Entomological Department.

"What dew they hev en thet departmint?" he inquired.

"Insects, bugs, et cetera," replied the seeker after information.

"Wall, right over yonder," answered the old man, pointing his finger in the direction of the bug exhibit, "thar's everythin' en th' world en th' shape ov bugs, 'ceptin' one."

"Excepting one!" exclaimed his interrogator in surprise at the thought that the famous collection should be found incomplete in any particular. "What variety did you find missing?"

"Th' hum-bug," responded the practical joker.



J.A. CONRY, M.C.
MASS.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CURBSTONE MARKET PLACE.

TWO barrels supporting a couple of wide boards on which were placed sundry baskets of eggs, apples, carrots and sweet potatoes, comprised the nucleus of Abraham Lincoln White's stand just outside of Center Market. Ranged around this nucleus were several open boxes containing corn on the cob, parsnips, onions and walnuts. In addition to this was an old tub containing a small quantity of butter in pound lumps.

Mr. White was black; so black, indeed, that it was difficult to discern the intensely black pipe he held in his mouth. Furthermore, he was an exceedingly picturesque personage in many respects. His coat had been patched so often, that the patches seemed to constitute the greater part of the garment.

In regard to his nether extremities, it was rather a hard matter to tell where they started or where they left off, as his feet were encased in coarse bagging secured in place by pieces of twine wrapped round and round. This served the double purpose of keeping Mr. White's feet free from the snow that lightly covered the sidewalk, and also to



L. POWER, M.C.
ME.



J. C. ROBINSON, M.C.
NEB.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

keep them warm ; for it was only in the mildest weather that this son of Africa did not feel cold.

If Mr. White was picturesque, Mr. White's market wagon was spectacular—repaired again and again until there was not left a single stick of wood or iron, or a solitary stitch of canvas that constituted its original make-up. In order to ease the strain on some of the weaker parts of the wheels, strips of wood were bound with wire diagonally across the spokes, in such a manner that at every rotation of the wheel the ends of the home'y splint would strike the ground with a jar that would momentarily threaten disaster.

The sidewalk along the Mall, fronting the market house proper, was lined with similar ramshackle market vehicles as far as the eye could reach, and, as it was Saturday morning, business was brisk.

Uncle Hank—who had been advised to visit the "Market" on market day, if he wished to see one of the most interesting sights of Washington—was sauntering along this curbstone market place when he chanced to see the unique Mr. White.

"Haow much ez butter this mornin'?" inquired he, more for the purpose of "drawing out," the darky, than with any intention of purchasing.

"Buttah?"

"Yes."

"Well, they'se gittin' twenty-seben cents inside dar," indicating the Market House across the way by a jerk





AROUND THE CAPITAL.

of his thumb over his shoulder, "but ah reckon ah kin let yo' hab sum fo' twenty-foah cents."

As the old man did not make an immediate response to this offer, the darky added: "Dar's anoder tub in de 'fix' dat p'haps yo'd like bettah!"

"En why d'ye call thet a 'fix'?" inquired the old man with some curiosity.

"Ef yo' look right close yo' won't hab to ax dat ques-t'shun," replied the proprietor.

"I guess ye'll hev tew 'xplain," replied the old man after looking over the rig.

"Don't yo' see?" explained the darky, "we calls em 'fixes' cos we fixes 'em so often." And the grin that spread over his black face was a revelation.

"Whar on airth did ye git thet hoss?" exclaimed the old man, as his eye caught sight of the old nag that stood with head bowed down almost to the ground—a most dejected looking animal, with legs swollen by old age, and hide roughened and toughened by exposure to rain and wind.

"Dat hoss am good fo' many yeahs yit," doggedly replied the colored farmer.

A little farther down the line the old man encountered a rig so remarkable in make-up that he was forced to stop and examine it. What had once been an old family coach was now doing service for an old "mammy" who had just arrived from Charles County, Maryland. As the old negro removed the baskets of vegetables, poultry, fruit and



DANIEL WEBSTER MARKETING.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



A.C. SCHALLENDER & CO.
N.B.

garden truck that filled the recesses of the old coach, it creaked and groaned as if in thankfulness at the relief of the burden its old frame seemed too feeble to sustain.

Attached to this quaint old market contrivance, by a net-work of strings, ropes and straps for a harness, was an undersized ox of uncertain age.

"Thet must be th' erriginal hoss-liss kerridge!" exclaimed the old man, as he stood contemplating the most remarkable rig he had ever seen.

Closely packed, these sidewalk merchants stood eagerly importuning passers by to purchase their sundry offerings; and while the business is not particularly lucrative, it enables them to support little places in the country, and enjoy a life that is far from being unhappy.

This market place was originally called the Marsh Market, from the fact that it was located in an old marsh or bog, and long before the present Market House was built, was a noted place.

Daniel Webster, Chief Justice Taney and General William H. Harrison are said to have come in person to do their marketing in the old Marsh Market. Times are different nowadays. Imported English butlers perform that necessary service for the Depews, Hannas and Clarks of to-day.



W.B. SHATTUCK & CO.
Q.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PEEP AT THE HOTELS.



LOREN FLETCHER, M.C.
MINN.

RECLINING comfortably on a large, luxurious leather-covered arm-chair, sat Uncle Hank with his legs crossed and his tall hat resting easily on his knees.

"Et's th' finest tavern I ever sot eyes ontew!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, as he gazed with open-mouthed wonder at the magnificence of his surroundings.

"I've ben watchin' thet feller behind th' caounter with th' big di'mond en his shirt, en I've cum tew th' conclushun thet he owns th' buildin'."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his nephew, looking at the individual in question.

"He's callin' on everybody tew admire et."

"I don't quite understand?"

"Jes' listen, en ye'll soon hear him call aout 'front!' ez tho' he wanted every one to go aout en admire th' front ov his buildin'."

"Oh," laughed the nephew, "he's the clerk, and that's his way of calling for a porter to take a new arrival to a room."

They were seated in the lobby of the New Willard Hotel, Uncle Hank and his nephew.



D.J. FOSTER, M.C.
VER.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

The luxuriously upholstered chairs and sofas were all occupied, and little groups of men in evening dress stood about conversing in low tones; the elevators were busily engaged in discharging their burdens of richly-gowned ladies with their escorts, who hastily sought the carriages that were waiting to convey them to a reception at the White House, or some other equally prominent affair.

General Grosvenor stood in the center of the lobby, looking even more distinguished than he usually does on the floor of the House, his white hair and beard contrasting finely with the rich black of evening dress. Closely grouped about him were Representatives Showalter, Dick and Ruppert.

Sereno Payne, the brilliant leader of the "majority" in the House, was the center of another group, composed of Senators Scott and Millard, and Representatives Cousins, McClellan and Overstreet.

"Et looks like en evenin' sesshun ov Congress," remarked the old man, looking around at the well-known faces about him.

"With this exception—there is no presiding officer."

"Yer mistaken, Harry."

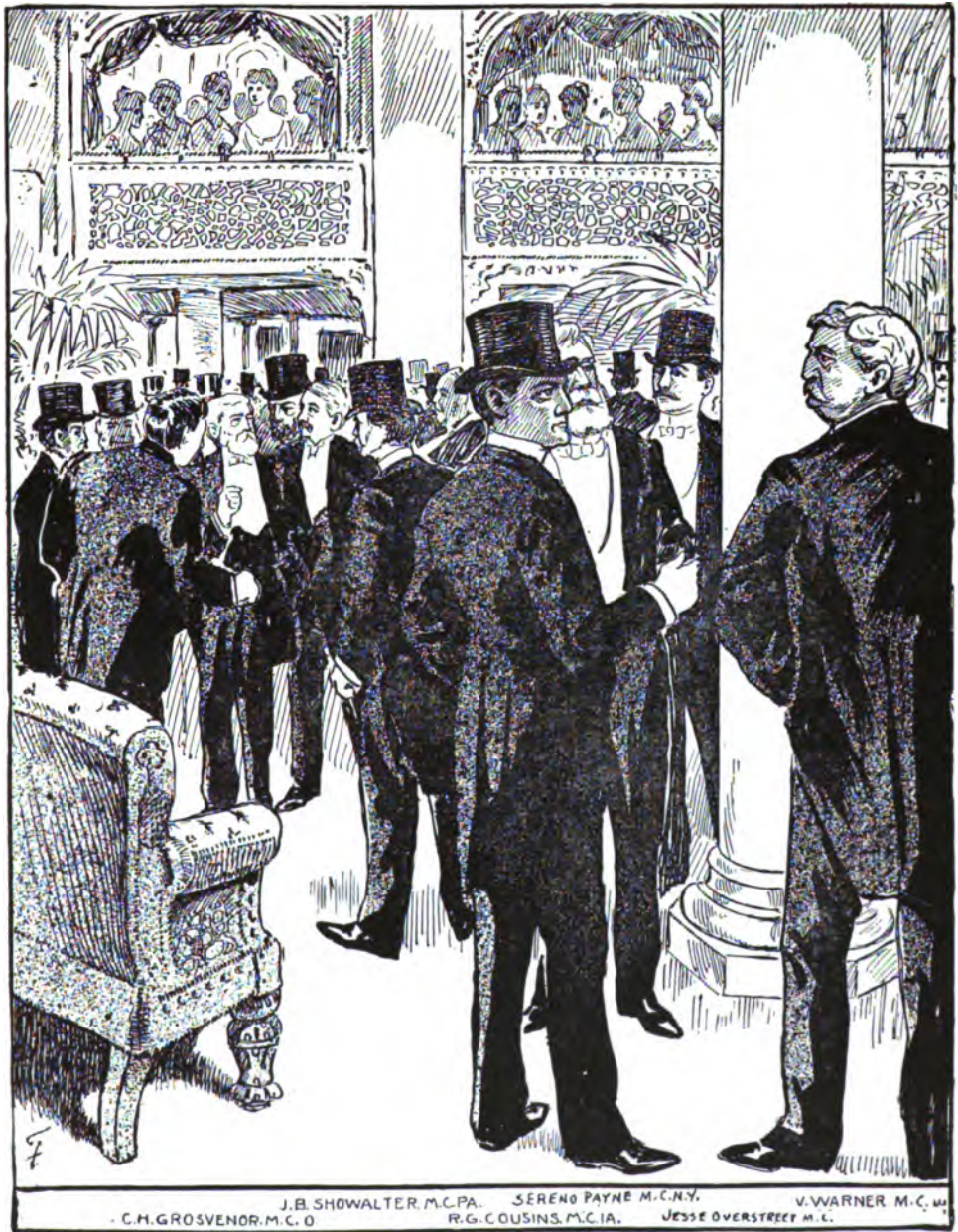
"How so?"

"He's behind th' caounter callin' 'front!' "

Uncle Hank was making a tour of the principal hotels of Washington with his nephew, who assured him that an evening so spent would not be lost.

"By way of contrast we will now go to the Riggs House,"





AT THE NEW WILLARD HOTEL.



AROUND THE CAPITAL.

said Harry, as they walked up the avenue, "‘The Riggs,’—as it is affectionately known to all the old-timers,—although one of the oldest hotels in the city—has lost none of its popularity."

As they entered the lobby, the old man remarked that he felt more at home.

"Swaller-tail coats en patint leathers hain't en my line," he said, as he observed a less pretentious gathering in the lounging room.

"These Washington hotels are sharply divided into classes," said Harry, as they walked across Lafayette Park, on their way to the Arlington. "A most exclusive class patronizes this group of hostelryes," waving his hand so as to include the Arlington, Shoreham and Chamberlin's.

Entering the first named, the pair proceeded to make themselves at home by taking possession of a couple of easy-chairs in a corner of the lobby, where they could "size up them big men abaout," as Uncle Hank expressed it.

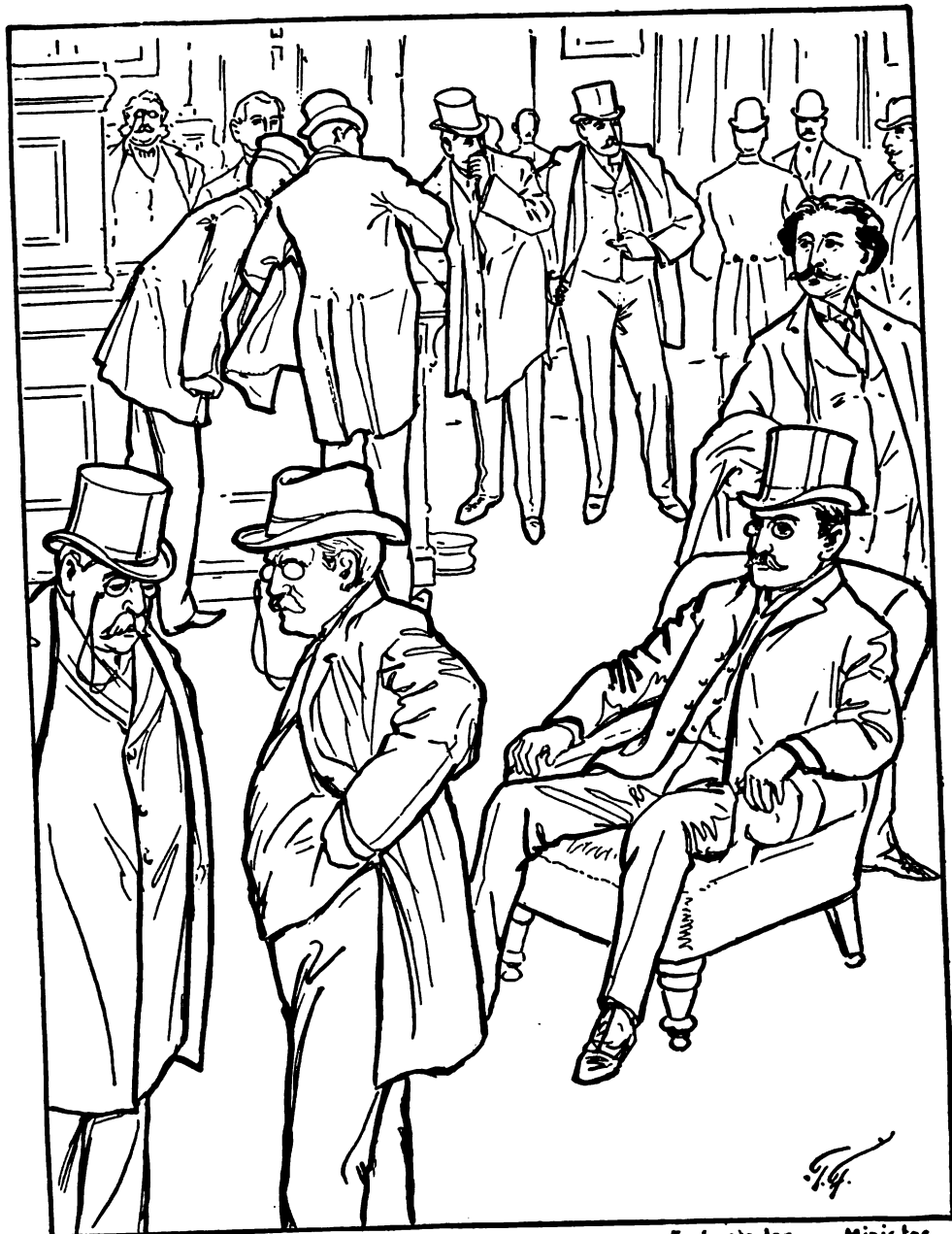
"Thar's Teddy talkin' tew that German Minister—en they've got four glasses between 'em."

"I don't see them drinking."

"Not drinkin'—lockin'."

"Oh, you mean looking-glasses," remarked Harry, still juggling with the intricate English language.

"And there sits Vulcan, the god of labor, holding a conference with Mars, the god of war," continued Harry, pointing to Senator Hanna talking to Secretary Root over in the corner.



Ambassador
Von Holleben.
of Germany.

President
Roosevelt.

Ambassador
Cambon.
of France.

Minister.
Quesada.
of Cuba.

A SKETCH AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL.

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Google

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



W.H.DRAPER.M.C.
N.Y.

At this juncture a neatly attired gentleman entered the lobby. He was apparently known to everybody, as he bowed to every one. It was Admiral Dewey; and he was soon the center of an animated group of acquaintances, among whom could be discerned Senators Spooner, Fairbanks and Kean.

"This hotel," said Harry, "is noted for the many elegant entertainments given here during the season; the one given by Mrs. Hanna, a few weeks ago, is said to have cost ten thousand dollars."

"Thet's a lot ov money," commented the old man.

"Casting bread on the political waters," was the reply.

"Not bread, Harry—cake!" And the old man chuckled, shooting a glance at the Ohio Senator over in the corner, as they passed out of the corridor on their way to resume their tour.

As they passed the "Shoreham," several florists' wagons were seen unloading the most beautiful creations in the florist's art.

"A big reception to-night," remarked Harry.

"Washin'ton ez sartinly a gay place durin' th' sesshun."

"This hotel is owned by ex-Vice-President Morton, who named it after his birthplace in Vermont. Yonder is the famous 'Chamberlin's,' and on the opposite corner is 'La Normandie.'"

As they reached the corner, Harry produced a couple of cigars which they lighted, and, as they continued their walk, talked "hotel" in all its phases.



Miss Susan Quay. Sen. John Kean. Sen. Millard. Miss Jewel Hay. Sen. Platt. Mrs. John Hay.

▲ RECEPTION AT THE ARLINGTON HOTEL

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"The average Congressman," said the nephew, "lives at the best hotel during his first term—he is so elated at his elevation. During his second term, (should he be so fortunate as to be elected a second time,) he generally selects an hotel with a high reputation, but not the usual ly at some boarding-house, where the expense of living does not make such serious inroads into his salary.

"'La Fetra's Hotel,' over there, on the next corner," said he, "is the famous Temperance Hotel kept by Mrs. La Fetra, the former president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union."

As they approached the palatial Raleigh Hotel, Harry gave a short sketch of its history. Said he: "This was formerly the Kirkwood House, where the attempt was made to assassinate Vice-President Johnson, on the night of April 14th, 1865. The next day, in this hotel, he took the oath of office that made him President of the United States."

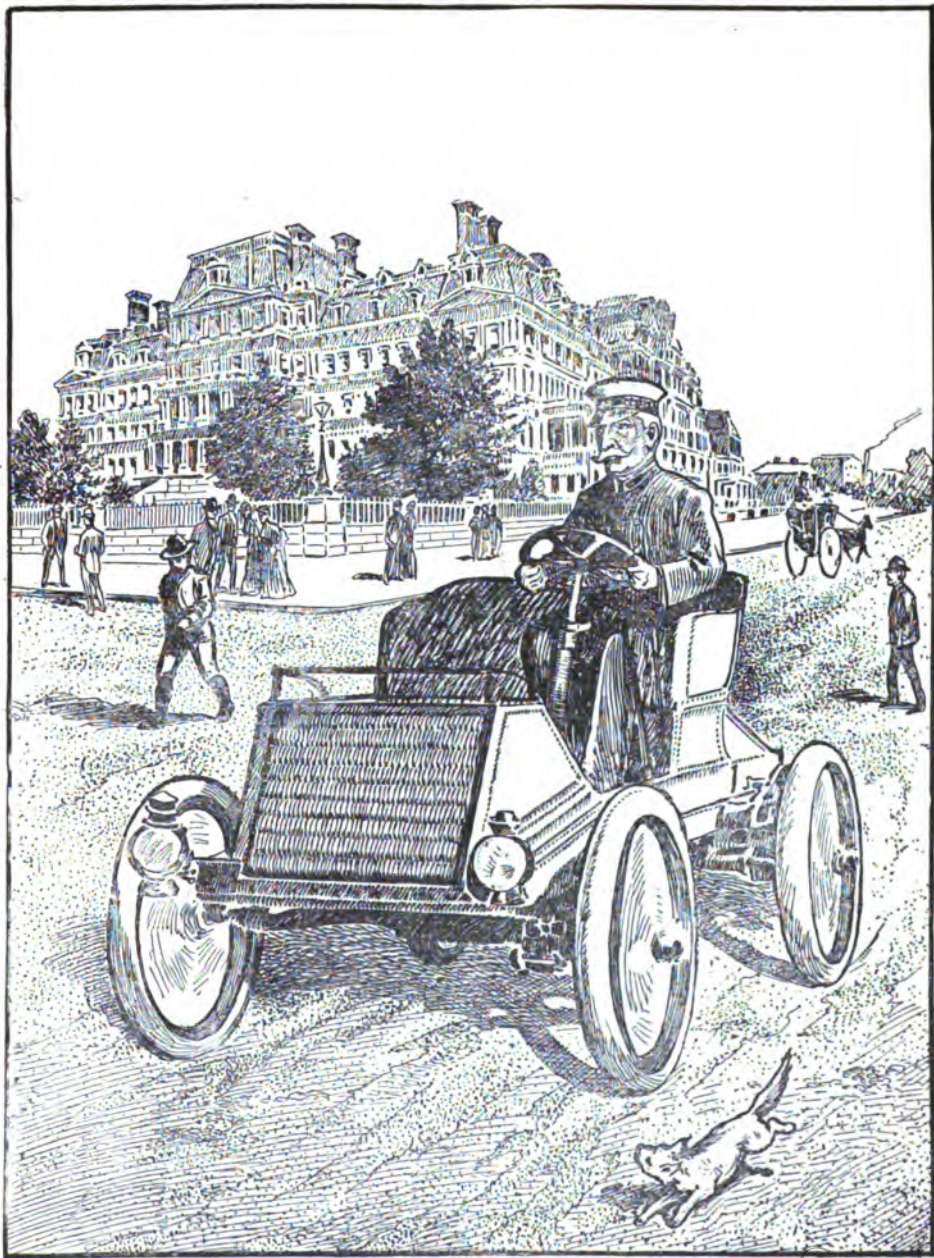
Entering the lobby, the pair selected a couple of easy-chairs where they could readily survey the interior.

As soon as they were seated they noted a restless looking individual seated on an adjacent chair, a wide-brimmed, black slouch hat on his head, and a long black cigar in his mouth. With an easy familiarity he leaned over to Harry, as he remarked:

"This place makes me tired. Everybody you meet is either a Senator, or a General, or an M. C.,—and gee-whiz, what a dead slow town it is after dark! My doctor told



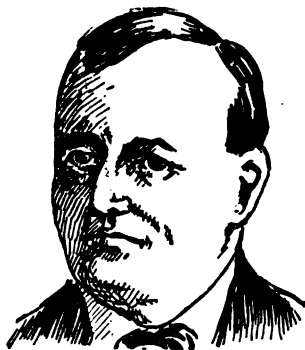
J.W. WADSWORTH, M.C.,
N.Y.



GEN. MILES TAKING A SPIN ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

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AROUND THE CAPITAL.



F. J. KERN. M. C.
ILL.

me to break away from business and take a trip to Washington to see the fine buildings;—why, there isn't a sky-scraper in the lot. And theaters—you could put 'em all inside of the Auditorium."

"You're from Chicago, I presume?" ventured Harry, somewhat amused at his tirade.

"Yes, sir'ee! the finest town in the country! The very air is charged with electric energy."

"En smoke," interjected Uncle Hank.

"The smoke is only an evidence of superabundant energy."

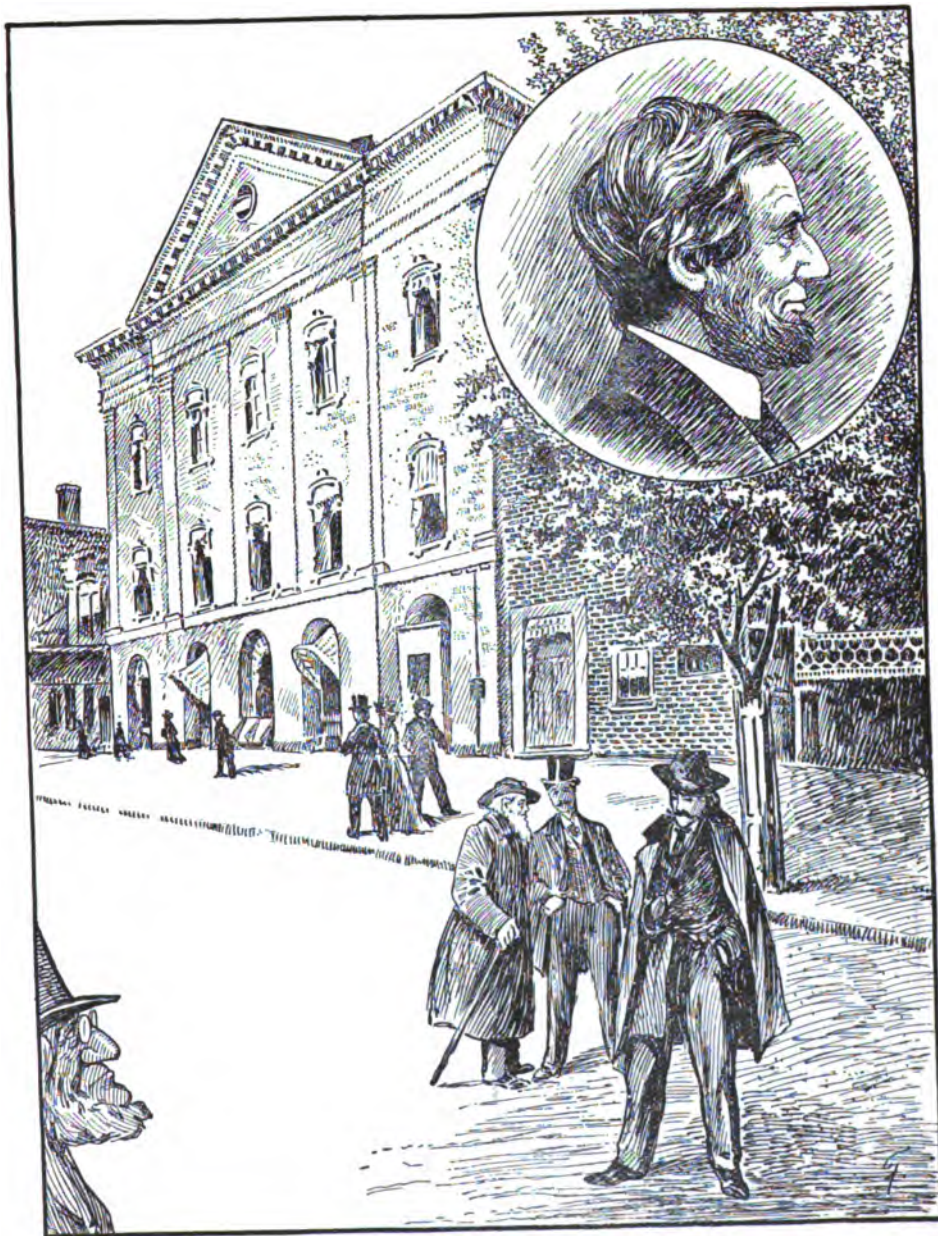
"Have you seen the parks?" inquired Harry.

"The parks! bah—don't compare with She-co-go's parks. 'I'm going to leave on the next train, and when I get back to 'God's country,' I'll never leave it again.'" And he jumped up abruptly to search for a railway time-table in the bar-room.

A broad smile suffused the faces of Uncle Hank and his nephew, as he disappeared.

The scene in the "Raleigh" was closely akin to that of the "Willard." The surroundings were as elegant as a liberal expenditure of money could make them; and the soft, tuneful music from a fine orchestra served to lend an air of refinement to the large, brilliantly lighted lobby, that was very pleasing.

"We will now walk down the avenue to see what the older hotels have to offer in the way of attraction," said Harry, as they emerged from the Pennsylvania Avenue



FORD'S THEATRE.
"Whar honest O'd Abe waz assassinated."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

exit, after having passed through the elegant dining room which was filled to repletion—for it was the fashionable dining hour.

"The 'St. James' opposite," said he, as they reached the corner of Sixth Street, "is the stranger's hotel. Situated opposite to the principal railway station, by reason of its rather attractive make-up, it attracts many visitors, who arrive without having any prearranged place to go to."

Grouped about the entrance to the "New National" were knots of men in frock coats and slouch hats that proclaimed them to be Members of Congress—principally from the South.

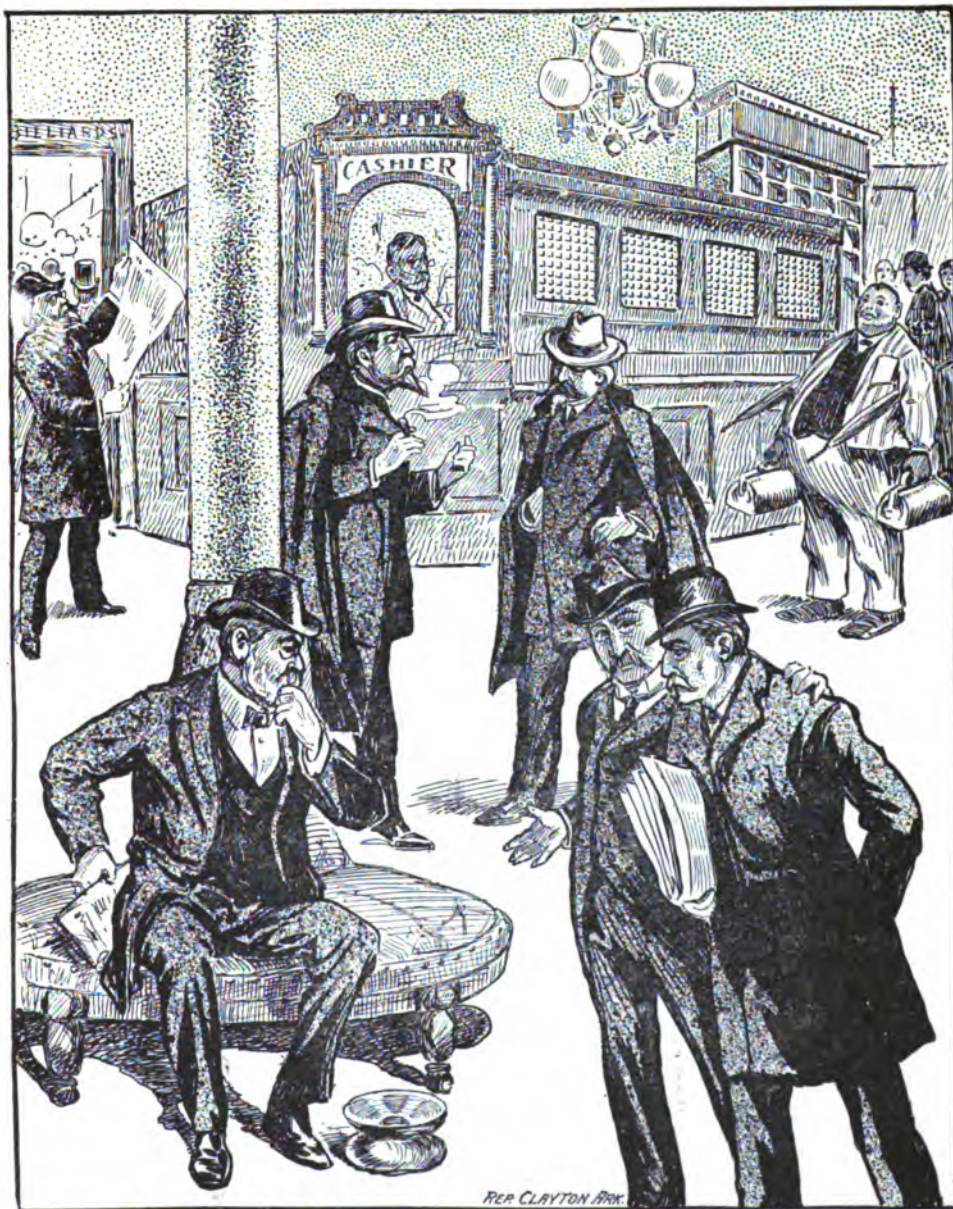
As the old man and his nephew walked up the long corridor-like lobby, the latter remarked:

"This building is nearly one hundred years old. Here Thaddeus Stevens, Henry Clay, James Buchanan, and many other eminent men lived while in Washington. James Buchanan went from here to be inaugurated President of the United States, and in a room directly above us, on the second floor, the great Henry Clay died."

"Hotel life en a great city ez very fine en ets way; but ez fer me, giv' me th' leetle attic room tew hum en pref'r-ence tew th' finest room en th' grandest hotel," remarked the old man, as his thoughts reverted to his dear old New England home.



G. LINDSAY M.C.
N.Y.



REP. LOUD.

REP. BURLISON ALA.

REP. CLAYTON ARK.

REP. J. S. LITTLE ARK.

REP. RICHARDSON TENN.

IN THE LOBBY OF THE NEW NATIONAL HOTEL.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A VISIT TO THE POSTAL CEMETERY.

ET'S estonishin' haow they giv' everybody en everythin' a titel here en Washin'ton," exclaimed Uncle Hank as he stood on the corner of Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue and amusingly contemplated the handsome building opposite. "Thar's th' 'Gineral' Post-Offis!"

The broad avenue was a mass of vehicles. It was ten o'clock and the swirl of traffic was at its height and it was all the old man could do to cross without being run over; finally after dodging a couple of automobiles going in different directions and barely escaping death from a swiftly moving trolley car, he managed to reach the opposite sidewalk.

"Young man," said he as he finally reached the elevator in the Post Office Building and caught sight of the youth that manipulated the affair, "I've kum tew inspect yer Buildin'."

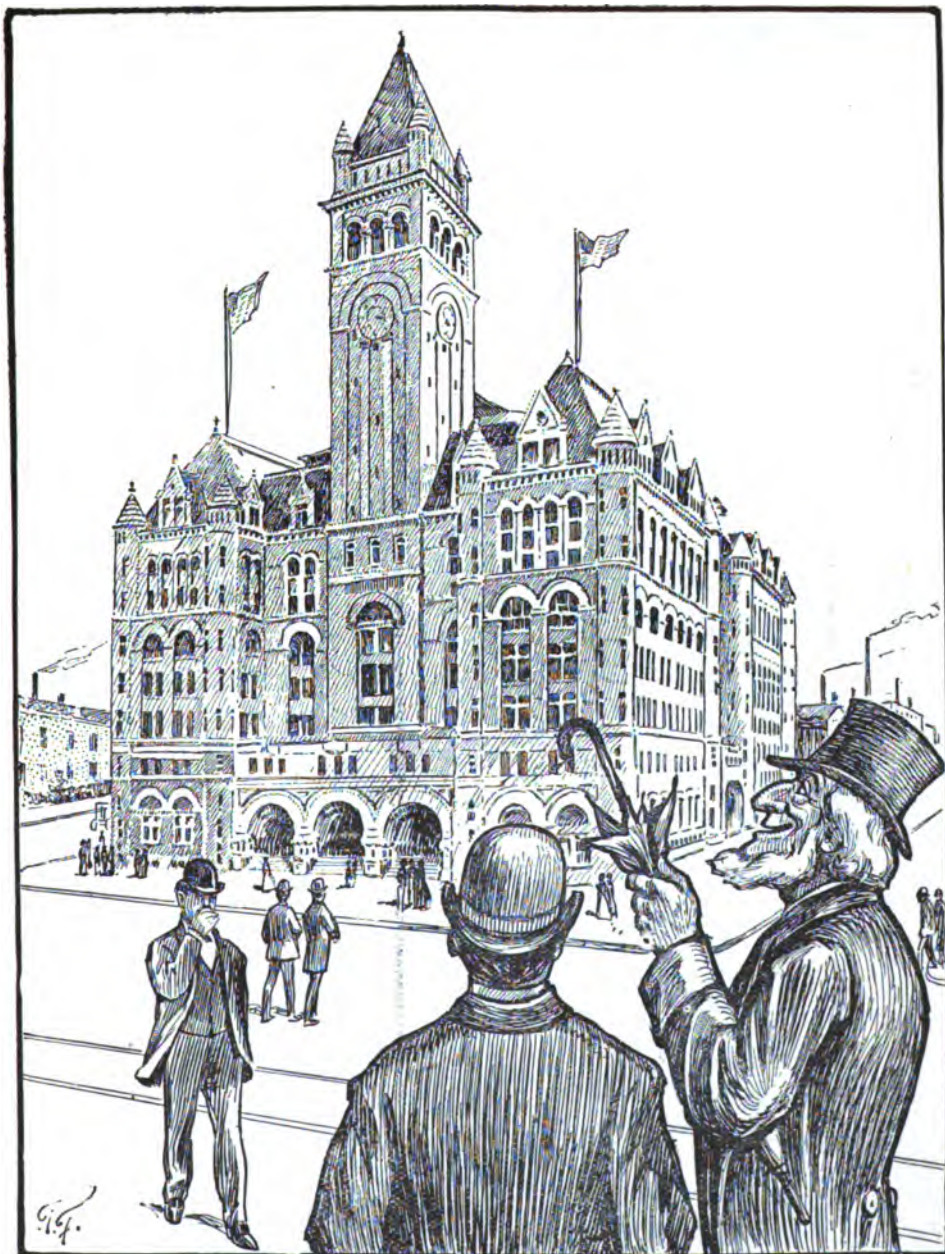
"Step right inside and I'll take you up to the top and then you can walk down, inspecting as you go."

"Much obleeged," replied the old man as he stepped into the cage. "Be yew one ov th' offishels?"

"Oh, yes," replied the youth as he gave the guide rope a



W.H. Douglas. M.C.
N.Y.



"ET'S ESTONISHIN' HAOW THEY GIV' EVERYBODY EN EVERYTHIN' A TITEL HERE EN WASH-
IN'TON—THAR'S TH' 'GINERAL' POST OFFIS!"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



**R.H. FOERDERER, M.C.
PA.**

jerk and the elevator slowly ascended, "you see I'm the four hundredth Assistant Postmaster General."

"I want tew kno'!" cried the old man looking quizzically at him.

"Oh, yes," continued the youth, "I assist the Postmaster General to his office on the Fifth floor; and the Post Master General has repeatedly assured me that while there are other assistant Postmaster Generals in the department, my position is by far the most elevating one."

"Yer a risin' young man," retorted Uncle Hank as he stepped off the elevator at the top floor.

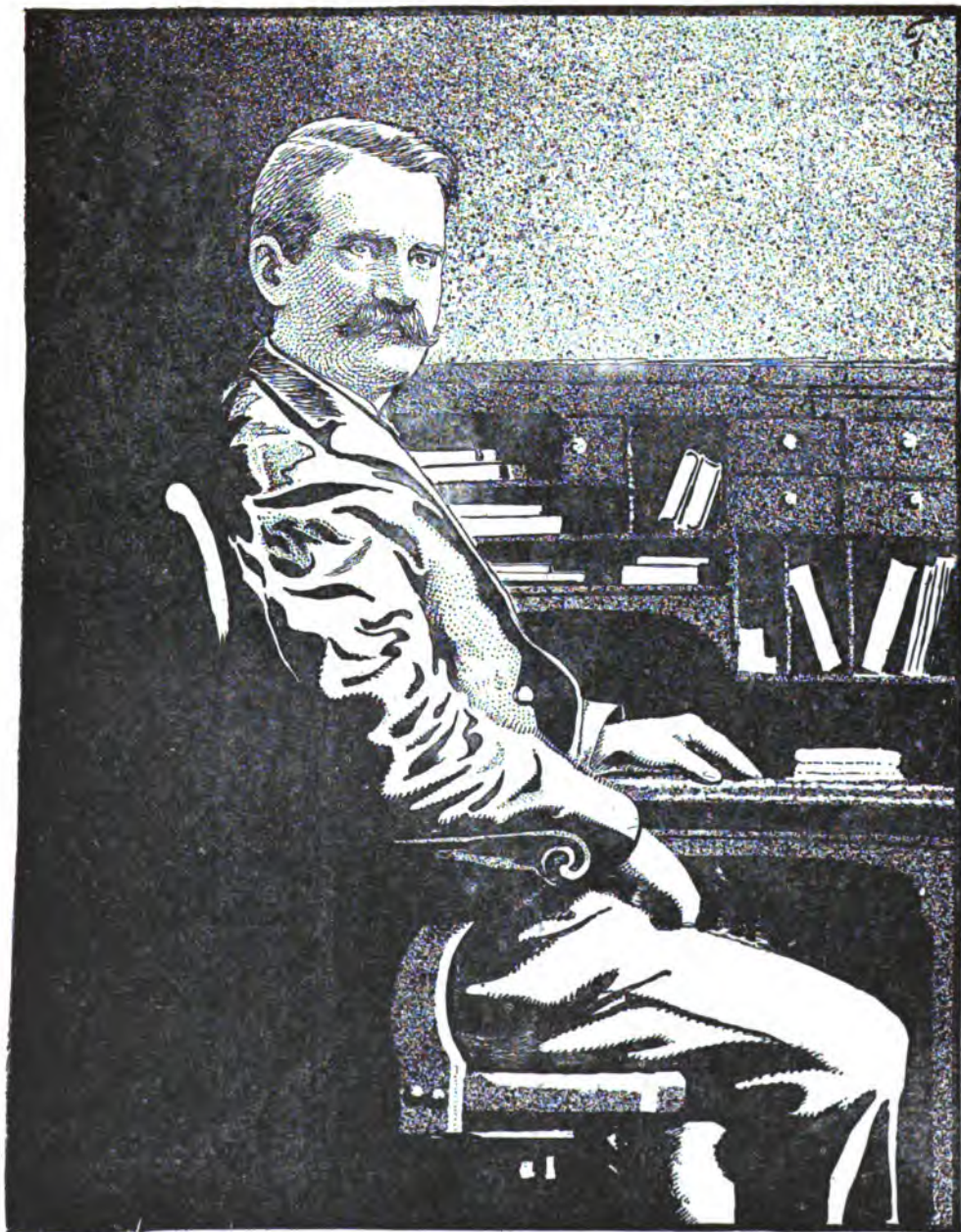
Walking around the gallery he came to the Dead-Letter Museum. Here he found numbers of clerks busily engaged in opening piles of misdirected letters and packages. A little further along he noticed little piles of money which had been taken from some of the letters. At another place a lot of jewelry, and on one table was piled a lot of kid gloves, lace collars, corsets, drawing instruments, telescopes, opera glasses and manicure sets.

"Fifty thousand photographs go astray in the mails every year," explained a polite official to the old man.

"Et's growed tew sech proporshuns thet ye hed ought tew call et th' Postel Cemittery," remarked the Yankee.

"It isn't as dead as it looks," replied the official. "The other day we took out of one of the packages a live snake and two crawling alligators."

"Sum folks ez mighty keerless abaout sendin' money en



POSTMASTER GENERAL HENRY C. PAYNE AT HIS DESK.

A Sketch from Life.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

th' mails," observed the old man looking towards the constantly augmenting pile of money on one of the tables.

"Over fifty thousand dollars is found every year in these letters," replied he.

After examining the curiosities in the museum, consisting of coins in frames, war time photographs, envelopes with "blind" addresses which have been deciphered by experts, Uncle Hank continued his rambles around the different galleries that surrounded the big open court in the center of the building. Coming suddenly upon the Postmaster General's Office his attention was directed to a large portrait of former Postmaster General Wanamaker which adorned the wall.

"There is the man who did more to make the Post-Office the perfect organization it is to-day than any chief it ever had," exclaimed an old gray-headed official who had observed Uncle Hank looking at the portrait.

"Et's a tarnel shame thar's not more Wannymakers en th' publick sarvace—ef th' people waz smart they'd send th' polytishuns tew th' rear, en bizness men tew th' Senit en tew th' Departmentints."

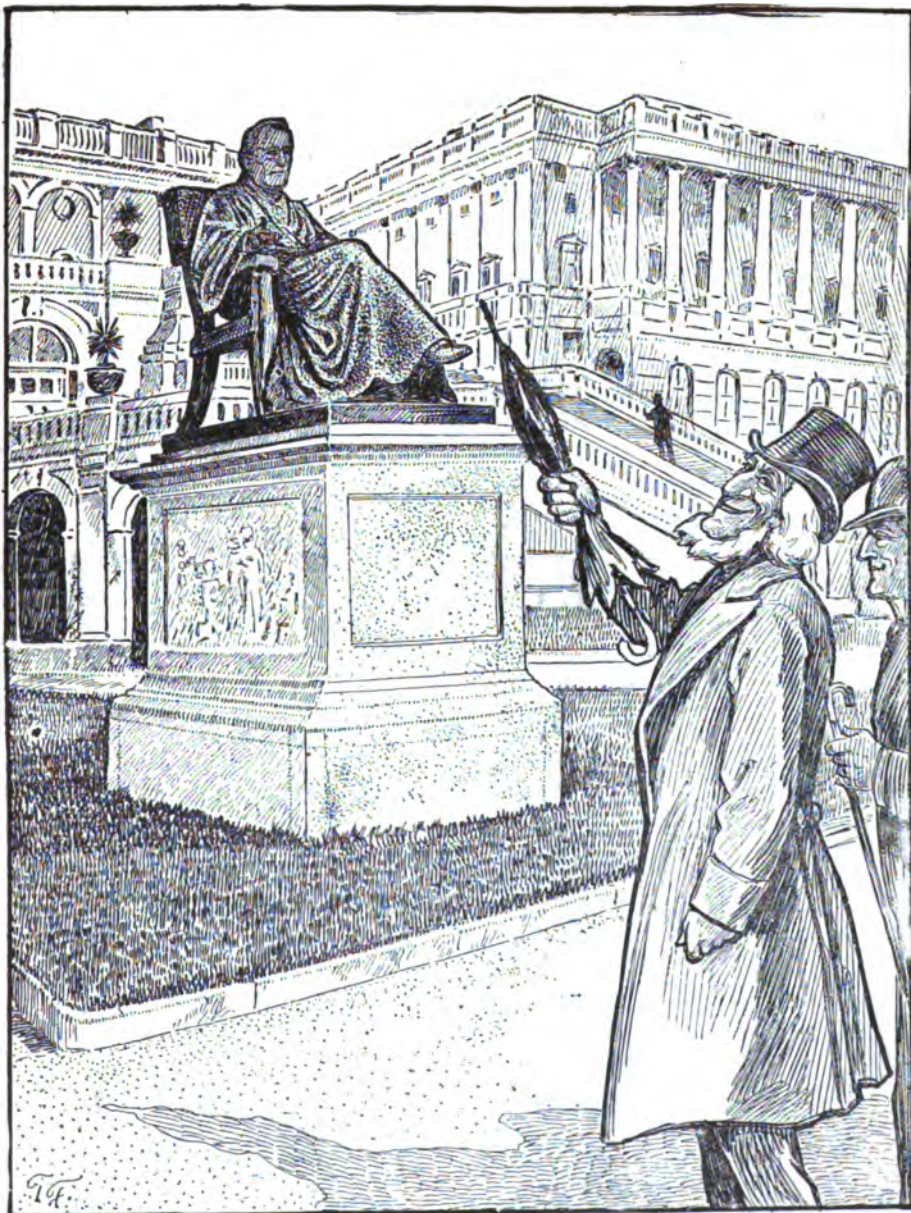
"If they did there would soon be an end to the abuse of the franking privilege that is now so prevalent," significantly replied the official.

"Haow so?" inquired Uncle Hank curiously.

"A well-known politician franked a book-case containing his entire library the other day. The official looked indignant at the thought that the Post office should be put to such use.



J. D. BELLAMY, M. C.
N. C.



STORY'S MARSHALL.

"ET'S FACIN' TH' WRONG WAY—THEM LAW-MAKERS OVER YONDER NEEDS WATCHIN'."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



T. OTJEN. M.C.
WIG.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SCULPTURES AND PAINTINGS.

*"For the Venus of Milo I do not care,
Though I own, she may have charms,
The dearest girl beyond compare,
Is the girl with encircling arms."*

CHUS warbled Harry who stood with his uncle in the Corcoran Gallery in front of the reproduction of the celebrated armless statue that was unearthed on the island of Milo in 1820.

"I see ye've got an eye fer female beauty," laughingly remarked his uncle.

"Well, that kind is perfectly 'armless," replied he.

At this juncture an antique specimen of femininity approached. She was of the long, attenuated type, possessing none of the attractive features of her sex. After scrutinizing the statue closely she was heard to murmur in sincere admiration: "How lovely is female beauty!"

Moving over to another part of the gallery Harry and his uncle halted in front of Powers' "Greek Slave."

"Now contrast this statue with the 'Venus of Milo,'" said Harry. "How far the work of the Vermont sculptor falls below that of the ancient artist who lived four hundred years



IN THE CORCORAN GALLERY.
ANTIQUE FEMALE—"How lovely is female beauty!"

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



C. J. LONG, M.C., KAN.

before Christ. How devoid of expression the face is; how lightly she bears the chain of slavery which encircles her wrists. And yet this statue created a great sensation in this country fifty years ago, being exhibited in every large city and extolled as one of the greatest masterpieces of sculpture in the world."

"Wall, they didn't know much about Art en this country fifty years ago, Harry."

"The American people know precious little about it to-day, or they wouldn't tolerate the monstrosities in Art that pass for public monuments to their great men," replied Harry as the pair moved along to another gallery.

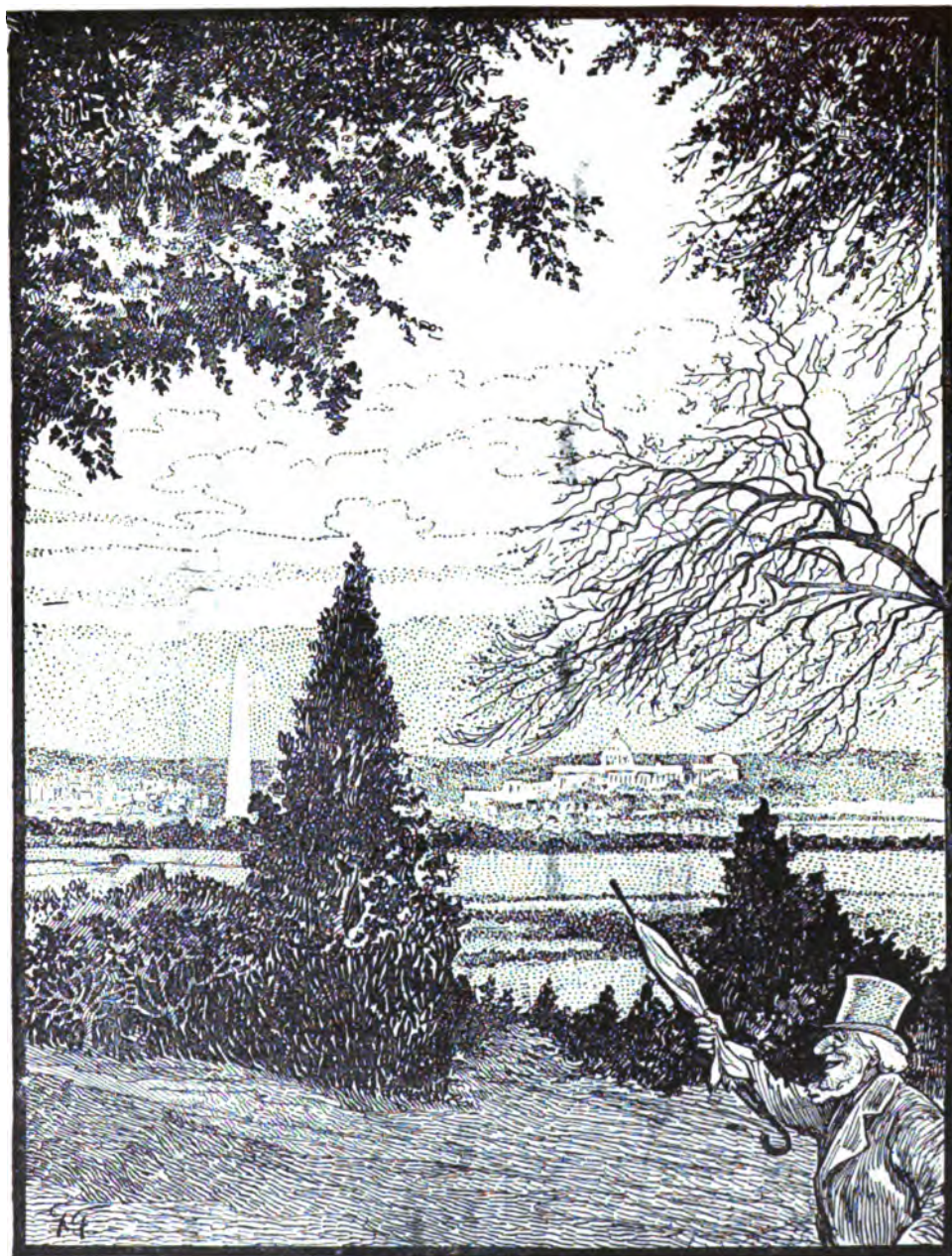
"H'yar's whar they've got tew cum tew larn."

"Yes, and Banker Corcoran rendered the city a great service when he erected such a beautiful temple to Art," said the nephew as he contemplated the elegant Art Gallery.

Entering the section devoted to modern paintings the large canvas of Jerome's entitled "Cæsar Dead" attracted their attention.

An old colored man stood before this strikingly dramatic picture, with an exceedingly puzzled countenance. Turning around as Uncle Hank approached he appealed to him for information respecting its meaning.

"Ye see, Joolius Ceesar waz a Roman statesman—th' leader ov th' Senit—sum ov th' Senitors thot he waz gettin' a swelled head an' abaout tew declare himself boss. So they formed a conspiracy to block hiz game. One day ez he waz goin' daown th' avenoo tew th' capitol he waz warned



WASHINGTON FROM ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

UNCLE HANK—"Over yonder stands th' moniment erected tew th' man who couldn't tell a lie, an' it's high enuf fer everybody tew see th' pint."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

tew beware ov th' fourth ov March—but he heeded not; en when he reached th' Senit Chamber he waz set upon by a lot ov anarchists frum Paterson, Noo Jersey, en stabbed twenty-nine times. One ov th' anarchists he reckonized ez Mr. Brutus en ez he did so very properly called him a brute. Then after throwin' a double summersalt he expired et th' foot of Pompey's pillar. Pompey waz a cullered white washer frum daown South."

This vivid description impressed the old darky very much and he examined the painting with redoubled interest.

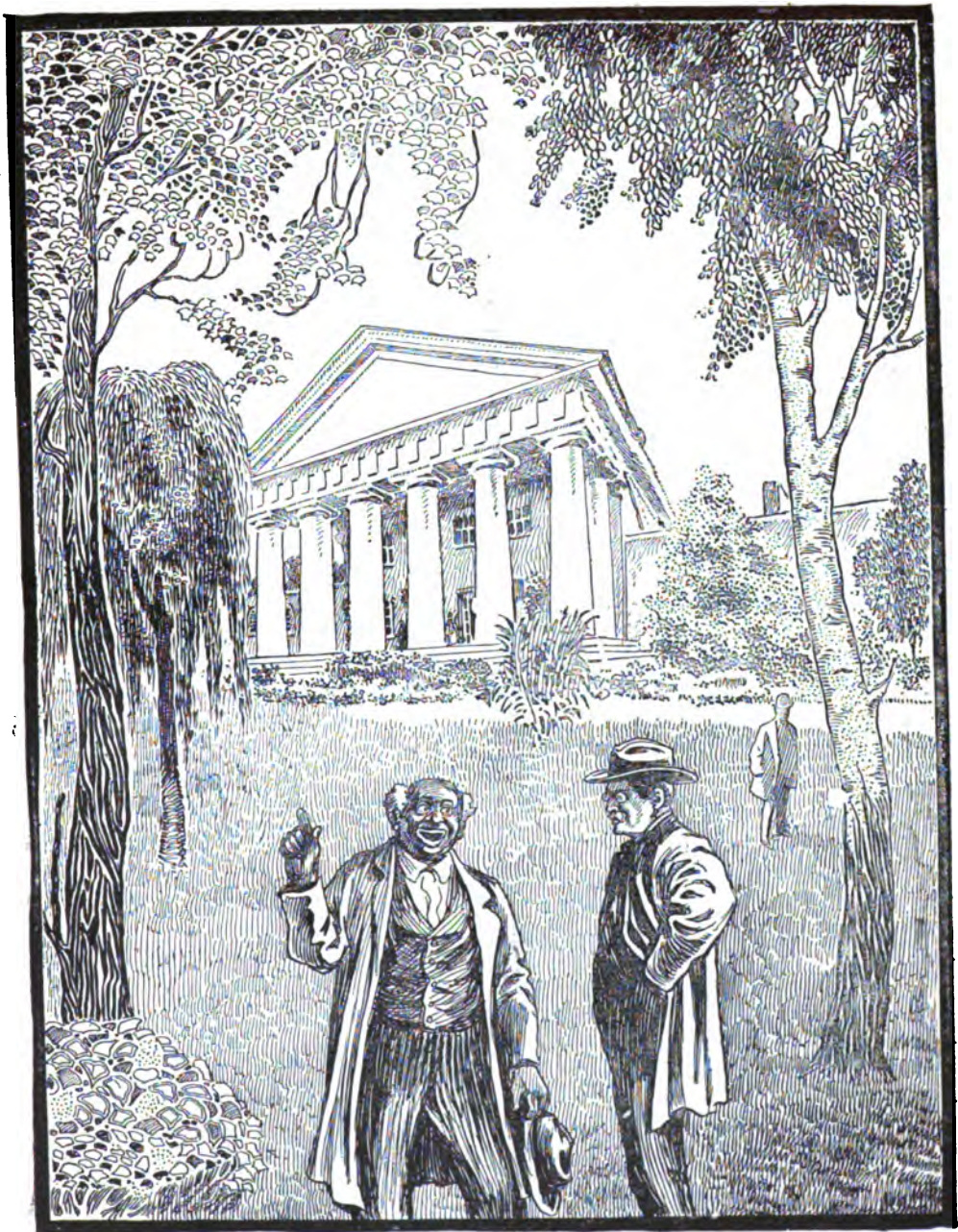
As for Uncle Hank he held his head tightly over his mouth to repress his feelings as he moved away.

This gallery was found to be very interesting from the fact that it contained many originals made familiar by popular engravings taken therefrom, among the more noticeable of which was Miller's "Charlotte Corday"—that pathetic face behind the prison bars. Also some very fine examples of Corot and Troyon.

After wandering around the galleries for some time, stopping occasionally to scrutinize a particularly attractive subject, the pair halted abruptly before the beautifully modelled statue of Napoleon by Vincenzo Velas. This statue represents the great soldier in his last days. Seated in a large chair with his back propped up with a pillow and his lap covered by a large map on which was outlined the scenes of his memorable campaigns, the old commander was fighting his battles over again. It is an exceedingly effective bit of sculpture.



D. SHELDON M.C.
MICH.



IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



H. BURK, M. C.
PENN.

Descending the broad stairway to the gallery containing the Tayloe Collection, the pair came to a painting of another great soldier who did not end his days as an exile on a lonely island the captive of a hated foe; but who ended his days honored and revered in his native land—George Washington. This painting is by Gilbert Stuart and is certainly a masterpiece.

As Uncle Hank and his nephew concluded their tour of the beautiful building they voted the Corcoran Art Gallery one of the very attractive features of Washington.



A. L. MIDERMOTT, M. C.
N. J.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE STATUES.



SEE here, Harry! I've bin standin' here half an hour tryin' tew make aout who en thunder thet statoo ez erected tew," said Uncle Hank to his nephew as they stood on the corner of Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue.

"That's the Hahnemann Statue."

"Thet's what th' policeman told me—Et waz th' Hannaman Statoo—but what Hanna Man?"

"Uncle," said Harry, detecting a smile on the old man's face, "this statue is no joke. It is one of the finest specimens of the plastic art in America. It was modeled by Niehaus, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars."

"What's th' meanin' ov them Latin words on th' pedestal?"

"Similia—Similibus—Curantur—Like cures Like."

"Er Thief tew ketch a Thief."

"Practically the same."

"What's thet statoo yonder?" inquired the old man pointing to a large equestrian statue of the hero of the Mexican War.





STATUE OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

"ET WOULD AMOOSE TH' CHILDREN A HEAP SIGHT MORE EF THEY'D PUT ROCKERS UNDER
ET EN MAKE ET ENTO A HOBBY-HOSS."

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

"That is the Scott statue which gives name to this circle; suppose we walk over to examine it at closer range."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the old man as they reached the base of the majestic piece of sculpture.

"Great statue, too," replied Harry. "One of the most remarkable features of this monument is the fact that its pedestal is composed of five of the largest blocks of stone ever quarried in the United States."

"Thar's th' statoo ov an expooigilist," said Uncle Hank as they approached the next piece of statuary on the circle.

"I don't know that it is," replied his nephew looking inquiringly into his face for an explanation.

"Thar et ez on th' base—Ex-pounder an Defender ov th' Constitutooshun——"

"That's Daniel Webster—and by the way, these three statues are said to represent the three Departments—Webster the Department of State, Scott the Department of War, and Hahnemann the Department of the Interior."

"Thar's one more statoo needed tew complete th' circle."

"What's that?"

"A figger ov Senitor Hanna et th' foot of Labor."

"And what would that signify?"

"Mark-Down."

"And what Department?"

"Department Store." And the pair laughed aloud as they locked arms and marched away in search of other statues.



J.P.K. HALL, M.C.
PENN.



SEN A. P. GORMAN
OF MD.

'AROUND THE CAPITAL.

After viewing the beautiful Logan monument in Iowa Circle and Ward's Equestrian Statue to Gen. Geo. Thomas in Thomas Circle, they finally arrived at the base of that wonderfully strenuous-looking piece of sculpture by Clark Mills; the statue of General Andrew Jackson in Lafayette Square.

"The remarkable part of this statue is the way in which the sculptor has maintained the center of gravity by making the head hollow and the tail solid so that the horse is enabled to stand on its hind legs without any other support," said Harry.

"'Tain't a good idee—tew reipresent General Jackson ez an empty head. Et would amoose th' children en th' park a heap sight more ef they'd put rockers under et en make et ento a hobby-hoss."

"Well, here is a far more artistic piece of work," said Harry as they reached the Lafayette Memorial. Upon a lofty pedestal a beautifully modeled figure of the graceful Marquis de Lafayette stood with hand outstretched, while at the base the figures of De Grasse, D'Estaing, Rochambeau and Duportail were posed as fitting auxiliaries; the whole constituting a very artistic monument.

"About every other statue in Washington should be taken from its pedestal and remodeled by the more competent artists of to-day," remarked Harry.

"We're tew busy makin' money," retorted the old man.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NAVY YARD.

IT was early morning at Uncle Sam's Navy Yard. Small groups of workmen were coming in all directions to engage in their respective tasks for the coming day. As the hour for commencing approached, the hurrying groups increased in size until the streets leading to the entrances were crowded.

Iron workers, brass workers, wood workers, machinists, moulders—bright, intelligent looking men, all.

These were the men who made it possible for the "Man on the Bridge," and the "Man behind the Gun" to do the work that evoked the applause and aroused the enthusiasm of the nation in time of war.

As the stream of workers poured through the gateway, it might have been noticed that there was one who was palpably not a worker—at least, not in this field. His step was too leisurely and he evinced no particular desire to reach any one of the numerous shops in a hurry, as did the others in the skurrying throngs.

It was the figure of Uncle Hank that seemed so utterly out of place amid these swarms of busy bees hastening to their respective hives of industry—a drone among the work-



AROUND THE CAPITAL.



J.B. WHITE. M.C.
KY.

ers. But nevertheless an appreciative idler for the day only, who had come to see and marvel at the work done by these skilful craftsmen.

The first thing to catch his eye as he walked down the principal avenue in the yard was the famous cannon known as Long Tom.

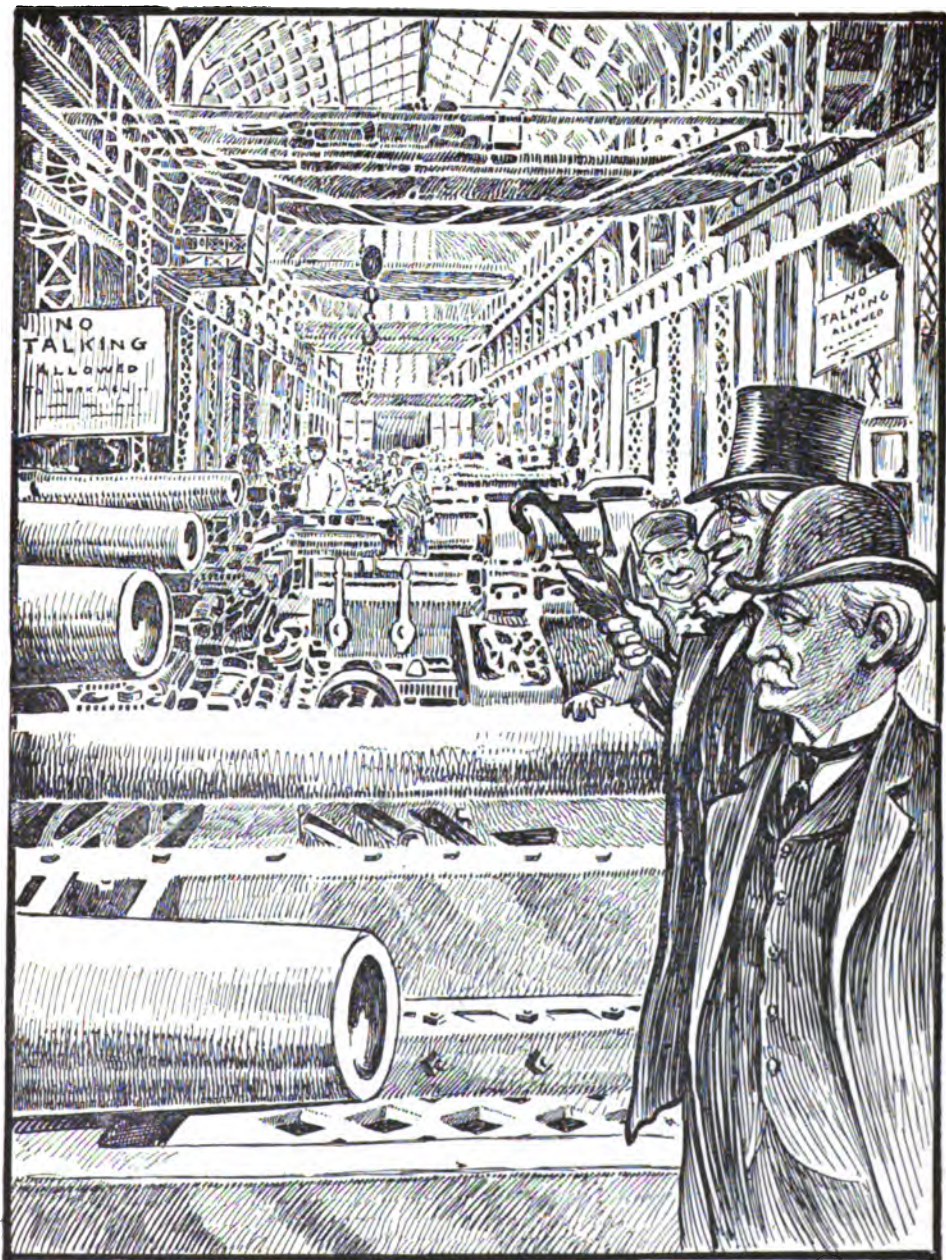
"That's the gun that created such a sensation in the war of 1814," explained an old marine to Uncle Hank. "It was originally cast in 1786 in France for a French man-of-war, and captured by the British in 1798, and sold to the Americans. Subsequently it formed one of the battery of the brig, "General Armstrong," that so valiantly engaged single-handed in a battle with three ships of the British squadron which were on their way to New Orleans, and so disabled the fleet that it failed to reach that city for the great fight there when Jackson won the day."

"Wall, I take off my hat tew et fer thet day's work," replied the old man as he thanked the old soldier for his information.

Continuing on his way he finally reached the foundry where the workmen were just in the act of opening the sluiceways of the furnaces containing the molten metal that spluttered and sparkled as it gushed forth.

"Thet's a hot furniss—Gineral Sherman sed 'War waz Hell'— Wall, gittin' ready fer war doesn't remind ye ov heavin," said the old man as he left the building.

The gun shop was the next building to attract his attention. This building was a bewildering maze of machinery.



UNCLE HANK IN THE GUN SHOP AT THE NAVY YARD



SEN. F.M. SIMMONS
OF N.C.

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

Monster guns were being turned, bored, rifled and jacketed by the most powerful and approved machinery, as well as myriads of smaller guns for supplementary batteries for cruisers and other vessels of war. But the most incongruous thing to Uncle Hank was a large sign that hung in a most conspicuous place, and read as follows:

WORKMEN MUST NOT TALK TO VISITORS.

"En lookin' et them cannons I never saw so many open-mouths en my hull life," said he with a smile.

For several hours he interested and amused himself. Finally as he was about to leave the "Yard" he was accosted by a couple of very handsome young ladies, who wished to know if there was anything to particularly interest ladies, as "they took no pleasure in walking through greasy, dirty machine shops," as they expressed it.

"Ladies, thar's a buildin' jest araound th' corner thar thet'll interest ye, I'm sure." And the old man pointed down the avenue in the direction he wished them to go.

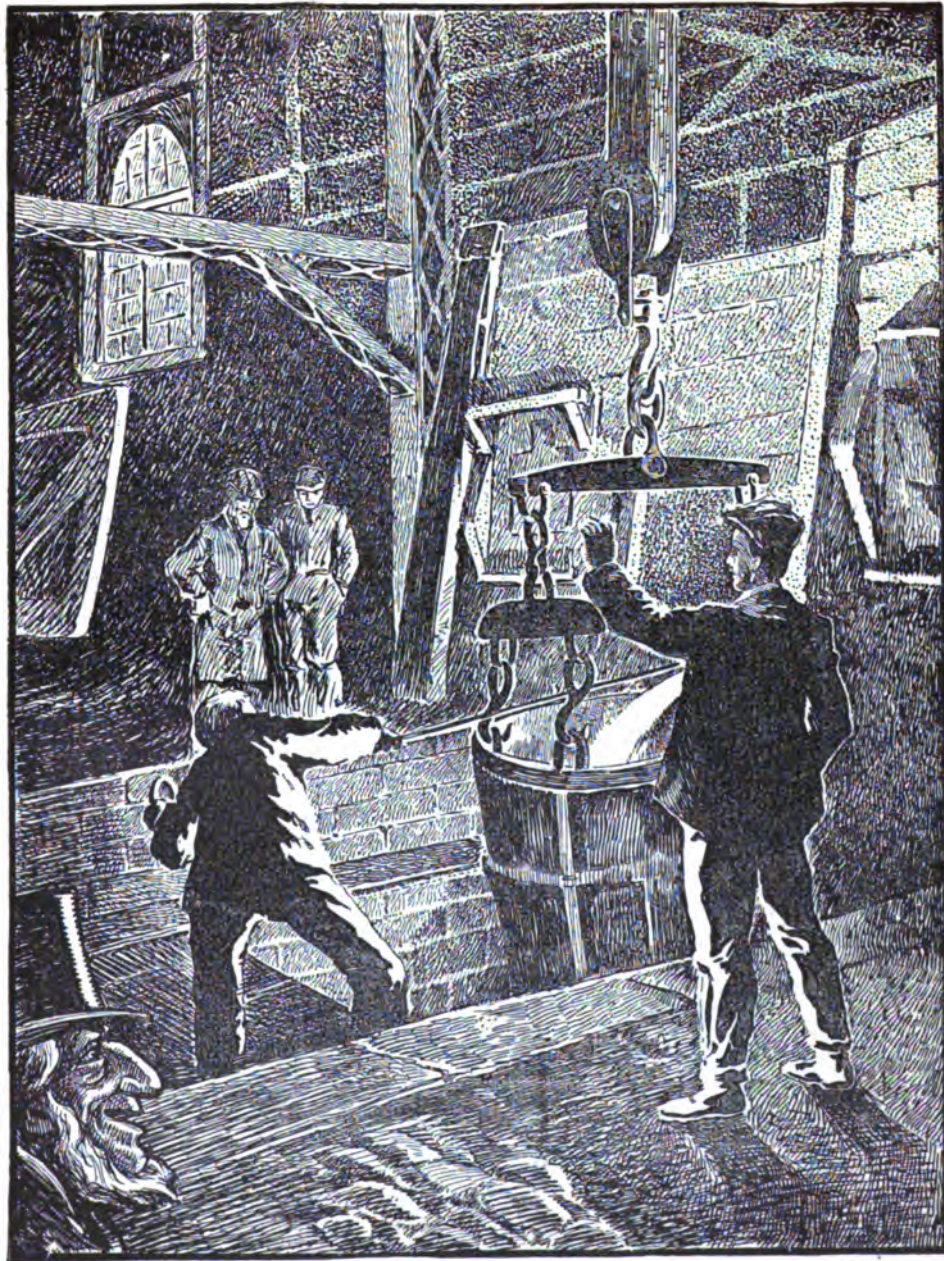
As they reached the corner designated their eyes caught sight of a large sign on which was painted the words:

PATTERN SHOP.

And when they looked for the practical joker he was safely aboard the trolley car on his way back to the city.



J.R. YOUNG, M.C.
PENN.



AT THE NAVY YARD—CASTING CANNON.

UNCLE HANK—"Thet's a hot furnace—Glneral Sherman sed 'war was hell'—Wall, gittin' ready fer war doesn't remind ye ov heavin."



UNCLE SAM GREETES CUBA.

U. S.—“How'dy, Cuby!—prepared to go it alone, eh?—When ye git tired of the job, remember my door's allways open.”

AROUND THE CAPITAL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ADIEU.

DOWN Pennsylvania Avenue strode Uncle Hank, his grip-sack in one hand and his ever faithful umbrella in the other. His face wore a benignant expression, his step was buoyant and his whole manner betokened one who was on the best of terms with himself and all the world as well.

He had about concluded his trip and was on his way to the train that was to take him back to his dear old New England home.

Washington had proved a source of infinite delight to the old man, who had keenly enjoyed its humorous side, at the same time fully appreciating its attractive features.

As he turned the corner of Sixth Street he encountered his nephew who was waiting to accompany him to the railway station to see him off.

"Harry," he exclaimed, "I've hed a good time, an' I thank ye fer more'n half ov et."

"Uncle, I've noticed that you seemed to intensely enjoy every part of your trip and I think I've discovered the secret of it—you kept looking for the bright side of Washington life and it proved the most satisfactory."



**H. BRISTOW. M.C.
N.Y.**



**T. J. CREAMER. M.C.
N.Y.**

AROUND THE CAPITAL.



**R. B. GORDON, M. C.,
OHIO.**

"Harry, molasses 'll ketch more flies then vinegar—a pretty gal'll ketch more votes fer a Bill then a sour old lawyer." And the old man and his nephew laughed in unison as they cordially shook hands at the rear end of the slowly departing train.

THE END.

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